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1890

FRANCE

PARIS AND THE PROVINCES

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DORÉ OGRIZEK

FRANCE

PARIS AND THE PROVINCES

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ODE
PARIS

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FOREWORD

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Once upon a time, when the privileged days of camping still existed, there was a game we used to play of an evening round the leaping camp fires.

Our lively parties were representative of nearly all France. The racial characteristics of the provinces appeared so clearly there was no need for labels.

Each evening, one of us drawn by lot had to speak without any previous preparation on his province or his home town.

Our improvised orators never reached the end of their subject...

Most of them stopped after twenty sentences or so, having evidently exhausted their fund of knowledge or memories.

The doctor, the business man the draughtsman, proved no better at this than the shopkeeper, the workman or the milliner.

So then we all tried to help out the speaker.

Each one of us delved into his souvenirs.

Thus, at times, a province slowly took body, and little by little we felt it live through its history, its culture, its art, its inhabitants.

But more often than not, we could but sketch the outline of a province, and risk a few travel reminiscences, which neither reflected the life nor the spirit of its towns and villages.

We had retained nothing of the abstract and tedious geography lessons of our school-days; and in the course of our experiences as grown men we had somewhat neglected all that did not deal directly with us, with our wives, or our work or our hobbies.

We could have asked, as did a certain foreigner : " France ? Oh, what is it ? "

That is the question which we put to ourselves when we considered writing this little book.

A few hundred pages on such a subject — that is too much if two or three literary, polished sentences are enough to situate a province ; — but that is too little if you think of the huge libraries devoted to our country, and its life and history.

We nevertheless believe it is good to enclose France in a book both precise and practical, where neither its human side nor its folklore, any more than its economics or leading figures are forgotten ; and where each page conjures up the subtle atmosphere of its towns and provinces.

Territorial divisions are always somewhat arbitrary. We have therefore attached relatively little importance to them.

We shortly hope to publish a second volume about French Colonies. These are so closely bound up with France, that a real guide to the Mother Country would be incomplete without them.

Here is both a picture book and a picturesque book. Here you can wander at leisure amidst old prints and local costumes, and examine the coloured film of modern life as well as maps as finicky and engaging as the fanciful planispheres of the first sea-farers.

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Seal of the " River Traders " (Marchands d'Eau) (1200)

*THE BIRTH
OF
PARIS*

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THE BIRTH OF PARIS



The ocean originally extended over the whole area on which Paris stands today.

The hills of Montmartre and Chaillot and Mount Lucotitius, now called Montagne Sainte-Geneviève, were the first to rise from the water.

At that time the Seine was more than 3,000 feet wide and numerous islets emerged from its bed. It was one of those islets which thousands of years later was to become

the "Ile de la Cité", the tiny nucleus of present-day Paris.

One day, says the legend, a navigator appeared on the rush-edged banks of the isle. He had travelled a long way in a frail skiff, no doubt in quest of a good fishing place. In all probability the first inhabitants of the isle were fishermen who, step by step, following the Seine, found their way to the isle where they settled.

The Celts, as they were called, were a pagan tribe. They built their huts on the western part of the isle while the east side was dedicated to the worship of their gods. A pagan altar of the Gallo-Roman period was found where Notre-Dame now stands. It was called the "Nautes Altar", and visitors may now admire it in the Cluny Museum.

As time went by, the village prospered and expanded. It was called Lutèce, and its inhabitants, the Parisii, were "Nautes" (Mariners) who later inspired the "Marchands de l'Eau" (river traders). They were a peaceful people. When danger drew





near, they merely destroyed the two wooden bridges which connected them to the banks of the Seine, and this usually sufficed to discourage the plunderers and the armed bands.

When the Romans invaded France, however, the Parisii became conscious of the really serious danger which threatened them, and in 52 B. C. Lutèce sided with Vercingétorix, the Gallic chieftain, against Rome. To hinder the advance of the Romans, the

inhabitants set fire to their own village, but despite their heroic resistance, they were finally defeated by the Roman legions who settled on the Montagne Sainte-Geneviève, opposite the island. Crossing the swamps, the Romans also settled on the hill of Montmartre.

Traces of a temple built by the invaders may still be seen inside the old church of Saint-Pierre-de-Montmartre. Some of the stones of the Arènes de Lutèce (an old Roman theatre), the Thermal Baths of the Cluny Museum, and a few pieces of walls recall the Gallo-Roman period in Paris.

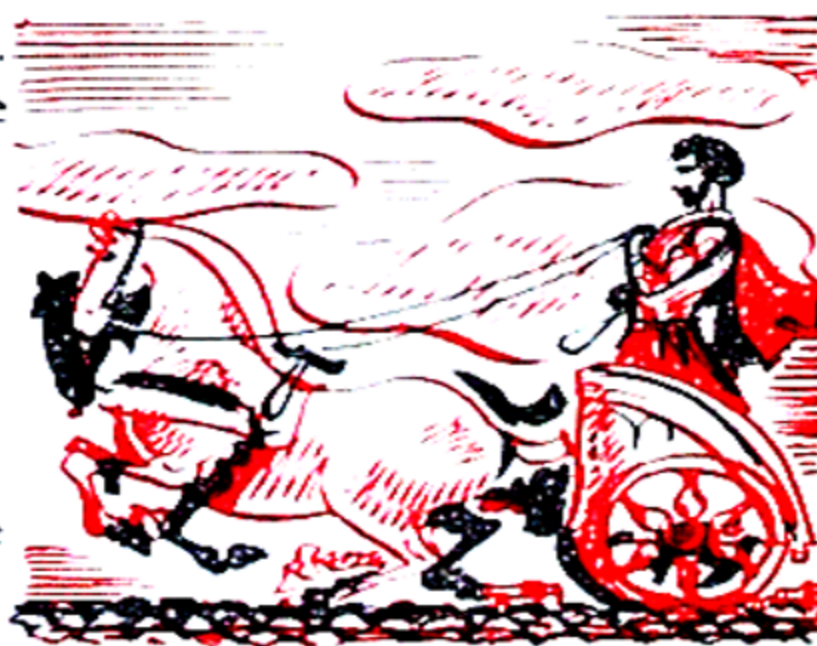
The Romans also constructed an extensive system of paved roads (the Roman roads), and an aqueduct.

A landmark known as "borne de 307" was found in a Christian cemetery in the vicinity of the market-town of Saint-Marcel (today the 13th arrondissement). It is so called because it bears the date of 307 and on it Lutèce is for the first time called Paris. It appears, therefore, that Paris was born about the year 307.

New-born Paris had a most eventful infancy.

One of its first administrators was Julien the Apostat, hailed emperor by his troops in 360 A.D. in the very isle of the Cité.

According to the legend, it was thanks to the protection of Sainte Geneviève that Paris was spared by Attila, the King of the Huns, who in 451 was devastating Gaul. In recognition of this "miracle" Sainte Geneviève became the patron-saint of Paris. A monument to perpetuate her memory was recently



erected on the Pont de la Tournelle.

A little later, the country was invaded by the Franks who settled there permanently, and in 496, Clovis became the first Christian king of France.

In 870, the Norsemen, coming from Denmark, organised several expeditions in the region of Paris which they pillaged and devastated until the day when, protected by its surrounding walls and led by Comte Eudes and Bishop Gozlin, the island was



able to resist the invaders. The Northmen then settled in Normandy.

It was only about the year 1000 A.D. that Paris, which was to become the capital of France, developed into a city. It had already extended to the left bank of the Seine, then to the right bank around the Ile de la Cité.

That Paris did become a great city is due, not only to the heroic resistance of Comte Eudes and Bishop Gozlin, but also to the fundamental dynamism of its citizens.

Persistently they planned and fought in peace or war under the gallant leadership of their Comtes until the foundations of the great city were laid.

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From 1163, when the reconstruction of Notre-Dame was begun, till 1660, Paris remained a medieval city. It was first modernised in the reign of Louis XIV, who gave it the motto : " Sûreté, Propreté, Clarté " (Safety, Cleanliness, Clarity).

This medieval period was the time of towncriers, and of countless signboards hanging over the shops.

The fortresses of the Grand and of the Petit Châtelet commanded the bridges giving access to the isle, and a toll had to be paid to pass over some of the bridges. Tollgates were also placed at the entrance of the city.

If we except a few fragments of wall, nothing remains of Paris prior to the year 1000 A.D.

The groundwork of the bell-tower of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, which dates from approximately the year 1020, is one of the rare remaining monuments of that period.

Notre-Dame marked the beginning of the era of monumental constructions.

Paris at that time was profoundly religious. The Ile de la Cité counted no less than twenty churches crowded together. In times of great distress, such as epidemics or floods, the relics of Sainte Geneviève were carried in procession through the streets of the city.

In 1200, King Philippe Auguste handed over to the city the deed of the foundation of the University of Paris. It was not long before learned men and students



from all parts of Europe thronged its benches.

The Left Bank was then called the "Pays Latin", because everybody spoke Latin there, even the women of low repute.

Whosoever ventured to enter any of the students' inns without a knowledge of Latin was regarded as an intruder and given a sound beating.

The Kings lived in the Palais de la Cité on the isle, and it was Philippe Auguste who ordered its streets to be paved.

In 1248, the Sainte Chapelle was built by Saint Louis, King of France, inside the Palace walls.

This Gothic gem was destined to shelter the relics of Christ.

Nearly all these relics were burnt at the time of the French Revolution of 1789, when the Sainte Chapelle was used by the Revolutionists as a store for flour.

The relics that remained were transferred to Notre-Dame, where they still are today.

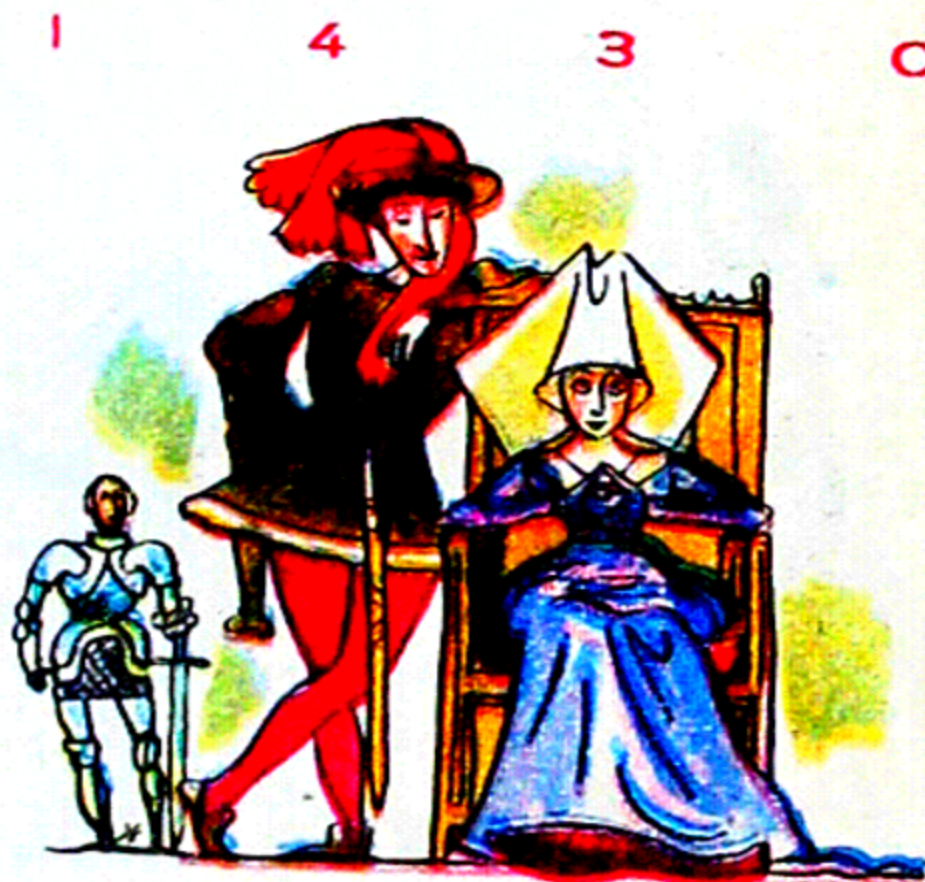
Between 1300 and 1314, Philip the Fair further embellished the Palace by building the famous Salle des Gardes and the kitchen known as the Saint Louis kitchen.

The Royal Family abandoned the Palais de la Cité in 1358.

When Charles V was still a child, Etienne Marcel, Chief Magistrate of Paris, had led the riots to the very door of Charles V's chamber, and these riots had so impressed the young king that he



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later decided to leave the centre of the city definitely.

From this time onwards the kings have nearly always chosen to live in palaces at some distance from the centre of the city, providing for exits leading out to the open country, in anticipation of a possible flight. Thus, as Paris expanded, Saint Paul, Les Tournelles, and later the Louvre and the Tuilleries were to become the kings' residences.

To ensure greater safety, the kings even built castles in surrounding districts, such as Vincennes, Versailles and Fontainebleau, and often lived in castles on the Loire.

After 1360, Charles V and his successors settled on the right bank of the Seine.

The former, who was decidedly haunted by the recollection of the riots he had witnessed, ordered the construction of the Bastille, the completion of the dungeon of Vincennes, and began to transform the Louvre, the fortified castle built by Philippe Auguste, into a palace.

While bishops were building churches, and kings defensive palaces, the city was spreading beyond the surrounding walls built by Philippe Auguste. A few vestiges of these walls may still be seen at n° 55, rue des Francs-Bourgeois.

Neither feudal wars, nor the struggle against the English invaders which lasted a whole century, succeeded in slowing down the rhythm of construction.

Rich private residences sprang up like mushrooms, churches were enlarged, and



all this while Joan of Arc was attempting to retake Paris from the English in 1429, and while Henry VI, King of England, was being crowned King of France at Notre-Dame in 1430.

The tradesmen of the Port of Grève (now Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville), who were called "Marchands de l'Eau" (River Traders), gradually took a more and more prominent part in the affairs of the city.

After the departure of the English, in 1461, Paris became the undisputed capital of France.

The year 1495 marked the beginning of the brilliant period of the Renaissance during which Paris was to lose its feudal aspect.

The Renaissance was brought about by the wars waged against Italy, first by Charles VIII, in 1493, and later by François I. Kings and noblemen returned from these wars filled with enthusiasm for what they had seen in Italy, and brought famous Italian artists, painters and architects to the French court.

The influence of these artists over French art was to be considerable.

This influence reached its height under the regency of Catherine de Medicis, in 1560, during the minority of Charles IX, and under that of Marie de Medicis in 1610, during the minority of Louis XIII.

The Tuileries, the Palais du Luxembourg, and the Cours la Reine were built by the two Florentine queens.

Between the two regencies the Pont



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Neuf, the most popular bridge in Paris, and two famous squares, the Place Dauphine and the Place des Vosges, were built by Henri IV, King of France and of Navarre, to whom the Parisians had given the name of "Vert Galant".

For the first time too, harmony was achieved in the construction of houses. Whole blocks and streets were built of the same height, in the same style and with the same decoration.

"Italianism" was already on the wane at the majority of Louis XIV. Its influence ceased altogether round about 1660. It had prevailed for nearly 150 years

FROM LOUIS XIV TO NAPOLEON

Paris need no longer look to Italy for inspiration. Its own influence radiates all over Europe.

The reign of Louis XIV began with a gorgeous feast, a "carrousel" (tilting match) which took place in the present-day Cour du Louvre. The splendid feats performed by noblemen mounted on richly adorned horses were rewarded with caskets filled with diamonds and precious stones.

In 1664, Colbert was given the title of "Surintendant des Bâtiments" (Superintendent of Building Construction). It was he who ordered the famous Colonnade de Perrault to be built at the Louvre.

In 1667, La Reynie was appointed Chief of Police by Louis XIV.



7 7 5

He immediately began a tremendous clean-up of the capital. Numerous municipal laws and police regulations were amended to ensure greater safety and cleanliness in the streets, not only from a physical but also from a moral standpoint.

Paris was also indebted to La Reynie for the installation of lanterns, which were to be lit only on moonless nights.

In 1670, the old city walls were pulled down, the ditches were filled in, and in their place the "Boulevards" were laid out from the Madeleine to the Bastille.

Two works of art were erected on this wide, semicircular avenue : the Porte Saint-Denis and the Porte Saint-Martin.

The old fortifications on the left bank of the Seine were demolished to make room for beautiful private residences all along the boulevard Saint-Germain.

In 1682, Louis XIV definitely left Paris for his sumptuous palace of Versailles.

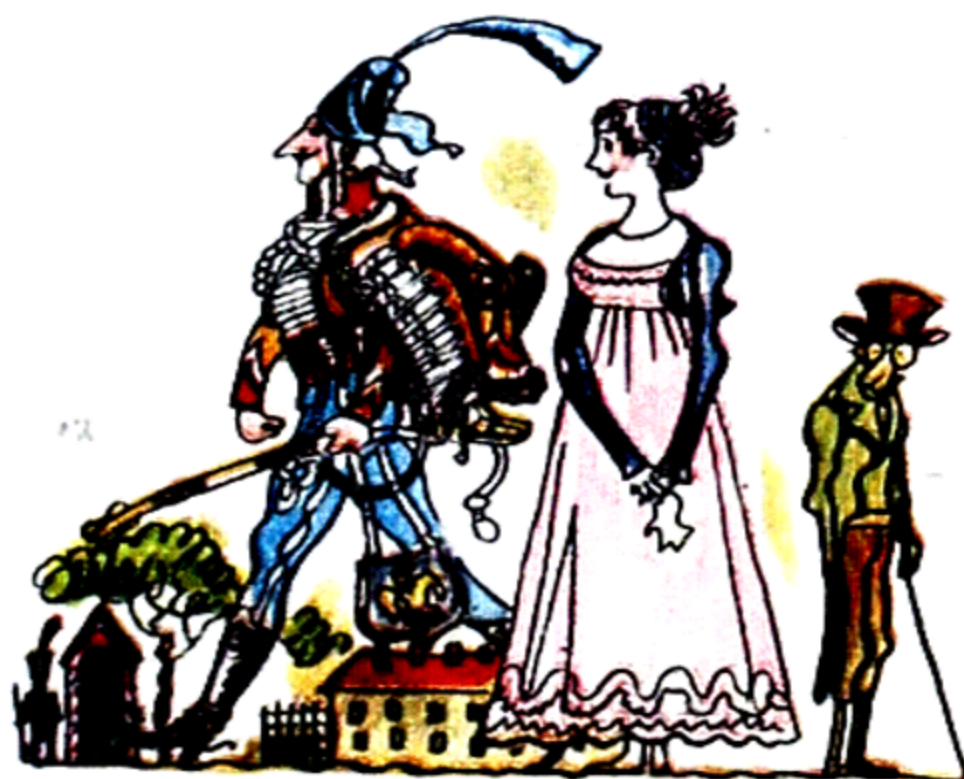
This is the time of the absolute monarchy, when Louis XIV decrees : " L'État, c'est moi ". (I am the State), when powdered little marquis, dukes and princes, strut around His Majesty like small planets moving round the sun.

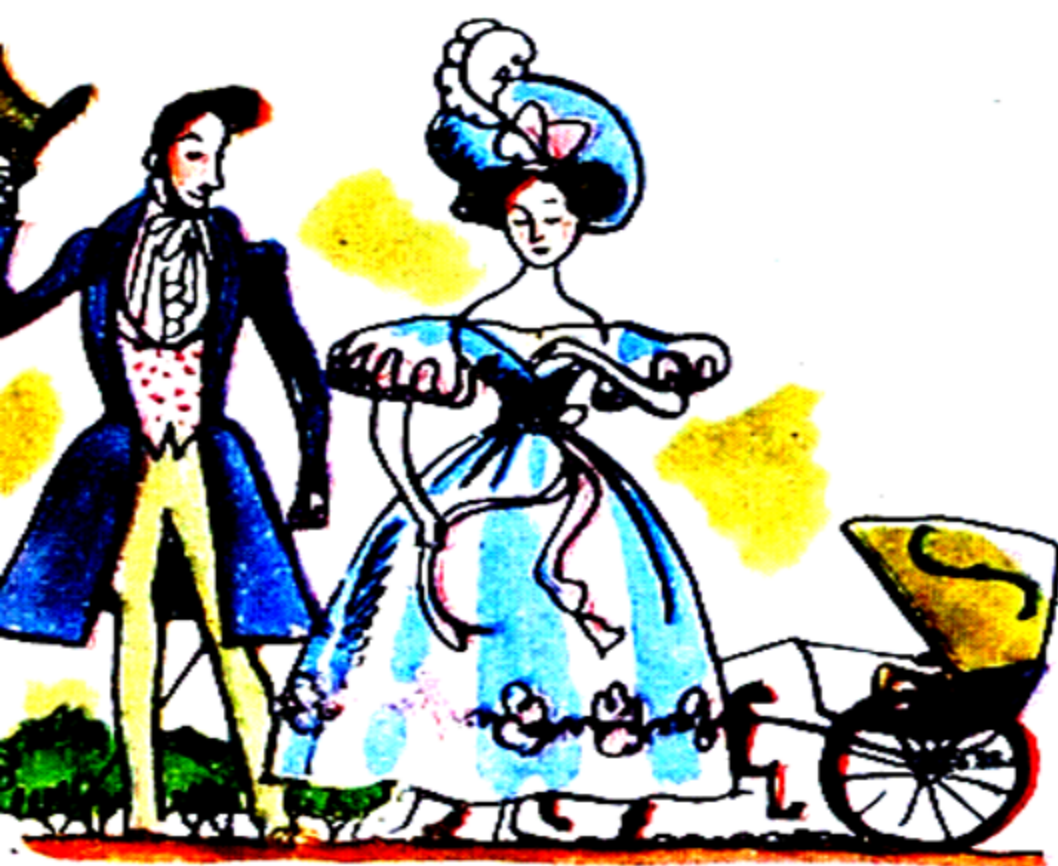
The completion of the Hôtel des Invalides brought Louis XIV back to Paris for a fleeting visit. The Invalides, one of the masterpieces of that century, was the work of Liberal Bruant. Har-
douin Mansart later built its famous dome. On the occasion of his visit to the capital, Louis XIV gave a cursory



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glance at the Place Vendôme, the Place des Victoires, and the Observatory. Then he hurried back to Versailles to his brilliant court.

The Louvre, deserted and neglected, was overrun by weeds. Whole wings and pavillons were left open to the wind and rain. The rest was occupied by the Academie, and ten or twelve families of artists who had partitioned off some of the large rooms and lived there more or less together...

Louis XIV died in 1715. His reign was rightly called "Le Grand Siècle" which witnessed the art, not only of Racine, Molière and La Fontaine but that of Le Brun, Mansart and La Tour.

Philippe d'Orléans succeeded him as Regent until the majority of Louis XV.

The brilliant feasts introduced by Louis XIV lasted at Versailles up to the death of Louis XV.

Paris was further adorned by the completion of the Place de la Concorde, the Champ de Mars, the Ecole Militaire, and by the building of the Panthéon by Soufflot.

Monarchy was by then nearing its end.

In the hope of continuing the glory of Louis XIV, several wars had been waged but without success. These had only proved to be a strain on the country.

The Revolutionists of 1789 destroyed everything that could remind them of absolute monarchy. Statues of kings were taken down and melted. Under the

Restoration and the Second Empire, these statues were replaced by sculptures which were in every case inferior in artistic value, and which still exist to-day.

The clergy was dispossessed, and its property sold.

The Bastille was knocked down. Castles were set on fire. Palloy, the contractor who had been entrusted with the demolition of the Bastille, accumulated a fortune by selling to municipalities in the provinces miniature Bastilles made of stones from the old fortress. When his business was discovered, he was sent to the guillotine.

Calm returned to Paris with the advent of Bonaparte who overthrew the Directory.

The Emperor devoted much of his stupendous activity in favour of the capital. Percier and Fontaine were the two great architects of the time.

We owe to Napoleon the administrative organisation which still governs Paris to-day and such monuments as the Arc de Triomphe de Carrousel, the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, the Madeleine church, and straight wide streets, such as the rue de Rivoli.

Towards the end of the Empire, 1814, Paris numbered 700,000 inhabitants. More than 1,100 streets and 10,000 street-lamps were included within the city walls of the Farmers General.

And we arrive at the fateful year!



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CONTEMPORARY PARIS

1815 : Saint Helena. The Emperor's sensational return from the island of Elbe had been but a flash ;

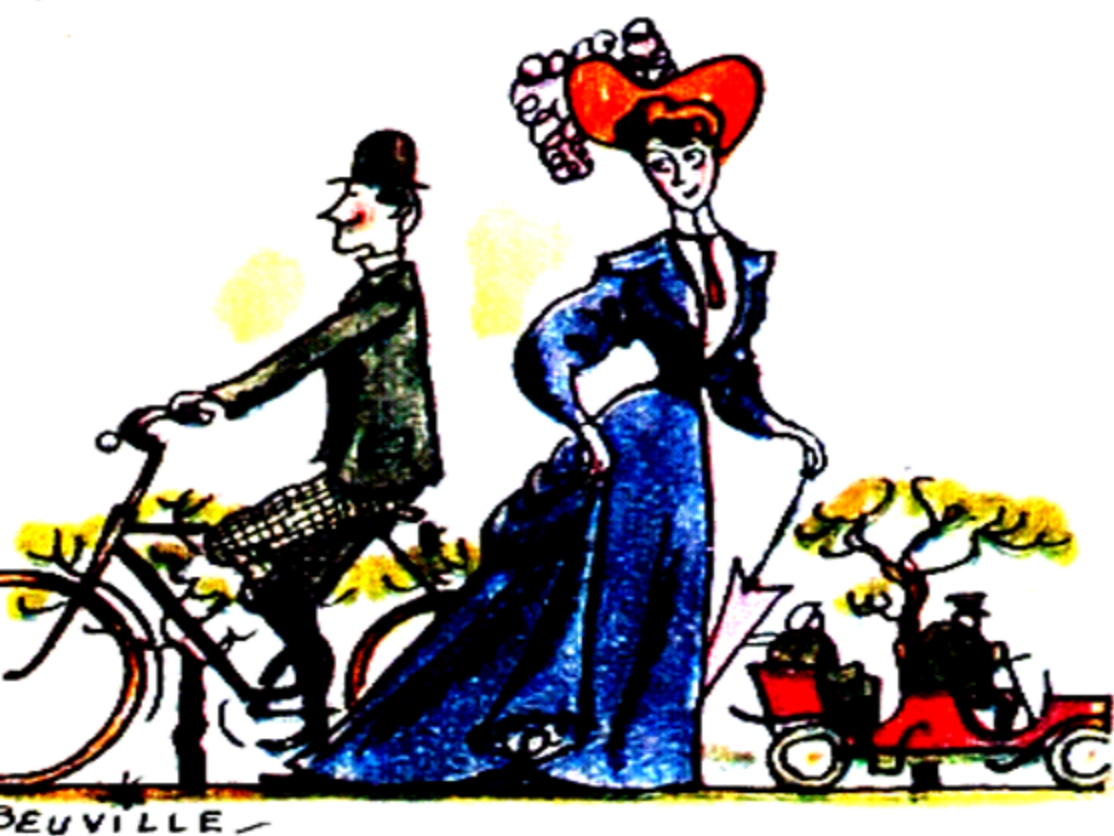
The capital has undergone more transformations during the period from 1815 to the present day than it had in the first thousand years of its existence. Many of these changes were due to Napoleon III's often eccentric ideas of urbanisation, and to the craze of Baron Haussmann for demolition.

This contemporary period produced no style of its own. By way of compensation, there is evidence everywhere of a mania for restoring old masterpieces, too often in a clumsy manner, and for copying former styles.

The Opera of Paris is undoubtedly the best example of this mixing of styles. An incredible variety of materials was used for its construction, including twenty different kinds of multi-coloured marbles.

Like Charles V, Napoleon III was haunted by the memory of street riots. It was by his wish that Prefect Haussmann broke up the city to lay out spacious rectangular boulevards permitting, in the event of a revolution, the approaching rebels to be caught in a raking fire.

Under the Restoration, the Second Empire and the Republic, Paris becomes one of the world's largest cities. There are very few new constructions worthy of special attention, but the capital outgrows



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the old ramparts of the Farmers' General, and later the bastioned fortifications set up by Thiers.

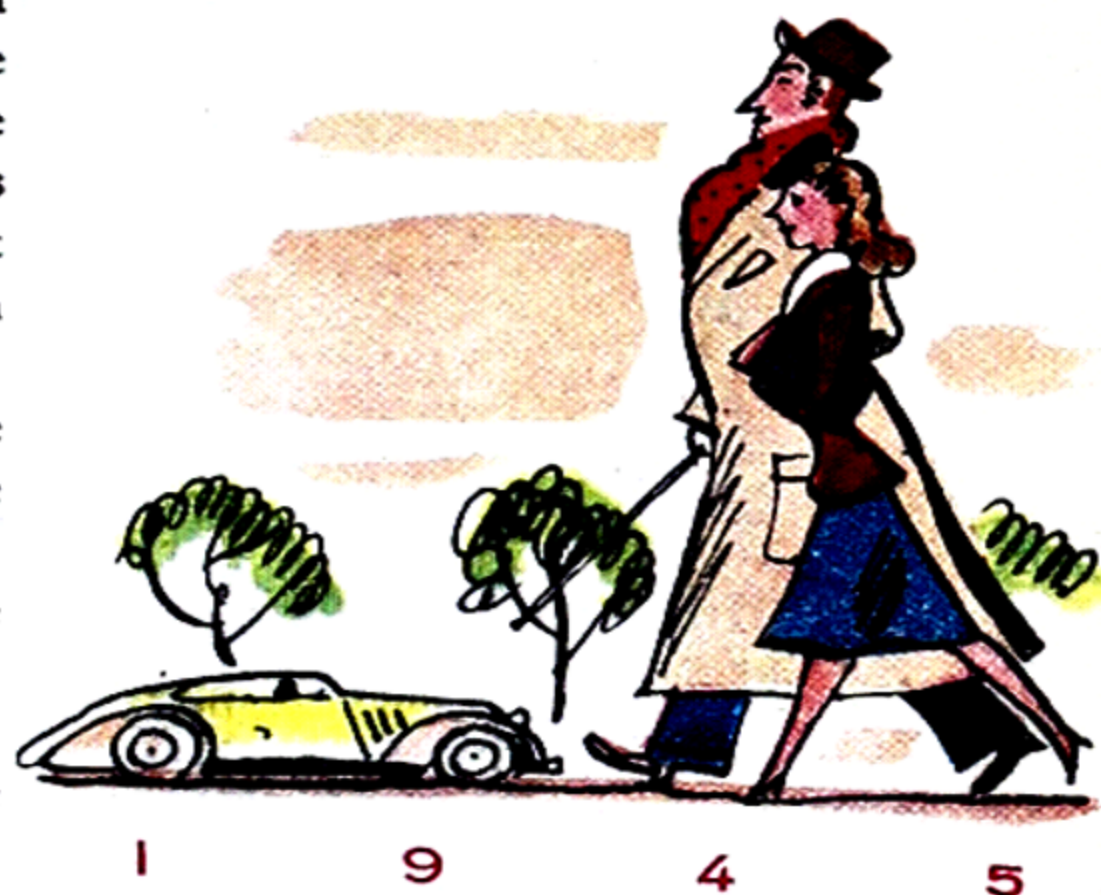
The "Century of Progress", as may rightly be called the period between 1840 and 1940, saw the opening of the first railway stations. In 1837, Queen Marie Amelie "bravely" inaugurated the first passenger train which took her from Paris to Saint-Germain. This venture had been deemed too dangerous to be undertaken by Louis-Philippe. "It travels at a terrific speed without any discomfort to the passengers" said the Queen upon leaving the train.

Tug boats ploughed the Seine. The first steam-boat had been tried on the Seine at the time of Napoleon by Fulton, its American inventor, but although the test had been conclusive, the Emperor had remained sceptical.

This is also the time of new enterprise everywhere. The first automobiles appear hooting in the streets; big banks open up branches in all parts of the city; pavements are built throughout the capital; gas lamps replace the old street lanterns.

The Basilique de Montmartre (Sacré-Cœur) was completed in 1912, and the World Exhibitions, held at intervals in Paris since 1889, have left us the Pont Alexandre-III, the Eiffel Tower, the Grand and the Petit Palais. Lately we owe to the Exposition of 1937 the Palais de Chaillot and the Musée d'Art Moderne.

And now you know the history of the city, en route for the visit of Paris.



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*THE EVOLUTION
OF
PARIS*

The following maps show the variations in the area of Paris during its growth from the very beginning up to the present day.

1. *Coloured plans of the different stages of the evolution of the city, according to different periods.*
2. *An old map of Lutetia (53 B. C.).*
3. *An old map of Paris (1530).*

PARIS
1945

NAPOLEON III
1870

NAPOLEON
1803

HENRI IV
1608

CHARLES V
1367

JULIEN
35

PHILIPPE
AUGUSTE
1190

LOUIS XIV
1671

LOUIS XV
1715

LOUIS XVI
1789

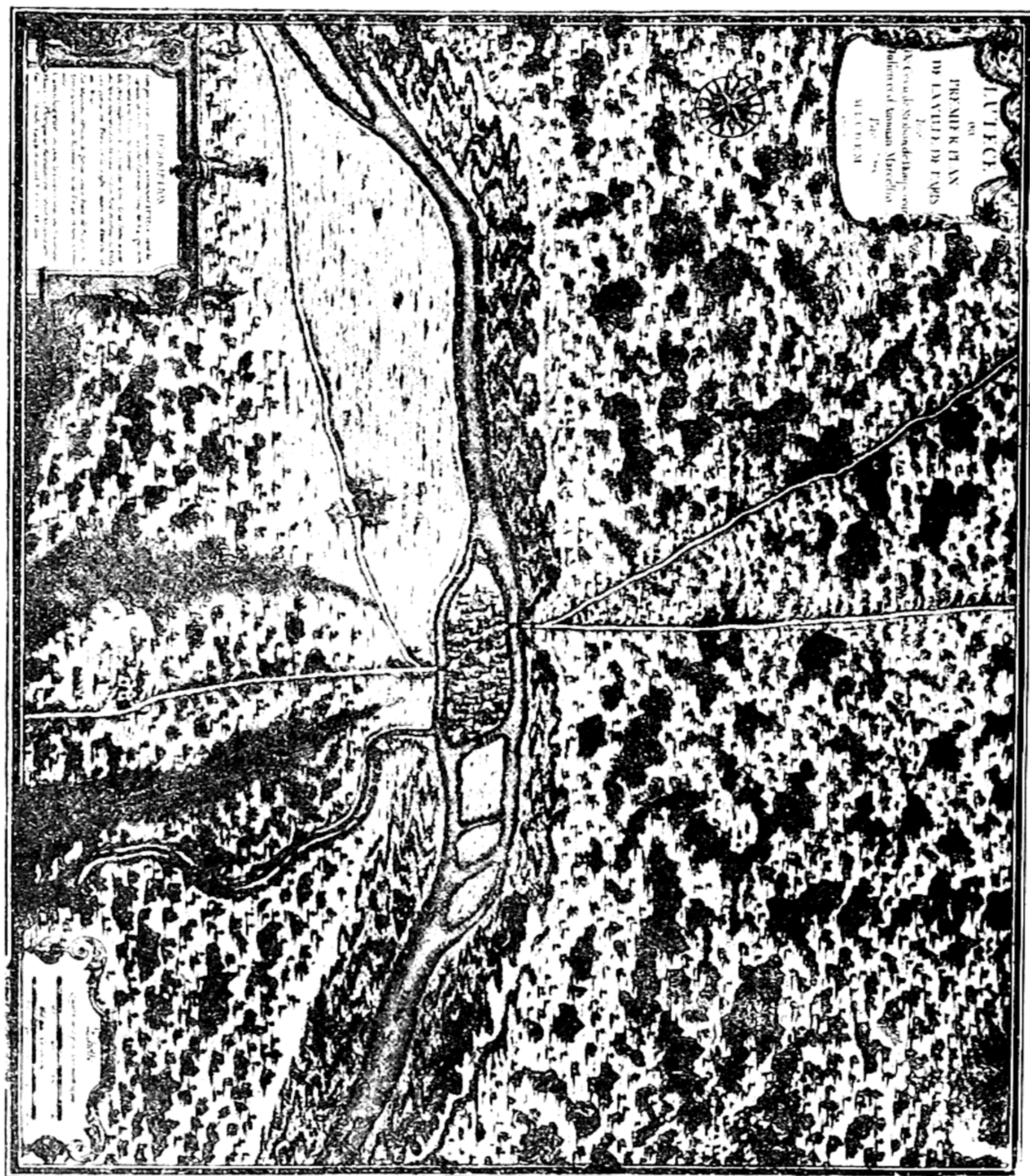
Evolution
de
PARIS

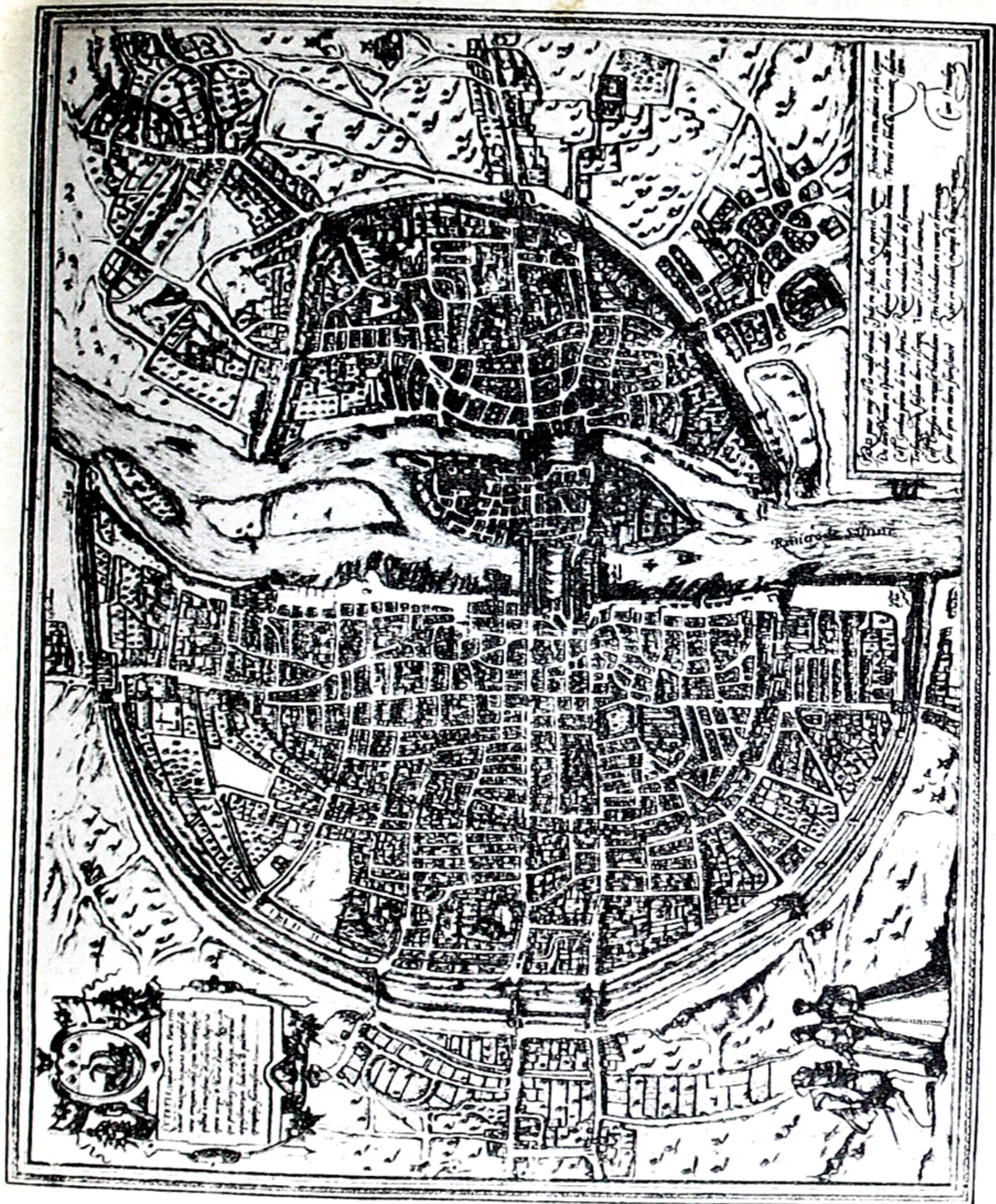
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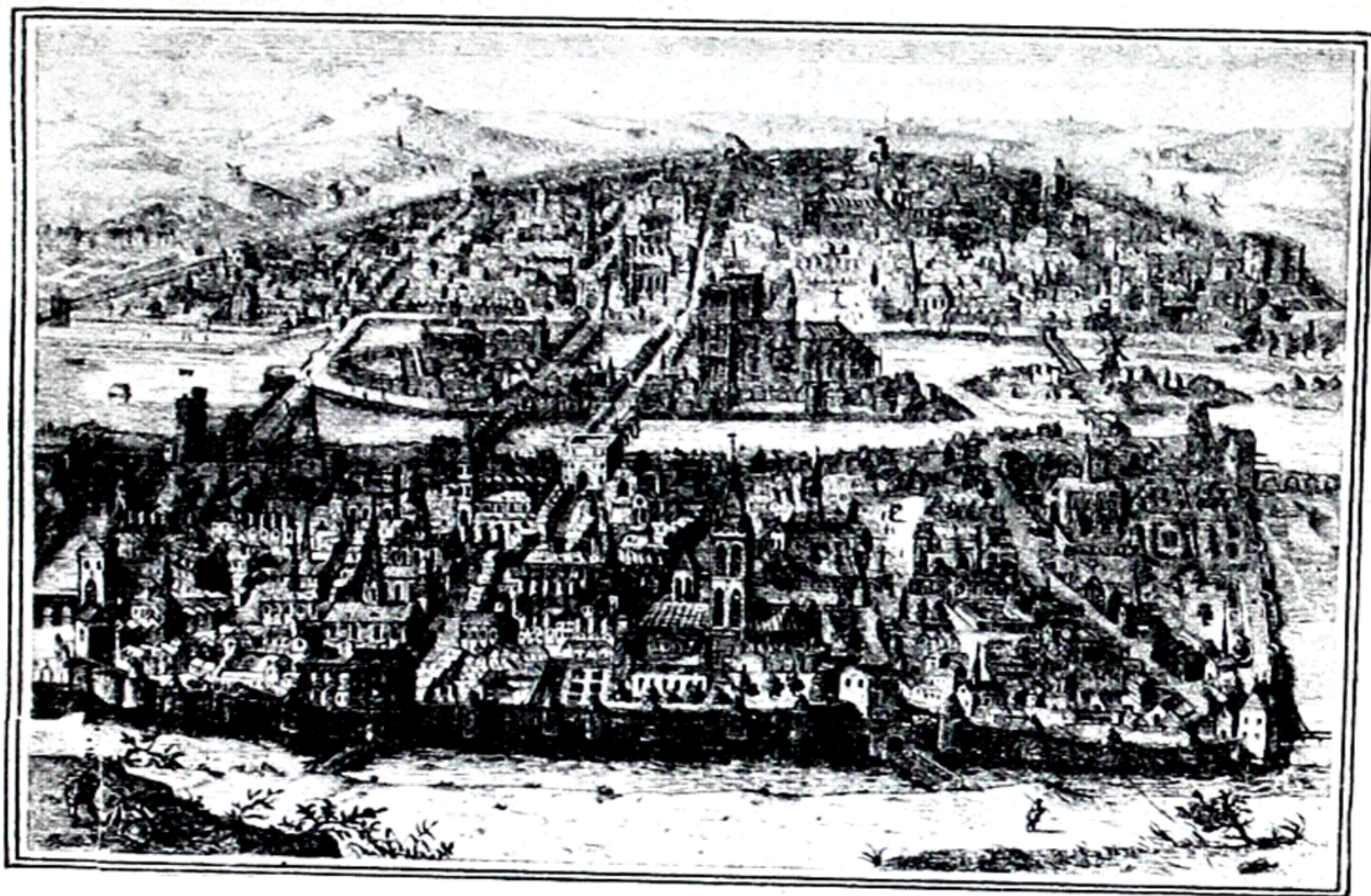
LUTETIA
630-50 BC







FLUCTUAT NEC MERGITUR



View of Paris, from an ancient engraving

PARIS

THE CHAMPS-ELYSEES



Just try to imagine fields and market-gardens stretching out as far as the eye can see, with a big village in the distance. This village was called Le Roule and Parisians used to go there to buy their poultry. These fields and market-gardens are today the Champs-Élysées. It is unquestionably one of the most highly-rated districts in Paris. For the last two centuries, Paris has been expanding westwards. It was Napoleon who gave rise to this extraordinary exodus when he built the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. The fashionable new districts were soon covered with massive wealthy buildings. Cinemas, cafés and lovely girls—whims of a day—grace this wide avenue which leads nowhere in particular.





The Champs-Élysées in 1860

THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

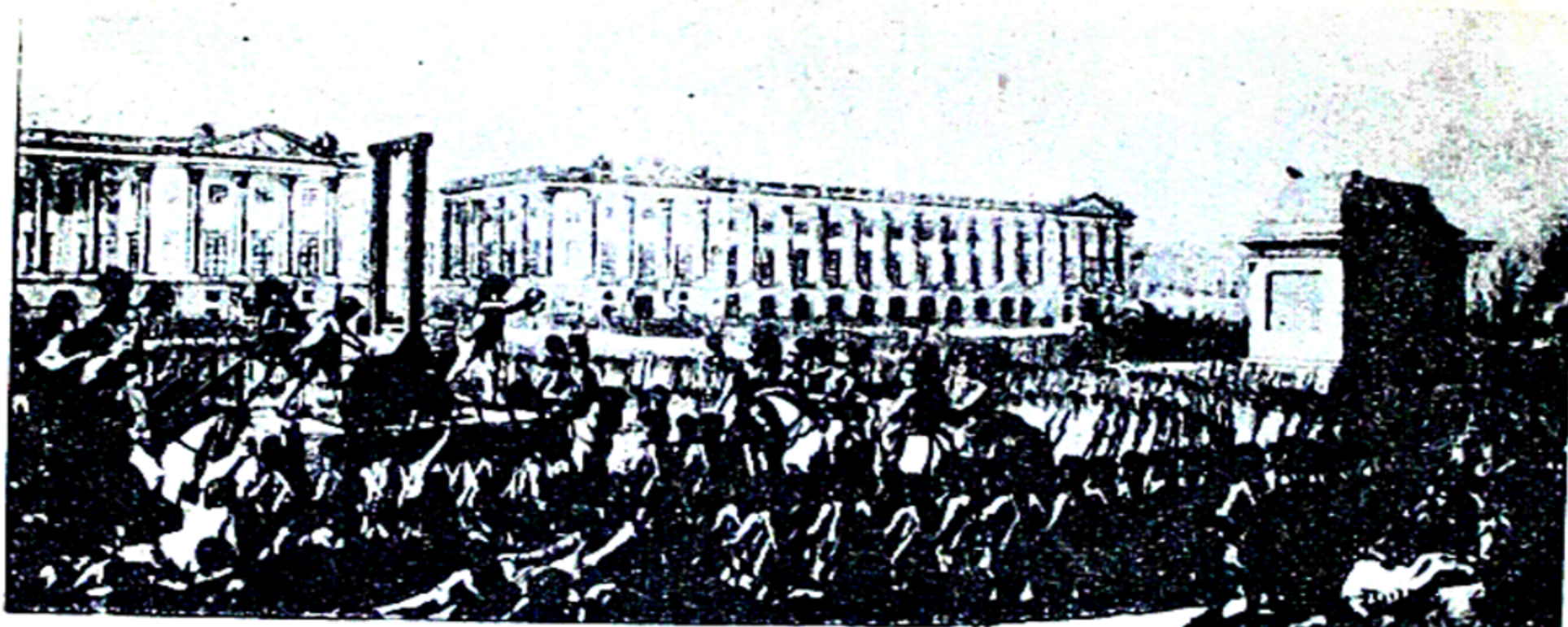
The Champs-Élysées, the "Voie Triomphale", and famous perspective stretching from the Louvre to the Etoile, passes by the Place de la Concorde, one of the vastest squares in the world.

It was designed in 1754 by Gabriel, the famous architect, in the reign of Louis XV. During the Revolution of 1789, the guillotine was erected in the square for the execution of Louis XVI, of Marie-Antoinette, of the Revolutionist Danton, and of many others.

It was later given the name of Place de la Concorde, to blot out the memory of the gruesome spectacle of which it had been the scene.

The obelisk from Luxor stands in the middle of the square. It is 75 ft. high, and weighs 250 tons. The hieroglyphics on this monolith recount the glorious episodes of the youth of the Pharaoh,





The "Place de la Concorde" during the Revolution

Ramses II, thirteen centuries before Christ. This obelisk, also called Cleopatra's needle, was presented by Mehemet Ali and was brought from Egypt in 1836. It has replaced the statue of Liberty which in turn had taken the place of a statue of Louis XV, erected in 1763.

Two elegant buildings border the square on the North and form with it a most harmonious ensemble.

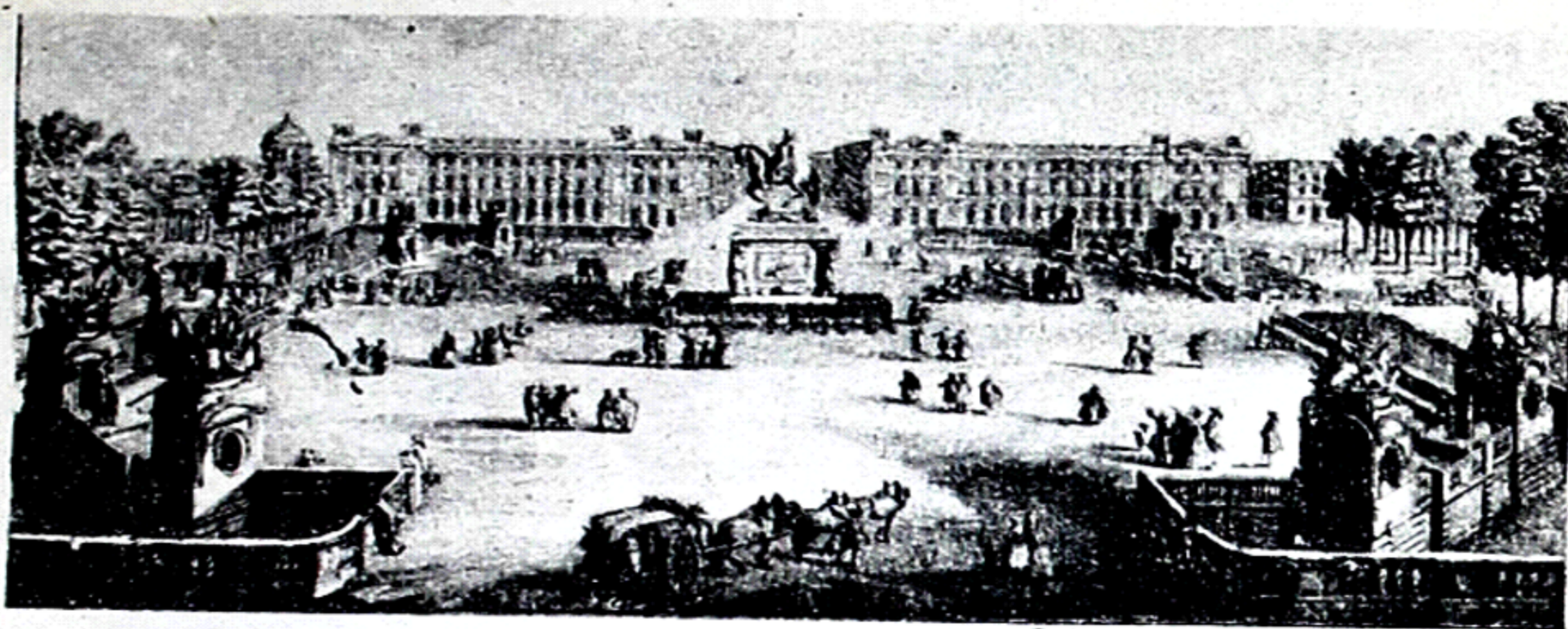
One of these buildings was formerly occupied by the Ministère de la Marine (Admiralty), and the other by the Automobile Club and the Hôtel Crillon. They were both built by Gabriel between 1760 and 1772.

The Hôtel Crillon, one of the most luxurious hotels in Paris, has always been the favourite sojourn of monarchs, diplomats, and other guests of rank and importance. Headquarters of the international diplomats, this hotel possesses three magnificent reception rooms of different periods: the "Salon des Aigles", the "Salon Louis XIV", and the "Salon des Batailles", where many an important interview has taken place.

The Champs-Élysées are on a straight line with the Palais du Louvre and the Tuileries Gardens.

The famous "Marly's horses" mark the entrance to the Champs-Élysées. These two sculptures by Guillaume Coustou (1735) were





The "Place Neuve" (New Place) of Louis XV, actually "Place de la Concorde"

originally intended for the watering place in the Château de Marly. They were installed in their present place in 1795.

The famous Champs-Élysées avenue gives the impression of a huge quadrilateral of verdure. With its popular Punch and Judy show, its children playing about the green, and idlers basking in the afternoon sun, it is in fact much more a park than an avenue.

Further to the right, in the direction of the Avenue Gabriel, there is a quaint gathering of chairs and tables where connoisseurs exhibit their collections of postage stamps. This corner is known to Parisians as the Postage Stamp Exchange or "Carré Marigny".

Across the green, and amid chestnut trees, gourmets will find some of the world's most reputed restaurants : the "Pavillon de l'Élysée" was built for the Exhibition of 1900, whilst the fashionable Restaurant Le Doyen was up to 1789 but a dairy farm surrounded by pastures.

The Cours la Reine, along the Seine, and the Avenue Gabriel, lined with all the gardens of the private residences fronting the Faubourg Saint Honoré, seem to add still further to the green surface of the Champs-Élysées.

The promenade Cours la Reine dates from Marie de Medicis (1616). It was then surrounded by gates and reserved only for the intimates of the Court. This park was at the time the reputed rendezvous of the elegant



and libertine classes, just as the Pont Neuf was the favourite promenade of the common people.

At that time, when one possessed a coach, the thing to do was show off on the Cours la Reine by putting one's horses through their paces. The chroniclers of the time have a quaint way of dwelling on the numerous accidents and collisions which sent elegant ladies biting the dust, causing them to make such indiscreet exhibitions of their charms as were certainly not intended for publicity.

The monuments mark the site on which stood the Exhibition of 1900 : the Pont Alexandre III, the Grand Palais, and the Petit Palais.

The Pont Alexandre III is a steel structure, crossing the Seine with a single span. Its decoration representing an extraordinary aquatic fauna, is of particular interest. For, among other things, there are crabs, crayfish, conger eels, red mullets, grey mullets, hog fish, sword fish, sharks, frogs, pikes, carps, and nearly a thousand scallops. The whole is surrounded by sea weeds, reeds, mermaids, lions, cupids and genii of all kinds.

One of its sculptures has been the cause of disappointment for many a Parisian and many a visitor. It is a crab which appears to be on the point of being detached from the bronze group, and nearly everyone who looks at it is tempted to try and take it away. But though the crab has become highly polished through being so much handled, it still holds on.

This passion for collecting public objects is, moreover, characteristic of the Parisians. After the Revolution, when statues of kings were knocked down from their pedestals, and statues of saints were beheaded in the churches there was always a citizen about ready to take home a nose of Saint Louis or a foot from Louis XIV. This is the only explanation that may be found for the presence of some of these trophies in various museums today.

The Czar Nicolas II and the President Emile Loubet laid the foundation stone of the Pont Alexandre III which is still considered by Parisians as being the most beautiful in Paris. Architecture has since evolved, and one cannot help but smile to-day at the profusion of allegoric figures decorating the Grand Palais, or at the composite style of the Petit Palais.

The International Horse Show, the Annual Art Exhibition, and temporary Art Exhibitions as well as the Motor Show are held every year in the Grand Palais.

The Musée de la Découverte has since 1937 occupied part of the Palais' gigantic galleries.

"Les Ambassadeurs", one of the most elegant theatres in Paris stands at the entrance of the Champs Elysées near the Place de la Concorde.

The "Théâtre des Champs Elysées", on the avenue Montaigne was built in 1913, in ferro-concrete. It is one of the first specimens of the sober modern architecture. This theatre, composed of three superimposed halls, was for a long time more particularly devoted to Ballets and various other dance recitals.

The "Rond Point" divides the Champs Elysées into two distinct parts: one, which we have already seen, with its Park, its Palais and its theatres; and the other, a modern business street with shops and office buildings.

It is interesting to recall that in 1800 only six houses emerged from the fields.

The cinema industry is to-day firmly established in the district.

The elegant cafés bordering the





Champs Elysées are frequented chiefly by professionals or would-be professionals. The atmosphere in those cafés, with their innumerable nooks, their soft chairs and banquettes, lends itself exceptionally well to gossip, to daydreams, and to the building up

of fantastic projects which more often than not never materialise. As if glued to their seats, unemployed assistants, operators, "crowd" and other hopefuls may be seen in the Café Select or the Colisée at all times of the day eagerly watching for the entrance of directors and producers. Beautiful women await there the fateful glance that is to "discover" them and start them on a brilliant career, and keep staring at anyone talking scenario, film or camera.

Fifty film companies have elected domicile in the streets neighbouring the Champs Elysées. No International star would dream of going through Paris without paying a visit to the Champs Elysées.

Every large building even possesses its own projection rooms, usually hired by the hour, where cinema companies try out their strips.

Films are made in Joinville, in Billancourt, on the Buttes Chaumont, in Montmartre... and also on the Champs Elysées. There is a large studio for the shooting of films in the very heart of the Champs Elysées as you may see for yourself. Just push a certain door, rue François I, and if you are lucky, as we once were, you may happen to enter upon an outdoor scene. A 134 ft by 59 ft forest has just "grown" on the big stage through the sheer magic of the designers, and is flooded with sun rays emitted by the electric meter humming at 6,000 ampères. A love scene is being enacted amid sepulchral silence, broken only by the tender conversation between the young



leading man and the star. How rapt they are despite the many onlookers.

A little later, producer, director and actors will gather at Fouquet's to chat quietly over their apéritif. Stage designers will then take the studio in hand and work the whole night through to prepare for the next day's shooting.

The rue Marignan close by is a modern street that has replaced the winter garden where Beethoven's symphonies were heard in France for the first time.

The establishment of the film industry, of vast hotels, of broadcasting stations and cinemas, has naturally attracted the "commerce de luxe" which took possession of windows and shops along the Avenue, from the Rond-Point to the Etoile, where everything from automobiles down to tatting may be found. Practically every shop in the Arcades specialises in ladies' lingerie and "articles de Paris".

In the evening, "l'heure de l'apéritif" (cocktail hour) brings a rush of business for the Grand Café du Rond-Point, the Marignan, the Triomphe and the Brasserie Hungaria, when promenaders and businessmen go in to while away the time until dinner.

The Arc de Triomphe dominates all this. Nearly 164 ft high, 148 ft wide, and 72 ft., thick, it has now become a mausoleum. Under its vaults the "Flamme du Souvenir" keeps watch over the Unknown Soldier.

Erected to perpetuate the glory of Napoleon's army, its construction on the hill known as the Colline du Roule had been decided by the Emperor in 1806. The hill was lowered by 33 ft. for the purpose. The Arc was completed under Louis-Philippe.

Twelve concentric avenues radiate in all directions from the Place de l'Etoile. The Avenue de la Grande Armée is the continuation of the Champs-Élysées. The Avenue Foch, formerly Avenue du Bois, is a magnificent drive bordered with lawns and luxurious private residences. It leads to the Bois de Boulogne, the biggest park in Paris, with spacious lakes, sports grounds, and beautiful promenades cutting across a landscape of forest.

The Avenue Hoche leads to the Parc Monceau and to the Russian Church in rue Daru, where most impressive services may occasionally be heard with music and choirs of exceptional quality.

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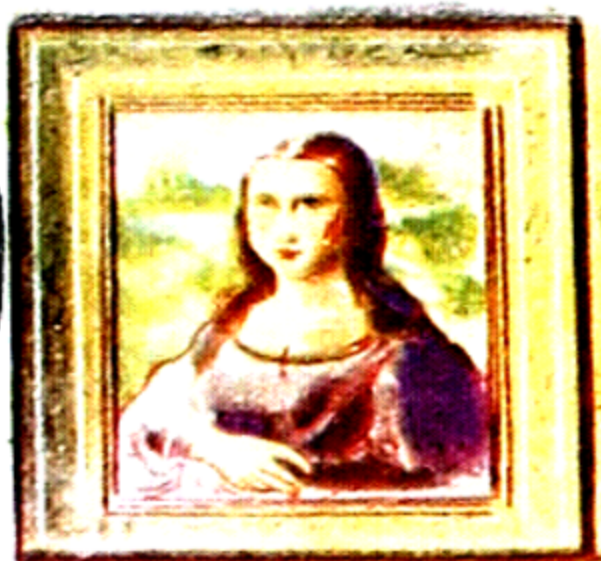
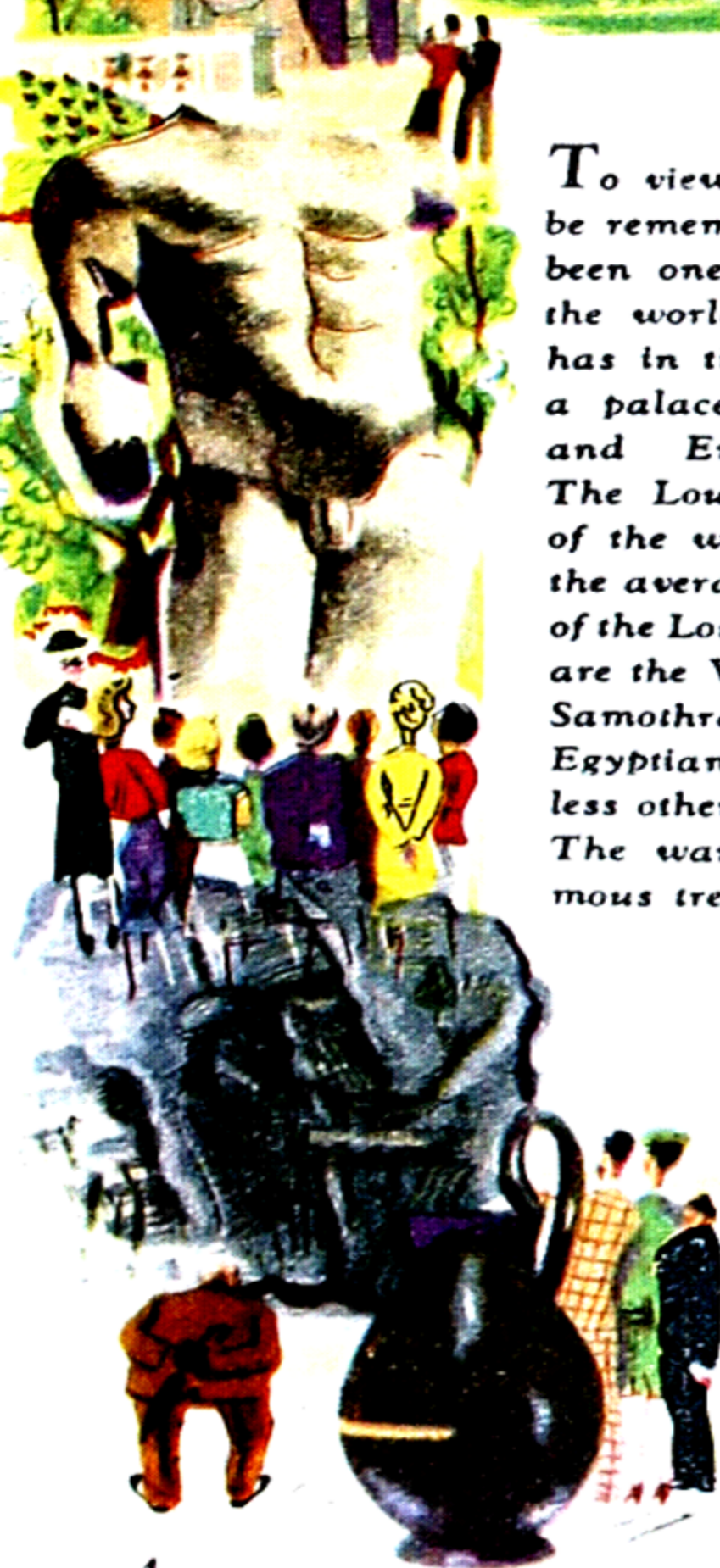
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THE LOUVRE



To view the Louvre rightly, it must be remembered that it has not always been one of the greatest museums of the world as we know it today. It has in time past been a fortress and a palace occupied by all the Kings and Emperors of France. The Louvre has in time become one of the world's leading museums. To the average passer-by, the grey walls of the Louvre are but a shell. Its pearls are the Venus of Milo, the Victory of Samothrace, the Panathénée-frieze, the Egyptian Scribe, Mona Lisa and countless others. The war has spared these world-famous treasures.







*Red sandstone head of an
Egyptian king (4th Dynasty)*

THE LOUVRE

The Louvre was originally a fortified dungeon built by Philippe Auguste in 1204, for the purpose of lodging his wife, his soldiers, his treasures and his prisoners while he was absent on a crusade; nothing is left of this feudal construction except a low-ceilinged room which was unearthed in 1885.

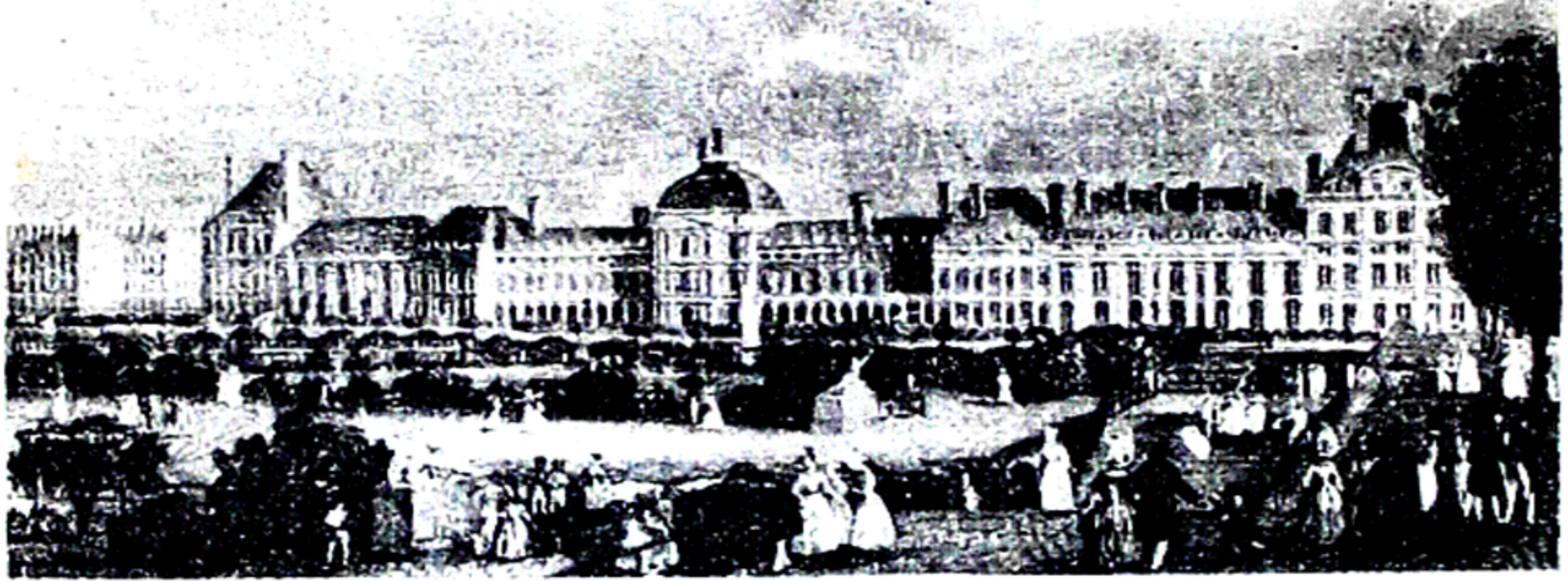
Charles V livened up the keep by adding windows to it and surrounding it with gardens and statues.

François I^{er} found the warlike donjon so dismal, towering up into the clouds, that he had it razed to the ground in 1527.

The edifice was renovated in the Renaissance style under Henri II by Pierre Lescot and Jean Goujon.

Up to 1876, every king and emperor, not to mention the Republic, has been responsible for the construction, enlargement or improvement of one part or other of the great palace. Fires,





The Tuileries Gardens (1830)

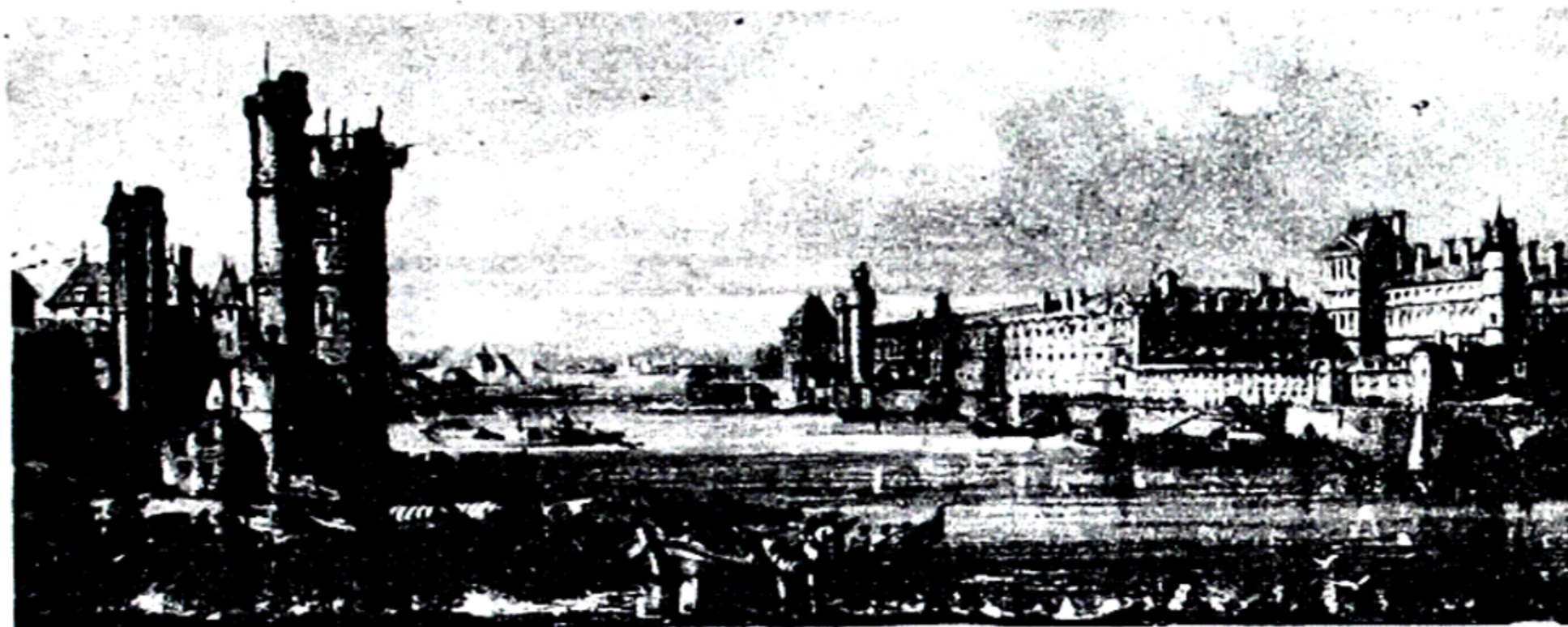
moreover, always seem to break out opportunely to create new work for the builders every time the palace appears to be on the point of completion.

One may take it for granted that the two wings, the one which skirts the Seine, and the other the rue de Rivoli, were designed by the architects to frame the magnificent perspective of the Tuileries and the Champs-Élysées.

This is not the case, for up to 1871 the Palais des Tuileries precisely cut off the perspective as we see it to-day. The Louvre and the Tuileries were two separate palaces until they were joined together by immense sidewings. We owe the splendid perspective to a fire which, in 1871, destroyed the Palais des Tuileries, but spared the two lateral wings.

To give an idea of the vastness of the palace, we shall assume that a king is to-day living in the Louvre. From one of the windows of the Pavillon de Flore, he happens to see the young and beautiful daughter of one of his courtiers waving her hand to him from one of the windows of the Pavillon de Marsan. To join the pretty lady, the unfortunate king would have to provide himself with an itinerary and walk for nearly a mile through zigzag corridors, galleries, vestibules and stairs.





The old Louvre, seen from the Seine (XVIIth cent.)

It will be easily seen from the plan that the historic part of the Louvre is grouped round the Cour Carrée (Square Court) and along the banks of the Seine up to the Pont du Carrousel.

Here we find inside the Palace :

The Galerie d'Apollon. One of the most beautiful galleries, worthy of the "Grand Siècle". Brilliant with gold, painting and tapestries, the Galerie is 200 feet long, 31 feet wide and 36 feet high. It is of the same period as the Galerie Mazarine in the National Library and the famous Hall of Mirrors in Versailles. A magnificent seventeenth century iron gate marks the entrance to this Galerie.

The Salle des Cariatides built by Pierre Lescot in 1549 on the site of the old Chapelle Saint-Louis. The cariatides are the work of Jean Goujon.

Historians claim that a great many events have taken place in this room.

During the Wars of Religion, the Duc de Guise had several Huguenots hanged from one of the beams of the gallery.

When Henri IV was murdered, his coffin was exposed there.

Molière, the celebrated author and actor presented there his first works to the Court.

There too, Bonaparte was received by the Academy of Science in 1798.

The Grande Galerie. One of the most curious rooms of the Louvre. Length : 902 feet; width : 32 ft. 9 inches. It is also known as the "Galerie du Bord de l'Eau" (Riverside Gallery). It was in this Grande Galerie

that once a year the kings of France used to receive the sick affected with scrofula. It was then notorious that the "Kings Evil" could be cured by royal touch.

The Louvre comprises thus hundreds of rooms and galleries. To-day it shelters the Ministry of Finance, the Loterie Nationale, and the Museum.

From its immensity the Palace gives the impression of never having been thoroughly explored.

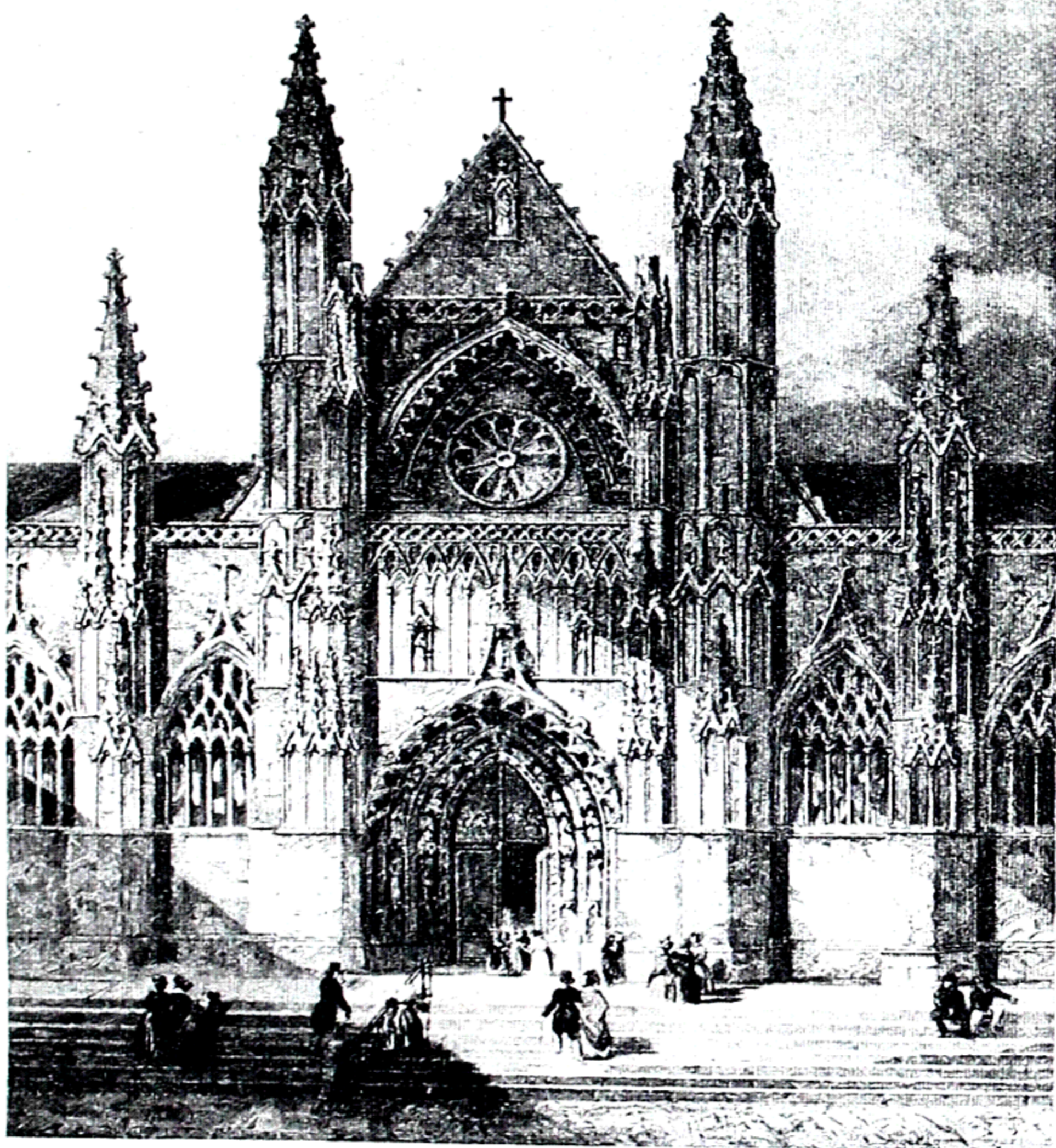
The Tuileries were designed on the site of former "tuileries" (Tile works). It was Catherine de Medicis who prompted the building of the Palais des Tuileries. In 1806 the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel was erected on the Place du Carrousel to celebrate Napoleon's victories.

The statues of the mythological gods adorning the Tuileries Gardens have often been the cause of protest on the part of prudish spinsters.

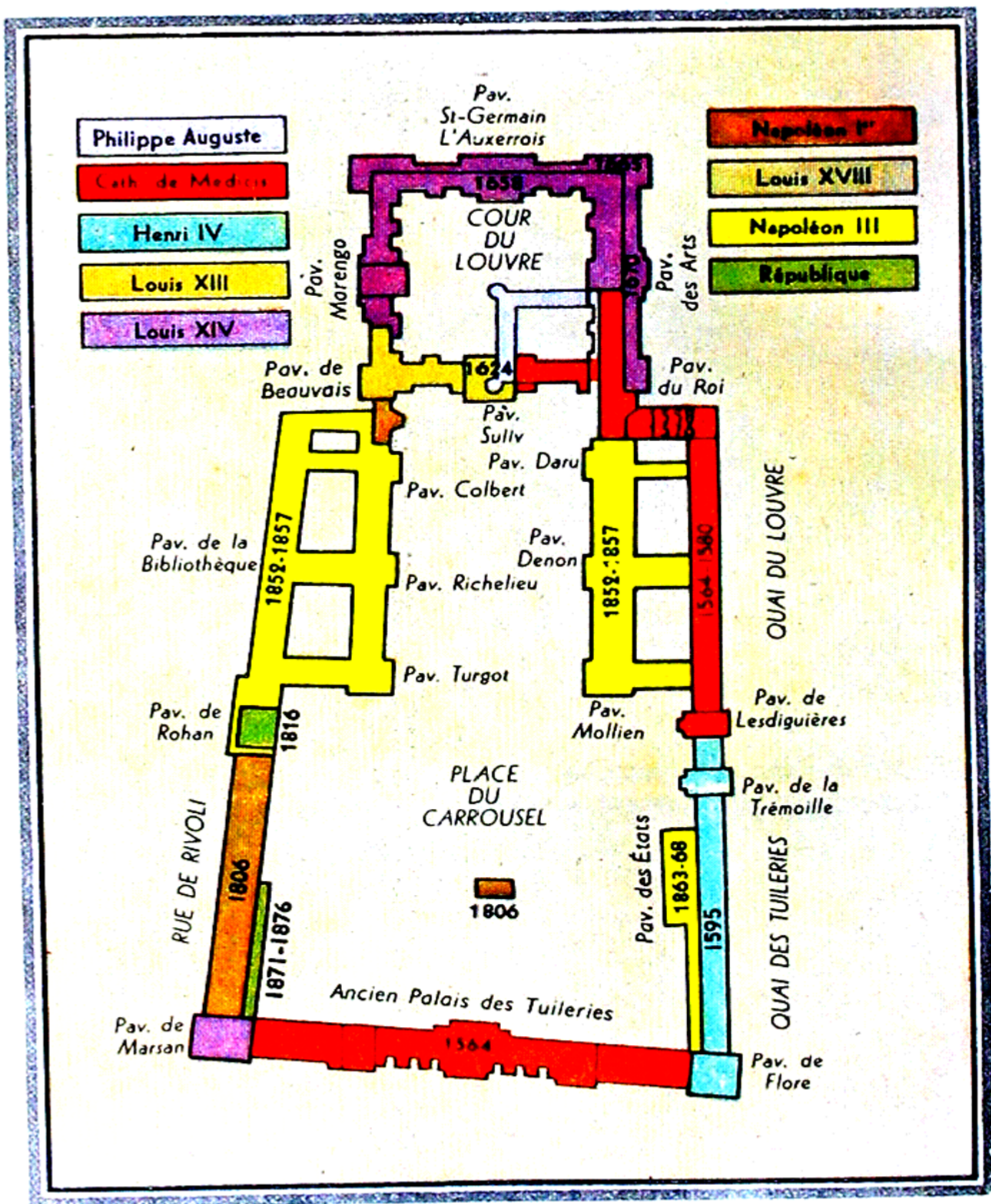
The severe structure of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois faces the Colonnade de Perrault. This church was formerly the parish church of the Kings of France and is worth visiting. It has, unfortunately, been badly restored. The belfry is new, and so is the town hall. The old paintings decorating the porch do not belong to the same period, as might be believed, but the porch itself is very beautiful (1439) as well as the two portals of the transept. The small gallery formerly reserved for the kings may still be seen.

With the exception of the Grands Boulevards, no other street in Paris offers such a variety of aspects as the rue de Rivoli. From the Place de la Concorde to Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, it is an elegant and expensive business street, whereas starting from the Châtelet in the direction of the Bastille, it runs through a noisy but picturesque working-class district.





Church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois (1830)



Historical plan of the Louvre



Man with the Wine glass (XVII century French School)



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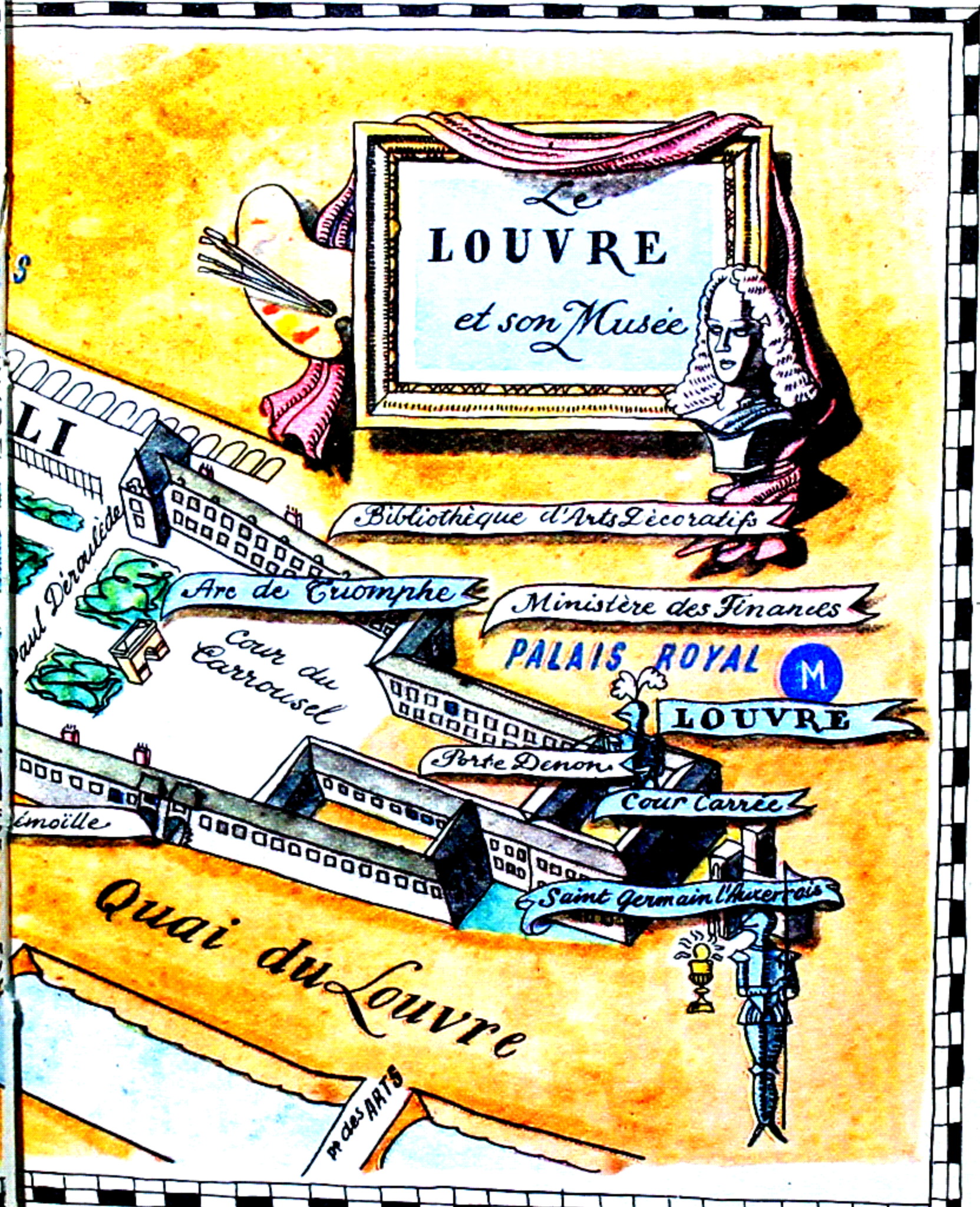
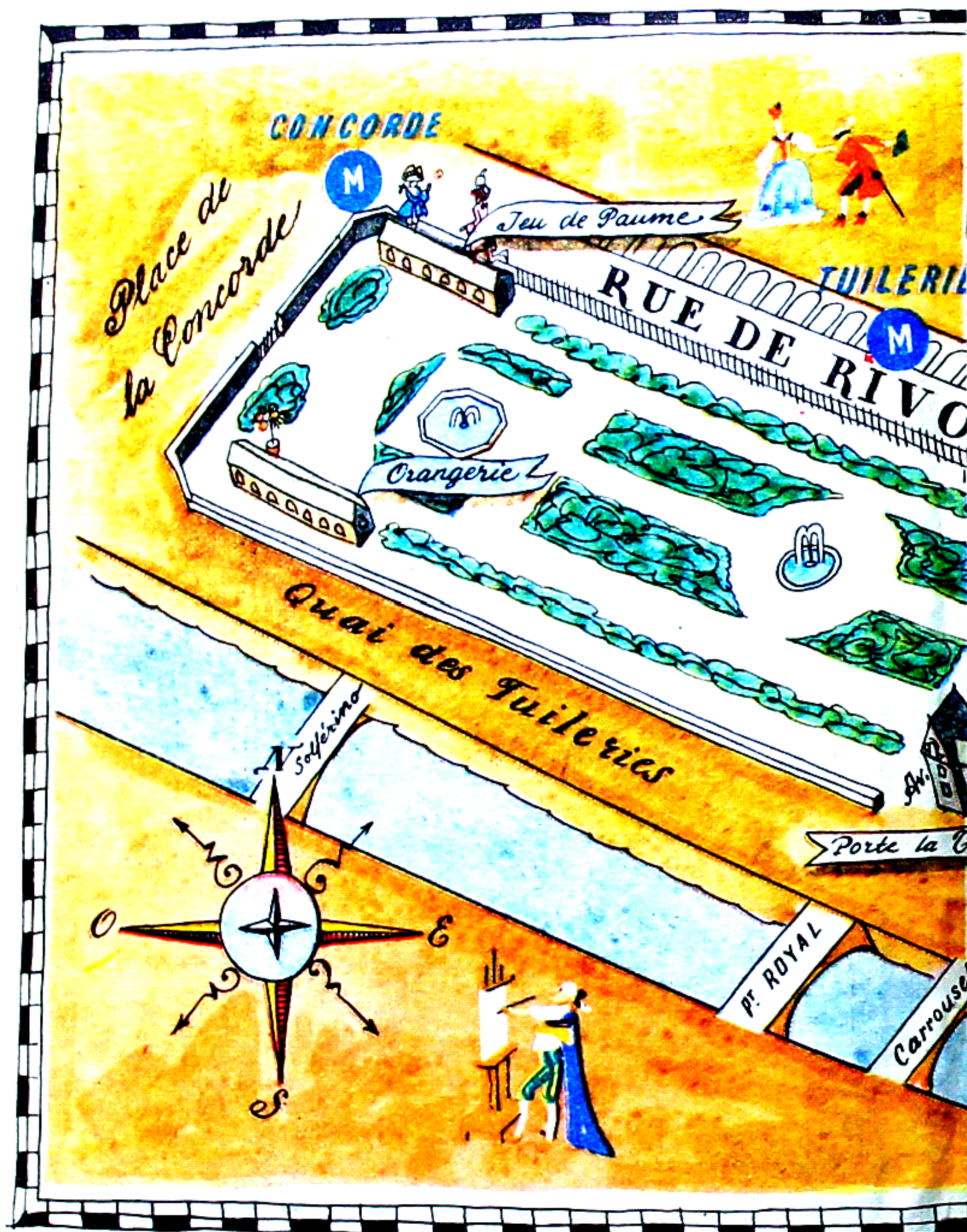
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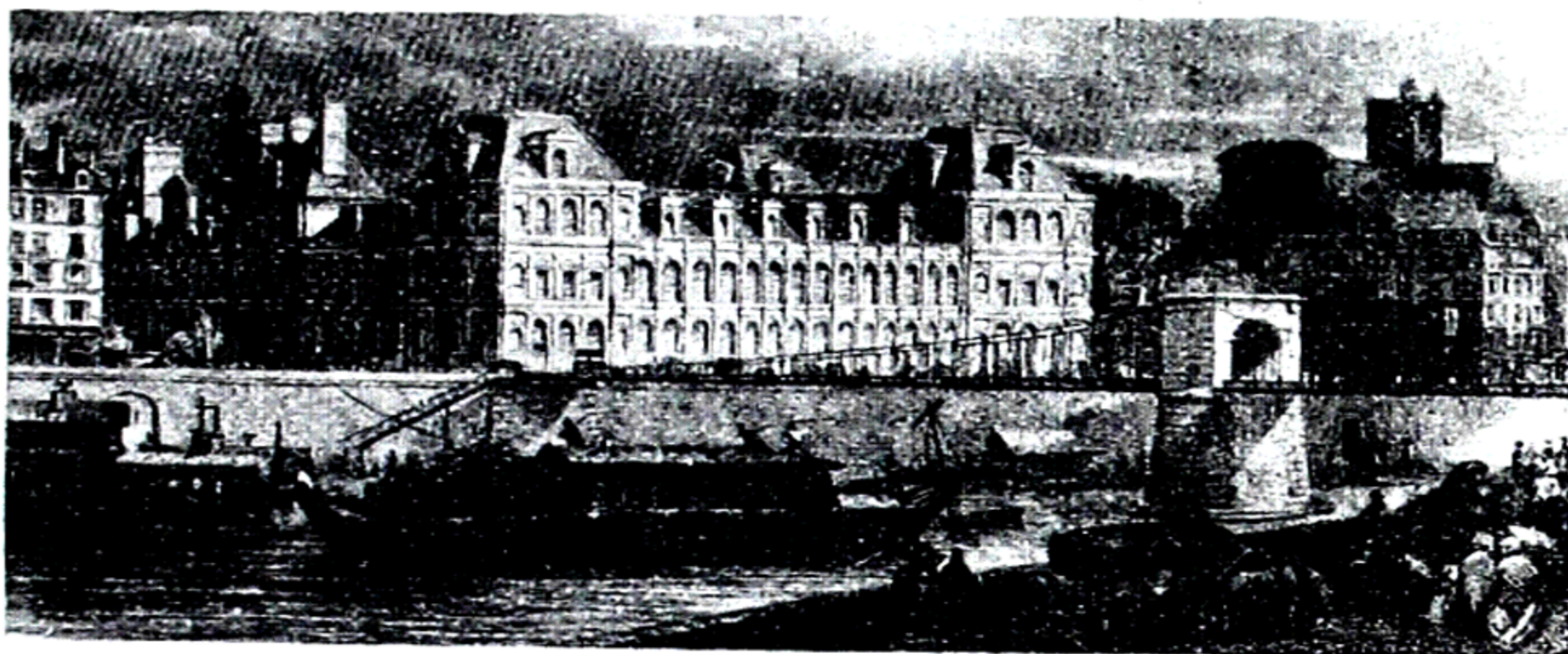
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*IN AND ABOUT
THE
RUE DE RIVOLI*



It has become a well established custom for Parisians to shop in certain districts. This is so true that a lady-customer of the rue Saint-Honoré would not think of extending her walk along the rue de Rivoli as far the Hôtel de Ville, and vice-versa, a customer from that part of the rue de Rivoli would scarcely venture as far as the Place Vendôme. The Palais-Royal constitutes one of those invisible barriers which mark in Paris the boundaries between certain zones or spheres, sanctioned by tradition. Here it divides the wealthier districts from the poorer quarters.





Paris Hôtel de Ville (Town Hall) about 1871

IN AND ABOUT THE RUE DE RIVOLI

The rue de Rivoli, probably the most lively street in Paris, crosses an unhealthy but historic district, the picturesqueness of which is doomed to disappear. Whole blocks of houses will soon be pulled down to make room for modern buildings.

From Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois to the Hôtel de Ville, the shops along the rue de Rivoli cater almost exclusively for the working classes. It is the shopping centre for residents of the outlying arrondissements and especially for those of the nearer suburbs.

This eastern part of the rue de Rivoli is really but one huge shop.

The big stores : "La Samaritaine", "Le Louvre" and "l'Hôtel de Ville", are surrounded with





Place des Vosges, once Place Royale

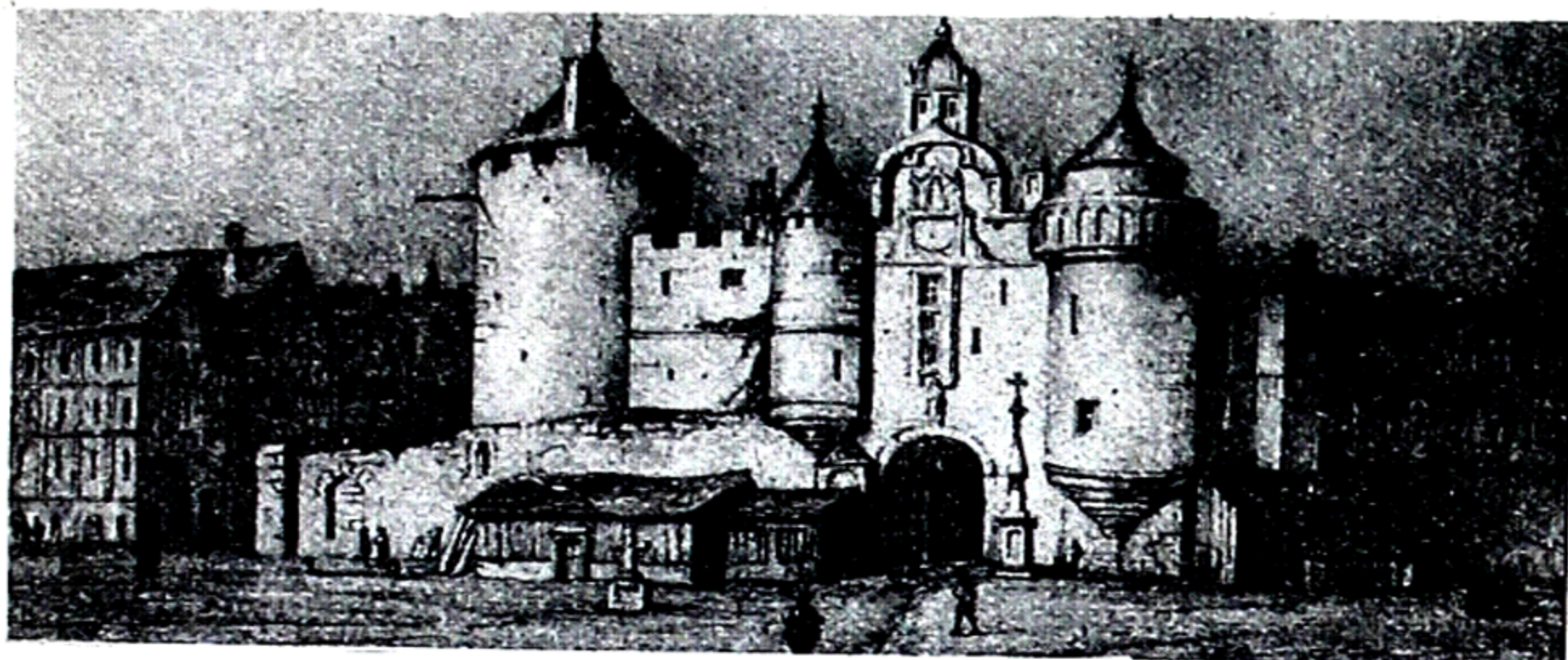
innumerable small shops selling cheap clothes, shoes and hats, by fortune tellers, dentists, orthopaedists and cafés.

The Louvre is by far the quieter of the three. Strictly speaking, its clientele is somewhat different from the other two. It only draws a crowd at Christmas time when its exceptionally marvellous display of toys attracts thousands of children. In normal times, the atmosphere of this shop is very pleasant, being one of the rare magasins in Paris where one can breathe.

The Samaritaine gives the impression that a clearance sale is going on permanently in every one of its departments. The 100 % rue de Rivoli public we find there may indeed rummage about unconstrainedly, and practically never buys anything before having first seen all that the department can offer.

If you are looking for the most unimaginable objects, materials or tools you are pretty sure to find them at the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville. This is the place where newlywed couples come to buy deal furniture and all the household articles necessary for starting a home.





The Grand Châtelet (1600)

The Tour Saint-Jacques stands in the middle of this joyous animation, on the site of the famous Saint Jacques de la Boucherie church which, in the Middle Ages, was just at the crossing of two main roads. i. e., a waterway, the Seine, and a transversal road cutting it across in the direction of Orléans beyond Saint Geneviève Mountain. This was the route the pilgrims followed to go to Saint Jacques de Compostelle.

The entire district is overcrowded with people carrying parcels. The congestion reaches its height at the Quai de la Mégisserie and the Quai de Gesvre where it is not unusual to bump into people carrying guinea-pigs, chickens, fishing rods or birds in cages. Within a distance of 300 feet, you can buy a cockatoo, 14 th century armour, carnation seedlings, a frog, barometer, the seeds of 150,000 different plants, a viper, a plough, a fern, chicks, turtles, ferrets, one hundred different kinds of birds, rabbits, fruit-trees, etc. The Quais are frequented by small property-owners and suburbanites who come regularly to buy supplies for their gardens and chicken coops. March is the busiest month for the district.





The Place du Châtelet cuts across these two quais. It is one of the historic spots of the capital. As already mentioned in "Old Paris", the fortress du Grand Châtelet stood here in the Middle Ages and defended the Pont au Change. Originally built of wood, this bridge was always congested. Chroniclers of the time report that it often happened that provincials waited a whole day before venturing to cross it with a feeling of safety.

Numerous processions passed on the Pont au Change on their way to Notre-Dame. The custom of marching in procession was initiated by the League in 1589. It was then customary to see thousands of worshippers walk through the streets behind a cross, singing hymns. These devout walkers were nearly always scantily clad, when not completely naked, even in the depths of winter. It is claimed that many a pleurisy... and marriage ensued.

When walking down the rue de Rivoli from the Châtelet towards the Bastille we have on our left a number of narrow streets, the most celebrated of which is the rue Quincampoix. The rue Quincampoix became famous under the Regency in the 18th century, when the English banker John Law, then General Comptroller of Finance, organised a banking system which had unlucky results for a good many people.

Fortunes were made and lost within a few hours. A hunchback made a fortune by allowing his hump to be touched by all the speculators frequenting the street.

In this group of narrow streets, behind the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville, we find all the artisans and wholesalers in "Bimbeloterie" (knick-knacks), known the world over as "Articles de Paris."

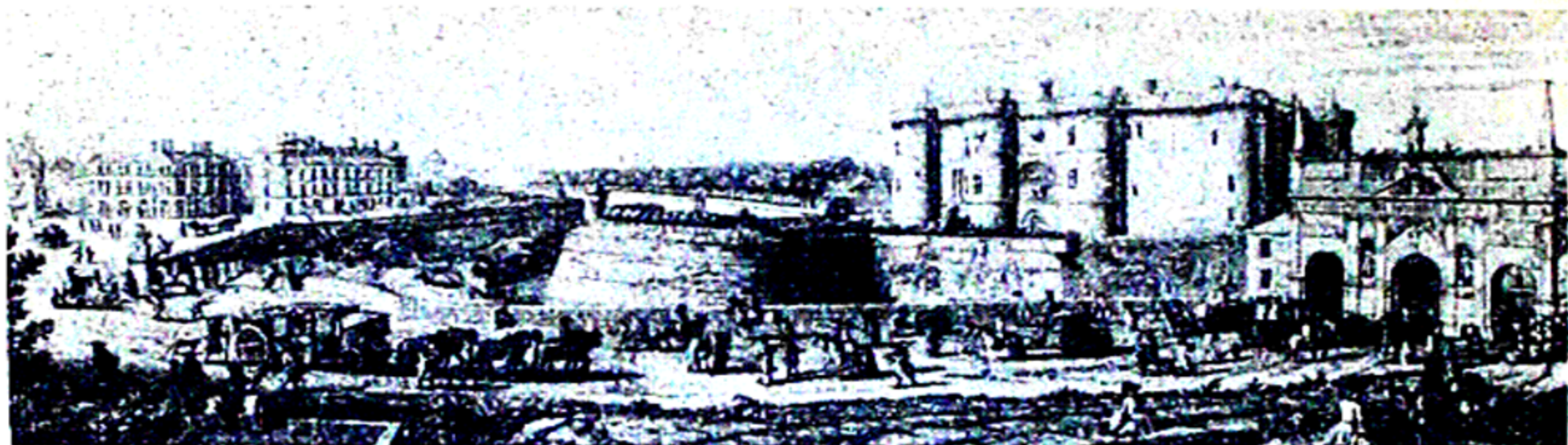
This is one of the oldest trades. In Paris, the older a trade or a corporation is, the nearer it draws to the old quarters. We find them for the most part in ramshackle houses and incommodious dwellings. Should we ask why they choose to remain there, they would most likely reply that they do not know. It is probably because their father or grandfather occupied the very same house, or because their customers are used to coming there, and know the way.

Let there be no misunderstanding, the "Article de Paris" is one of the riches of the capital. Cheap jewellery, mother-of-pearl buttons, souvenirs, fancy-smoking, bureau, and travelling articles, celluloid, toys, belts, pearls, plush, trick-toys, etc., are all "Articles de Paris" which are made here. These are sold in the wealthy rue Royale of which we have already spoken, as well as in the poorer districts. There are two different classes of "Articles de Paris": the luxe article, and the shoddy goods.

The Hôtel de Ville (Town Hall) is the seat of the Municipality and of the Prefecture for the Seine Department. It is the "House" of Paris, and does not happen to be situated so near the Seine by sheer accident.

The Seine waterway originally had its port in this very place. The river was then the centre of all the trade. The "Marchands de l'Eau" (River-Traders) became the richest burghers of the town. They founded a "Maison Commune" (Common House) which in the course of centuries became the seat of the Municipality. The present seal of the City of Paris is, in fact, none other than the ancient seal of the "Marchands de l'Eau", with its ship and motto: "Fluctuat nec mergitur" (Though buffeted by the waves it never sinks). The Hôtel de Ville was first called the "Parloir aux Bourgeois."





View of the Bastille during the reign of Louis XV

(Burgher's Council Room) and later "La Maison aux Piliers" (The House of Pillars). Finally, in 1533, the municipal palace was built after the plan of Boccador, the Italian architect.

The present edifice dates from 1882. It is far from possessing the elegance and fantasy of the Boccador buildings.

The whole history of Paris is closely associated with that of the Hôtel de Ville. Etienne Marcel, Chief Magistrate of Paris, was up to 1358 one of its most prominent and bustling characters.

The Republic was proclaimed there in 1870. In 1871 the Commune burnt the building down.

Since 1810, when Napoleon married Marie Louise of Austria, the Hôtel de Ville has often been the scene of sumptuous feasts. It is the realm of swallow tails and stately beards.

On days of grand receptions, the vast asphalt-covered square in front of the Hôtel de Ville is generally black with people. It is the former Place de Grève, the most celebrated in Paris. It was for a long time a beaten earth square and the ground sloped down gradually to the Seine.

"The Grève" has been the scene of thousands of executions and tortures. Nearly every sentence of Royal or Municipal Justice was executed there. The condemned were broken alive upon the wheel, hanged, burnt or quartered. This did not prevent the bishops and other prelates from having near at hand a gibbet of their own, especially during the League.

As we look upon the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville to-day, we might find it difficult to associate it with the terrifying spectacles of which it was at one time the scene every day, were it not that only 650 feet away lies the very heart of Medieval Paris : the Marais (Swamp).

This squalid district owes its name to the fact that it was once actually

a swamp. This marshy land was later replaced by vegetable gardens until the day when nobility launched the fashion of residing in the "Marais". Kitchen gardens then quickly made room for elegant private residences which covered a huge quadrilateral inside the rue Beaubourg, the Boulevard Beaumarchais, the Boulevard Henri IV and the Seine.

The Marais is a real museum.

When the famous "Push to the West" came, first imperceptible, and then more and more distinct and accelerated, the Marais, which had been the centre of activity and the favourite residential district of the nobility, was gradually relegated to a less brilliant fate.

It is today a wretched district (more especially round Saint-Gervais) which is, moreover, to be pulled down in the near future.

But this dingy old quarter is the richest in Paris in old civil architecture, the gem of which is the "Place des Vosges".

It was Henri IV who prompted the erection of the square, but he did not live to see it completed. In the 17th century, it served as the setting for royal pomp, fireworks and festivals.

An extraordinary tournament was given on the Place des Vosges in 1615 in honour of the marriage of Louis XIII to Anna of Austria.

In normal times, the square was the favourite ground for duels.

It was then an everyday occurrence to see several rows of opponents charging furiously with swords whilst only a few feet away, fair maidens would be flirting with more peaceable gentlemen.

It is difficult to imagine that such an atmosphere ever prevailed in the now lifeless Place des Vosges. It is surrounded by the same pink and white buildings, so elegant with their fine arcades, but immediately behind there starts a whole district of tumble-down houses.

To go to the Place des Vosges is to make a real pilgrimage (Victor Hugo's Museum).

Among the many celebrated



buildings of the neighbourhood, three have been transformed into museums: *Carnavalet*, the *Arsenal*, the *Archives*.

Carnavalet. Formerly the residence of Madame de Sévigné. Built from 1544 to 1661. Now is the Historical Museum of the City of Paris (important collection of documents dating from the time of the Revolution).

Arsenal. Former residence of the Grand Maître de l'Artillerie de France (Commander in Chief of the French Artillery). Is today one of the most important libraries in Paris (12,000 manuscripts; 1,000,000 printed books; 120,000 engravings).

Archives Nationales. Formerly Hôtel Soubise. This building is rightly considered as the architectural masterpiece of the Marais. It was rebuilt in 1706 to 1712 by Delamair, and only the two turrets remained from the original edifice. The "Cour d'Honneur" (Court of Honour) is especially remarkable. Since 1867 the hotel has become the depository of the National Archives (records and historical documents up to 1815).

The Hôtel de Rohan, built in 1708 by Delamair, the Hôtel de Châlons, Luxembourg, the Hôtel de Beauvais and the Hôtel de Sens are also worthy of being mentioned.

The Hôtel de Beauvais bears witness to King Louis XIV's gratitude to Madame de Beauvais for having initiated him to the ways of the world.

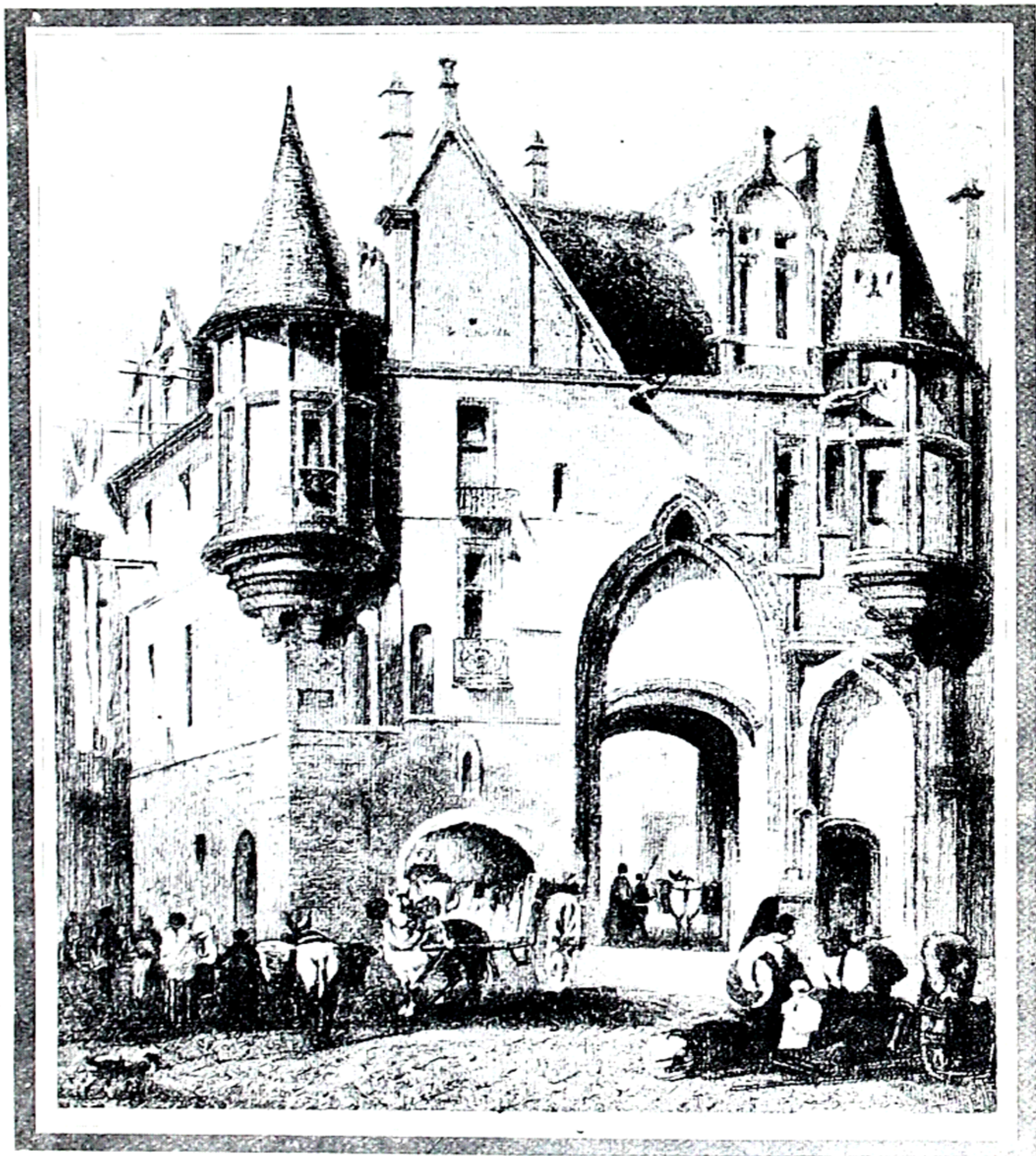
Anna of Austria, mother of the future king had, indeed, entrusted one-eyed Madame de Beauvais with this delicate apprenticeship. The considerable number of pounds with which she was later presented enabled her to build this beautiful hotel.

Mozart stopped there in 1763, for the building had, in the meantime, become the Legation of Bavaria.

Hotel de Sens. One of the strangest hotels of the Marais. It was built in 1519 for the Archbishop Tristan of Salazar. (The diocese of Paris was then under the jurisdiction of the Archbishopric of Sens). Apart from the Hôtel de Cluny in the Latin Quarter, it is the only specimen of sixteenth century civil architecture.

Three churches in this district are also worthy of notice: Saint Merry in flamboyant style.

Saint-Gervais, a combination of the three orders: Doric, Ionic and Corinthian. Saint-Gervais was the parish church of Couperin, the famous organist and composer. The choir of this church ranks today among the most remarkable in France.



Hôtel de Sens



The Arcades of the Rue de Rivoli

Finally, Saint Paul's, the most beautiful church in Jesuit style.

Our walk through the Marais has taken us away from the rue de Rivoli. We find it again at the beginning of the rue Saint Antoine. This new street will lead us to the Bastille.

Since 1789, there is no more Bastille. The first achievement of the Revolution was to massacre its "Gouverneur" and tear down the sinister building, symbol of the absolute power. The Bastille had been built by Charles V and was the typical prison of the Royalty.

The Faubourg Saint Antoine on the other side of the Bastille is the home of furniture makers. From the large furniture company down to the small chair-repairer, they are all here along the Faubourg.

The only desertion was that of the supercilious interior-decorators who moved to the new western districts. In a great many cases the high rents they have to pay have become too heavy for the amount of business they are now doing.

Owing to its corporate organisation, to its cohesion and localisation, the furniture trade is to-day the leading corporation of the capital.

Too much attention should not be paid to the standardised unattractive Henri II sideboards or the cheap modern cosy-corners on display in the shopwindows all along the street. They are not representative of the work that is done in the Faubourg. To see fine furniture or rare items, one must often go through a succession of dingy courts or walk up several flights of wornout steps.

A customer calling on the third floor will never stop on the second floor to enquire about prices. It is interesting to observe that in this age of suspicion, trust still prevails in this circle of handicraftsmen.

A single telephone connects the clientele with the artisans of several

buildings : it is the telephone in the " bistrot " (café) downstairs, and the proprietress is more often out in the courtyard calling one tenant or another than attending to her bar. Some of these cafés have even invented various ingenious systems of horns or bells whereby each artisan recognises his own individual signal.

Real work, fine work, rarely yields a decent enough livelihood for the wood-sculptor or imitator of period furniture or for the artisan specialised in subtle repairs or precious tapestry. Between two fine pieces of work these artists will often be too glad to earn a bit of money by putting the finishing touches to a stand for a commercial fair.

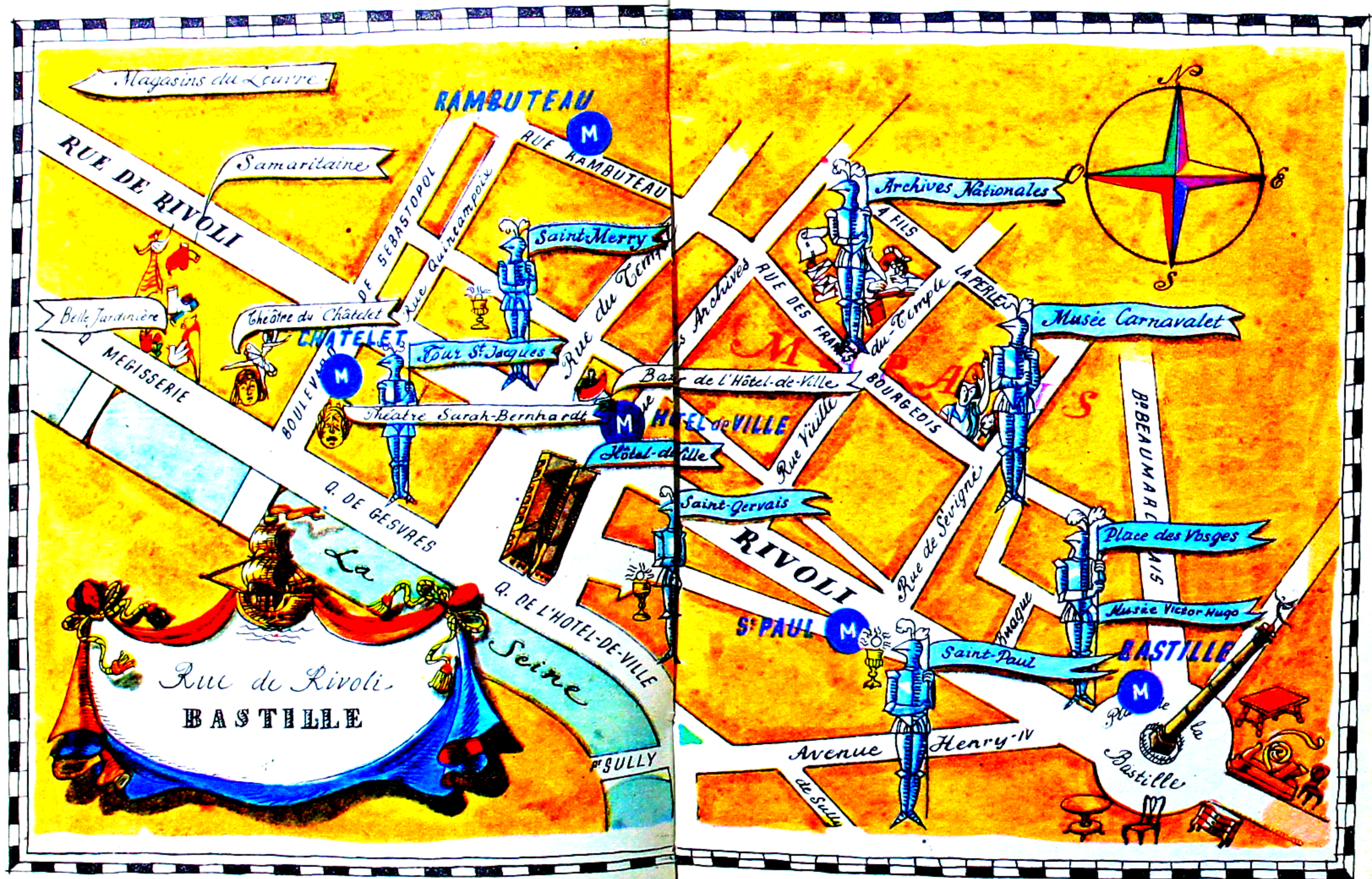
The time of richly endowed manufactures is over. This is the time of the individual struggle for life, every man for himself. Nevertheless, apprentices are still being formed in the Faubourg. They are already hard at work attempting to join pieces together when they are no higher than the work-bench. To train them properly, the boss still teaches them to dovetail by hand. They have ample time to learn how to operate a machine.

Paris still makes fine furniture, even to-day when plywood appears to enjoy universal popularity. When we say Paris, we mean, of course, the Faubourg. Artisans there still know how to make use of costly materials such as fine leather and precious veneers. But they are very often attracted by the new school of architecture and prefer sober plywood for beautiful modern decoration and furniture.

Also in the quarter is the Père Lachaise Cemetery where many famous people are buried—among them Oscar Wilde and Loie Fuller.

Finally, the Faubourg has a place in the history of revolutions. On several momentous occasions the voice of a people in dead earnest has made itself heard in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine.





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THE
ISLES



The Isles... A few clods of earth from which Paris sprang.

Glance at the map of the Cité. It looks like a ship. The ship is found again in the arms of Paris with the motto : " Fluctuat nec mergitur" . (Though buffeted by the waves, she never sinks). The Cité is strongly moored to the banks by the Pont-Neuf (New-Bridge). Once swarming with people, this is one of the quietest parts of Paris, the haunt of lawyers, policeman and sight-seers.

The Ile Saint-Louis is taken in tow by her elder sister and lies peacefully under the shade of old plane-trees.

In the heart of the Cité, Notre-Dame, the cathedral, rises on the very spot where the first Parisian built an altar to worship his pagan divinity.



Place Dauphine



View of Pont Marie about 1830

THE ILE DE LA CITÉ

The Seine has at all times held a prominent place in the history of the city.

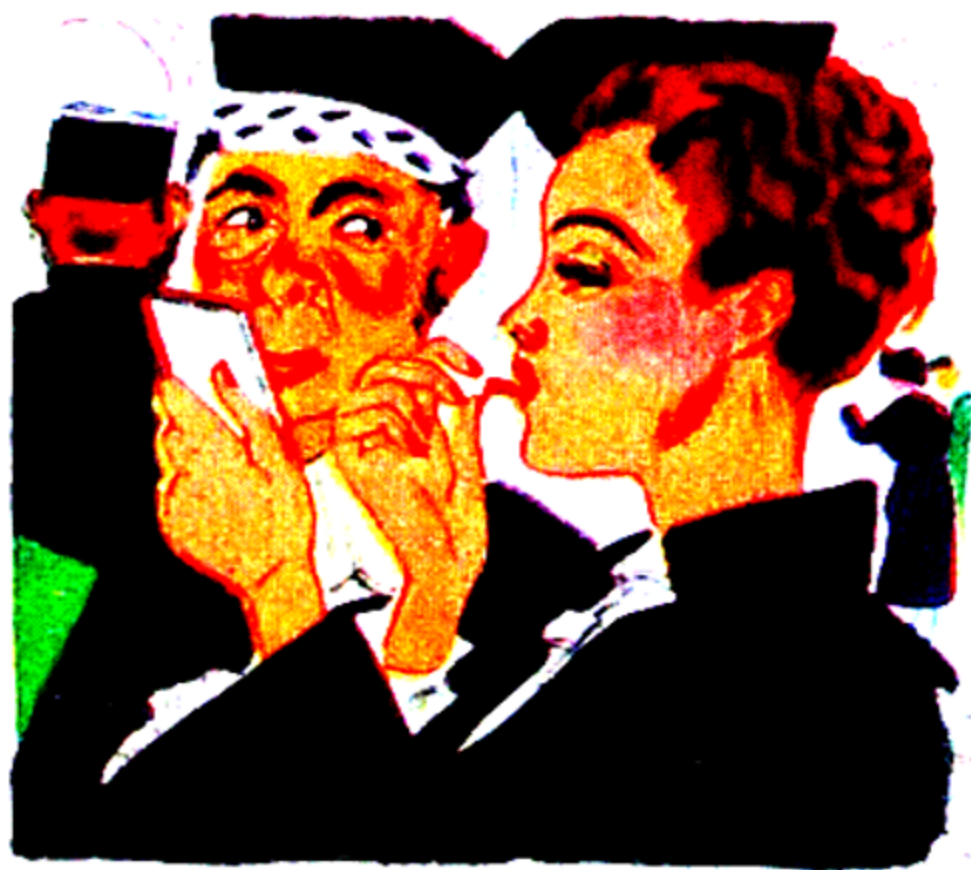
Every narrative of the Middle Ages refers to the "beautiful river", and every engraving represents it full of boats and skiffs of all kinds. Watermills anchored in the middle of the river competed with the windmills surrounding the city.

Water-wheels like that which may still be seen at the Samaritaine brought the water up to the level of the bridge. This water was afterwards distributed by Auvergnats throughout the city.

The river then offered many attractions : water-tournaments, fountains and other entertainments.

But, from time to time, a bridge would collapse, and all the houses with which it was overloaded would go down with it, together with their inhabitants. A little later, it would be the turn of another





bridge. These disasters were philosophically borne, and it would not have occurred to an architect to build a bridge without houses so as to avoid the recurrence of such calamities.

Of all the bridges in Paris, the Pont Neuf is by far the most popular. It is also the oldest, hence the old French saying : "solide comme le Pont Neuf" (as strong as the Pont Neuf), when speaking of an old man who is still hale and hearty.

Built in the reign of Henri IV, it was the first bridge without houses and the first to connect, in a single span, the two opposite banks of the river at the extreme end of the Cité.

Its popularity was incredible and the place on which it rested in the island soon became the most lively spot in Paris, a real fair. Tooth-drawers, charlatans, humbugs, flower-girls and coat-snatchers would all take advantage of the innumerable saunterers strolling about.

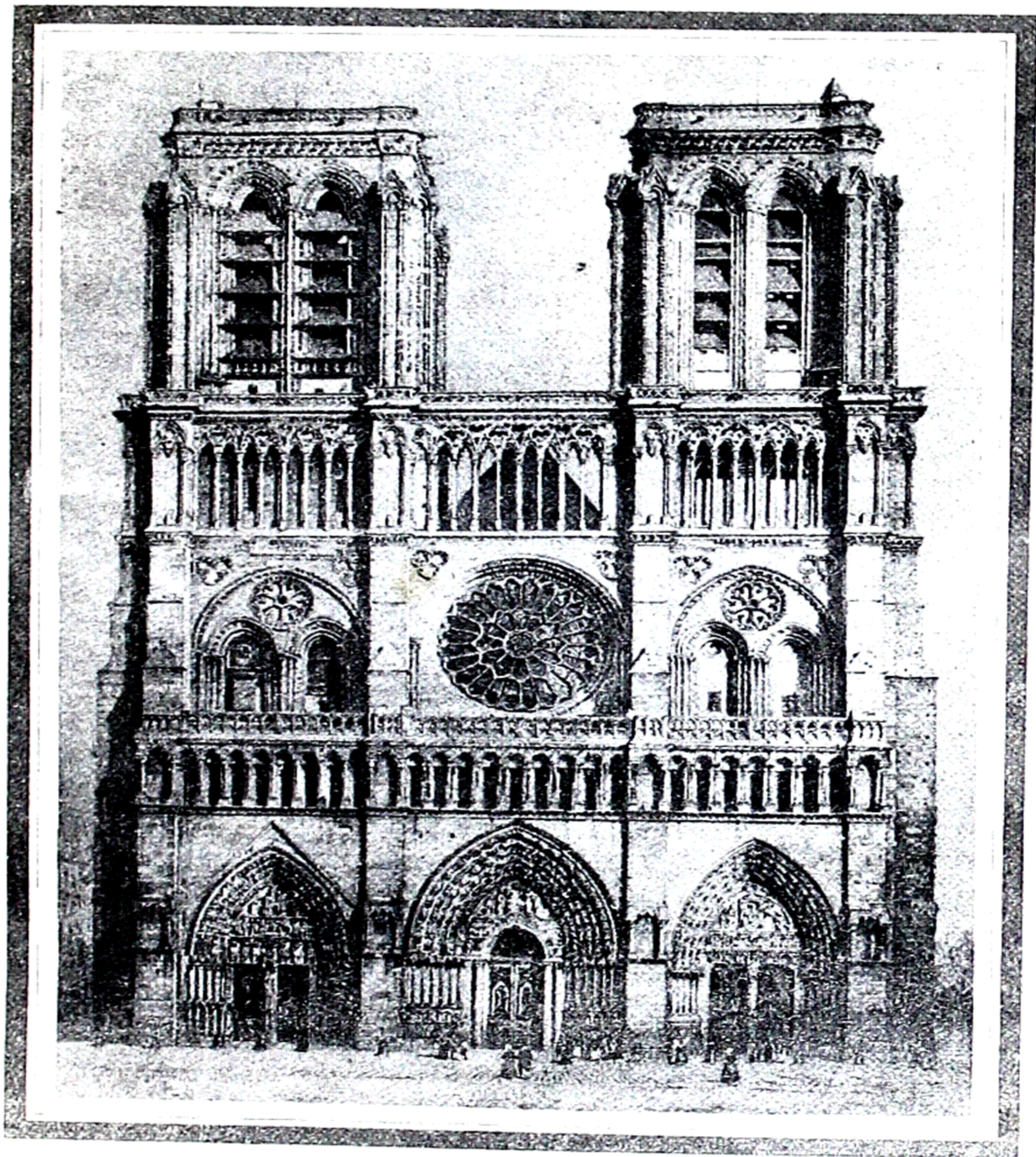
The statue of Henri IV erected on the Pont Neuf in 1615, which like all the others had been taken down and recast in 1792, was replaced by a new statue in 1818. The mob is sometimes illogical : At the beginning of the Revolution, nobles were compelled to take off their hats when passing before the statue; five years later it was knocked down.

The Place Dauphine near the bridge, creates in this district a quiet provincial atmosphere. Apartments on this square are very much in demand. The square also dates from Henri IV, but at that time all the houses were similar to the two corner buildings overlooking the Pont Neuf.

The Palais de la Cité has already been mentioned in the History of Paris. It is now the Palais de Justice, the seat of Civil Law Courts (Cour de Cassation, Cour de Première Instance, Cour d'Assises, Cour d'Appel) and also harbours some departments of the Préfecture de Police.

The Boulevard du Palais is the antechamber of the Law.

The Conciergerie on the Quai de l'Horloge, which is also part of the Palais, serves as temporary prison for the prisoners to be tried during the day.





The most characteristic vestiges of the old Palais de la Cité are :

The Sainte-Chapelle, Paris' gothic gem which, as we already know, was built in 1249 in the reign of Saint Louis. Its stained glass windows represent in dazzling pictures the history of the Old Testament and the Gospel.

Through the Conciergerie entrance, the " Salle des Gens d'Armes ", also known as the Salle Saint-Louis, a restored vestige of the Medieval Palace.

The " Galerie des Prisonniers " (Prisoners' Gallery) which became famous during the Revolution as an inexhaustible reservoir of people destined for the guillotine.

Finally, the " Tour de l'Horloge ", built after that of Philippe le Bel, and the Monumental Gate (1787) which closes the Cour du Mai.

Apart from the Palais du Louvre, there is no other monument in Paris so rich in historical associations as the Palais de la Cité. It has, unfortunately, lost very much of its original character through its being burnt, rebuilt and restored.



It is difficult to imagine from the present clusters of stones the pleasant Medieval Palace with its inside shops, the Cour du Mai, the processions, the Sainte-Chapelle standing out and visible from afar, and the vast King's Gardens behind a Conciergerie which was then nothing more than the sumptuous lodge of a noble concierge. The Préfecture de Police and the Tribunal of Commerce stand opposite the Palais de Justice, on the other side of the Boulevard. Police and the Law occupy half of the isle... and probably dream of annexing the huge Hôtel-Dieu, the principal city hospital.

This new Hôtel-Dieu dates from Napoleon III. The real one, that is to say, the medieval Hôtel-Dieu, stood on the site of the small square skirting the Seine. In recalling the Hôtel-Dieu of the Middle Ages we cannot help but think of the sinister epidemics against which our forefathers were powerless... ophtalmia or the famous iliac passion, of operations without anaesthetics, of long rows of beds, each for three patients, and of the dead carefully wrapped up for the last journey.

We now come to the Marché aux Fleurs (Flower Market), which turns into a bird market every Sunday. Here is the charming Square de l'Archevêché, where a young man from the Left Bank whispers sweet nothings to a young lady from the Right Bank. From here Notre-Dame appears to us like a gigantic piece of lace carved in stone, surrounded by its flying buttresses, which have often been compared to the oars of an immense galley.

Notre-Dame, the seat of the Archbishop,





ric, is the most remarkable religious edifice in Paris. Excepting the groundwork of the belltower of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, it is the oldest monument in the capital. It was built at the desire of the Archbishop Maurice de Sully. Its construction was begun in 1163 and completed in 1330.

Notre-Dame marks a turning point in the evolution of French religious architecture. It is the last large cathedral to be built with galleries and the first to have flying buttresses.

With their 49 ft. radius, these buttresses constitute a particularly daring piece of work.

The cathedral of Paris is dark. The famous rose windows of the Porte du Cloître and of the Porte Saint-Etienne as well as the stained glass of the chancel only allow a very soft light to filter through, tinged with the seven colours of the rainbow. This subdued light invests the imposing ceremonies which occasionally take place in Notre-Dame, when some great man has died, with a more solemn character.

The façade is severe. The atmosphere of haunting mystery compels the visitor to meditation.

Two coronations have taken place in Notre-Dame : that of Henry VI of England during the Hundred Years' War, and that of Napoleon in 1804. Tradition formerly demanded that kings be crowned in Rheims and buried in Saint-Denis.

The vaults of the celebrated cathedral have resounded with the thundering preachings of Bossuet (1687). It has seen the marriage of Louis XIV (1660) and the christening of the Aiglon (1811).

A magnificent Gothic structure, Notre-Dame is 426 feet long, 157 feet wide and 115 feet high. The two towers are 226 feet high, and the spire, rebuilt by Viollet le Duc in 1847 rises 296 feet above the ground. The wooden paneling of the chancel stalls dates from approximately 1620.

The Place du Parvis dates from Napoleon III. Houses and churches formerly came up quite close to the cathedral. The Ile de la Cité lost at that time what remained of its medieval aspect. It is a great pity.

A compass in the middle of the Parvis Notre-Dame is the geographical starting point of all the roads radiating from the Capital.

We cannot leave the Ile de la Cité without recalling the old Petit Pont which stood on the site of the present Petit Pont and which had been the first passage built by our forefathers to connect the Ile de la Cité with the vine yards of Sainte-Geneviève mountain.

ILE SAINT-LOUIS

This isle is made up of the "Ile aux Vaches" and the "Ile Notre-Dame". A bridge modelled after the Pont Neuf, and likewise resting on the isle, was built from 1630 to 1650 to link up the two banks of the Seine (Pont Marie and Pont de la Tournelle).

The construction of the embankments drove out the gentle fishermen; cows and washerwomen departed. The rue Saint-Louis-en-l'Ile running lengthwise along the isle and all the other cross-streets give to the island the appearance of a parcelled-out quadrilateral. The Ile Saint-Louis has also been called the "Enchanted Isle". Whether seen from the Right or from the Left Bank, hidden behind its curtain of tall trees, it looks in Summer like the inaccessible abode of some distinguished recluse.

If we approach and make our way to the embankments, we are impressed by the quietness prevailing all around. Is everyone keeping strictly at home? No one to be seen, indeed, unless it be the child of a concierge or of some tradesman or other. Yet it is not a dead isle! There is no mistake about it, behind the pane of some high Renaissance window, a curtain is moving imperceptibly. Life here hides behind the façade.

In the marvellous drawing-rooms of the Hôtel Lauzun, room could not be found on the walls for another painting.

The elegant 17th century apartments are today much sought after by men of letters and painters who find in their harmonious rooms and intimate atmosphere the inspiration they require for their work.

And finally, the Hôtel Lambert, where Voltaire and the Marquise du Châtelet stayed, and the drawing-rooms of which are called the "Cabinet de l'Amour" and the "Cabinet des Muses".

Ile Saint-Louis... or the "Château of the Sleeping Beauty"

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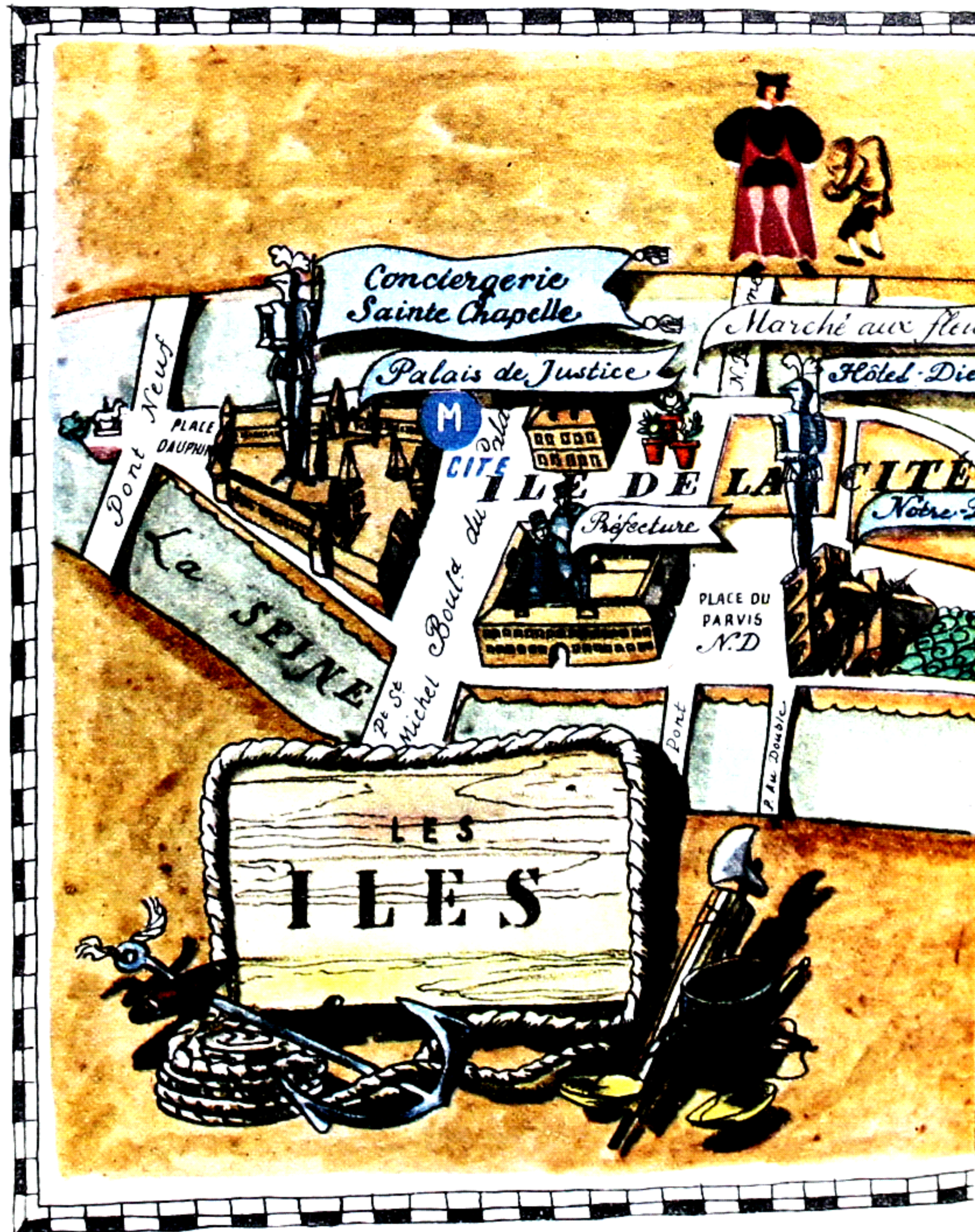
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*THE HALLES
AND THE
PALAIS ROYAL*



A Byzantine manuscript worth ten million francs.

Wads of banknotes fresh from the printing-press.

A mountain of vegetables.

Good news in the headlines of the papers.

Pork.

A Suez Canal share.

Just imagine these gifts... Just imagine this huge Ali Baba's Cave: the district of Paris which includes the National Library, the Bank of France, the Comédie Française, the Halles, the rue Montmartre, the 'Change and the Palais-Royal.





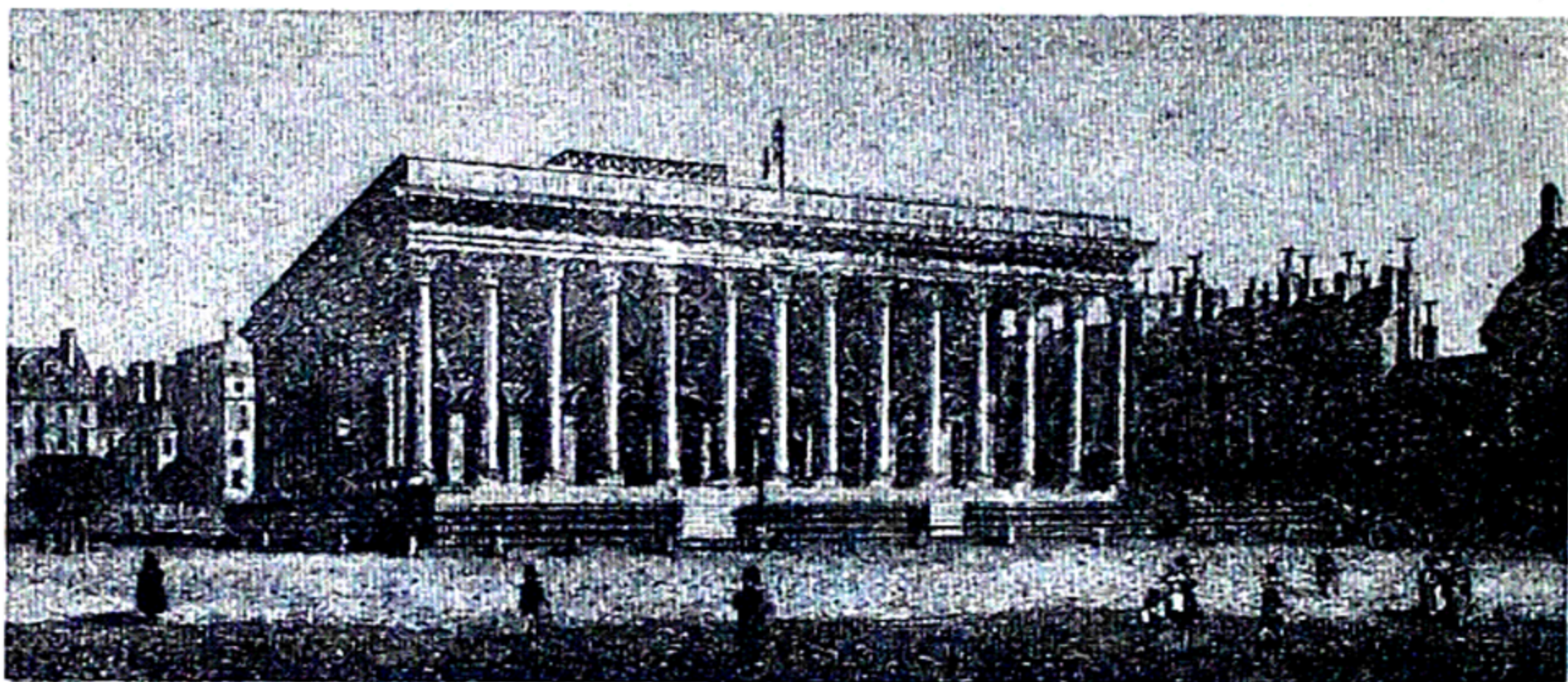
Saint-Eustache's Church

THE HALLES

Ever since the city can remember, Parisians have come to this central market to get their supplies. In the Middle Ages, the proximity of the vast "Charnier des Innocents", which contained over a million dead bodies in its charnel-house, did not even cause the city to remove the "Champeaux" (the Halles of the time).

This force of inertia with respect to the Halles is still manifest to-day. Plans have often been made to install them in modern buildings on the outskirts of the city. But, as tradition is strong, they will probably remain where they are for a long time to come, bottling up the traffic, and maintaining a picturesque animation in the very heart of the capital.



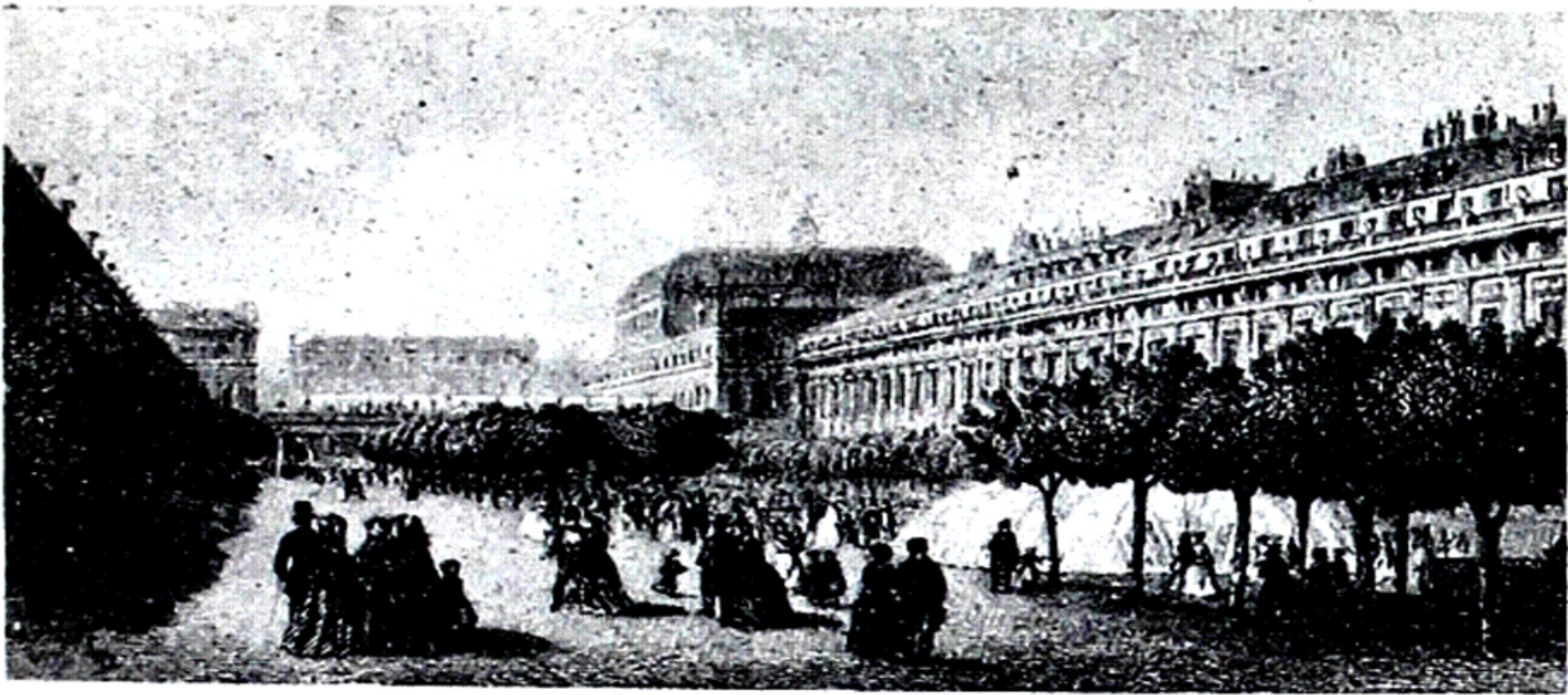


The Bourse (Stock Exchange) about 1830

With the exception of that part recently built, the Halles date from 1852. It was Napoleon III who had them erected on the site of the old covered market built in the reign of Philippe Auguste (1183). Napoleon only wanted vast shelters in the shape of an umbrella, hence these strange iron structures which no longer meet with modern requirements. But even to a greater extent than the Halles themselves, the entire district looks shabby and cramped in its dark narrow streets.

When the country produce comes in you can only make your way with great difficulty amidst crates of fruit and vehicules of all sorts. The ground is slippery. Strong smells emanate from the shops of commission agents and wholesalers. It is not unusual to see frogs jump out of bunches of watercress or rabbits or hares escaping from their baskets. The entire population of the Halles then takes part in the chase, sometimes with humour, more often swearing like a bargee. The streets all round the central buildings where fish, meat, vegetables, cheese, game, flowers, fruit and eggs are sold, are bordered by small cafés and restaurants, some of which are held in high repute. "Le Chien qui fume"... "Le Père Tranquille"... "Le Beau Nègre"... "l'Escargot d'Or"... "Le Pied de Cochon" are all wellknown to





The "Palais Royal" Gardens (1870)

the Parisians, for it used to be fashionable, when the Halles opened at five in the morning, to wind up a rollicking night by eating onion soup and grilled pigs' trotters in the company of the famous "Forts des Halles" (strong men) and joyous pot-bellied commission agents.

The "Forts des Halles" guild is a very old French institution. It is composed of tall and exceptionally strong men who carry heavy loads on their backs from the cars to the buildings. They have a special dress, the most characteristic part of which is an enormous hat which they wear on special occasions.

At the present time, the sales start at one o'clock in the afternoon, and last until half past three. Before the end of the afternoon, everything is cleaned up and every shop closed. An army of cats then emerges from the neighbouring cellars and basements, and prowls about with great indifference amidst the lambs, veal, mutton and beef that remain hanging in the Halles until the following day.



Facing the Halles, rue du Jour, stands Saint-Eustache, which is considered as one of the most remarkable religious edifices in Paris, in fact, the first after Notre-Dame. Partly Gothic,



partly Renaissance architecture of the 14th and 15th centuries, this church is famous for its exceptionally beautiful religious music.

In the middle of the Square des Innocents, at the north-eastern end of the Halles, we find the most beautiful fountain in Paris : " La Fontaine des Innocents ", a small mas-

terpiece of the Renaissance. The mermaids in bas-relief are the work of Jean Goujon.

RUE MONTMARTRE

Within a stone's throw from the Boulevards, rue Montmartre, we are in the heart of the press district. Morning and evening, cyclists dash out of newspaper buildings sometimes carrying on their bicycles bundles of paper over 3 feet high. These " virtuosi " often have to deliver the papers to distant quarters and manage to speed through the heaviest traffic.

The first French daily paper " La Gazette " was started in Paris in 1631 by Theophraste Renaudot.

Rue Montmartre, rue du Croissant, rue Bergère, rue d'Enghien, are all occupied by heavy printing presses.

At night, when printers feed their machines, residents of the district perceive a muffled whirr in their sleep that seems to come from the ground. Rue du Croissant, the vibration of the houses may clearly be felt when the big rotary printing presses are set going.

If we venture into any of these old buildings, after going through two or three doors, walking up three staircases, and passing round the machines, we shall probably be unable to find our way out. In these ramshackle but traditional buildings, printers have indeed spread out in the way of woodworms, that is to say, by digging galleries, traps and passage-ways. They have descended into the cellars, come up again, extended to the upper floors, and finally will lose their own way some day.

Millions of newspapers come out of these labyrinths every morning and evening. Every "bistrot" (café) in the neighbourhood lives on the Press. Each printing house has adopted one and sometimes two of these cafés, where cyclists, typographers, machine-minders, etc., have their lunch and drink a "coup de blanc" (glass of white wine). These cafés are also frequented by reporters and sub-editors who dash in at the last minute to make hurried corrections. They are all regular customers. Private literary and political clubs are often formed in these taverns and everyone drops in during the evening to discuss the events of the day.

The Bourse (Stock Exchange) is close to the rue Montmartre. It is surrounded by news agencies that connect it with the whole world. The Banque de France is the official bank of issue. It was founded by Napoleon, and as early as 1811 occupied the old Hôtel de la Vrillière around which it has been extending ever since. The Bourse was completed in 1825. The peak of its activity was reached during the heavy speculations from 1919 to 1935.

THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE

The Bibliothèque Nationale (National Library) is also in the vicinity. Part of the building dates from the time of Mazarin (17th century).

The Bibliothèque Nationale possesses a collection of





The Library's reading rooms are full of silent compilers immersed in the works they are consulting. Time here is of no account as one may see. Here is a young reader, for instance, who has left us to live for a while with the monks of the Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés... in the year 1200. Another is being introduced to the court of Caliph Haroun al Raschid in Bagdad. Reality thus ceases to exist until closing time, when the guardian will literally have to shout to bring everyone back to 1944.

The Medal and Antique room contains 400.000 medals of all periods as well as priceless ancient jewels.

Finally, the Galerie Mazarine, a huge luxurious room, built in 1645 by Mansart, and used by the Bibliothèque Nationale for its remarkable exhibitions.

LE SENTIER

A low and gloomy region lined by windowless shops lies between the Place des Victoires and the Grands Boulevards. It is called the Sentier, and is the centre of the textile, wholesale millinery and hat trimming business.

The delicate flowers worn by smart ladies of the Champs-Élysées come from

books unique in the world.

It is divided into several departments :

Books and Brochures : Four million volumes to which 50.000 are added every year by reason of the compulsory legal deposit. Tens of thousands of extremely rare editions constitute the Library's "réserve"

Periodicals : Six thousand French and foreign reviews, more than a million works.

Manuscripts : A collection of incredible value enriched by successive gifts from kings, princes, members of the Church and erudites.

Engravings : The world's largest collection of engravings of all ages.

the dark streets of Le Sentier. The hand-embroidered sheet bought in an elegant shop rue Saint-Honoré for the bridal bed of some wealthy couple also comes from one of the many houses that look so depressing from outside. At six in the evening, rue de Cléry, rue d'Aboukir, rue Réaumur, hundreds of "Midinettes" (work-girls) may be seen hurrying to the metro after having worked the whole day making roses or colouring feathers for a scanty living.

It would be interesting to see all that a Parisienne is likely to put on her head to follow the fashion of the day. As raw materials we find felt, made of hare or rabbit hair, feathers and straw.

But this only constitutes the foundation of the hat so to speak. These young work-girls must be ready at a minute's notice to submit to the whims of milliners who require decorations and trimmings of an unimaginable variety... Hundreds of different kinds of flowers, bouquets of violets, voluminous hydrangeas, vegetables, peas, cucumbers, nuts, cauliflowers, feathers and plumes of all sorts, grouse tufts, pheasants' tails and what not.

A milliner quite recently even launched the fashion of extraordinary hats in the shape of reversed socks, and to prove that Paris can make elegant hats out of anything, a ladies' magazine had used funnels, strainers and other incongruous objects. Here we are treading on the art of Parisian milliners seconded by young girls as capable of curling an ostrich-feather as of creating an orchid more elegant than nature itself could make it.

LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

La Comédie Française, Place du Théâtre, is the first national theatre of dramatic art (comedy and tragedy).

From 1661 to 1673 Molière, the great comedy writer, had his own theatre not far from the Comédie Française. A few years after his death, in 1680, his company was to form the foundation of the Comédie Française.



Much later, Napoléon, during his Russian campaign in 1812, determined the statutes of this National Theatre by the famous Moscow decree which is kept in the National Archives.

THE PALAIS ROYAL

When Parisians refer to the Palais Royal, they mean a huge garden bordered by galleries, old little shops and houses forming three compact sides, all built on the same model.

The Palais, properly speaking, which stands on the fourth side, is occupied by the Conseil d'Etat (Council of State).

From a historic standpoint, the Palais cannot be dissociated from the Grands Boulevards, but while the former has completely lost its popularity, the Boulevards continue to attract the crowds.

With the exception of the shopkeepers, the residents of the Palais Royal are, of course, delighted with this state of affairs. The quiet garden in the heart of Paris attracts all lovers of silence and peace. It is an ideal neighbourhood for writers, actors, composers and journalists.

The Palais Royal has not always enjoyed such quietness.

The Revolution of 1789 started here. Incendiary speeches were made by extempore orators getting bolder every day until the agitation became so strong that the crowds ran riot.

In the Palais Royal district, it turned into a veritable debauchery which lasted from 1791 until 1800.

Gambling dens opened practically in every other house.

But gradually these passions died out, and the galleries became a more decent place to frequent. The charming little shops along the Palais Royal date from this Napoleonic period.

As in the old days, fine lace, engravings, Burgundy wines, essential oils, sticks of Arabian incense, marjoram, tobacco jats and pipes are still sold today under the arcades, not forgetting light and intimate books such as "Les Mémoires d'une Cocotte" (The memoirs of a Gay Lady), or "l'Amour à Tahiti" (Love in Tahiti).

Plans for the opening of the Avenue de l'Opéra were completed in 1853.

The Opera did not exist at the time, and it was the Avenue which later prompted the building of the new Paris Opéra.

The Avenue attracted various kinds of business from the Palais Royal, the vogue of which was then already on the wane. Towards the end of the reign of Napoleon III it was practically as quiet as it is to-day.

The Avenue de l'Opéra is not specialised in any one particular trade.

Rouard offers precious porcelains and china. Sahara displays a great choice of curios and North African fabrics.

Foodstuffs here are represented by Corcellet. It was at Corcellet's (then at the Palais Royal) that Bonaparte met Joséphine de Beauharnais for the first time, and the chronicle specifies that Joséphine, a native of Martinique and daughter of coffee-planters, used to sell in Paris the produce of her parents' crops.

Corcellet was a regular customer of the future Empress.

The least that the Emperor could do, was to remain a faithful customer of the shop.

We are thus ending on a gastronomical and historical note, which is precisely the right atmosphere.

You may add an artistic touch to it by asking Corcellet to let you hear their famous musical coffee-pots.



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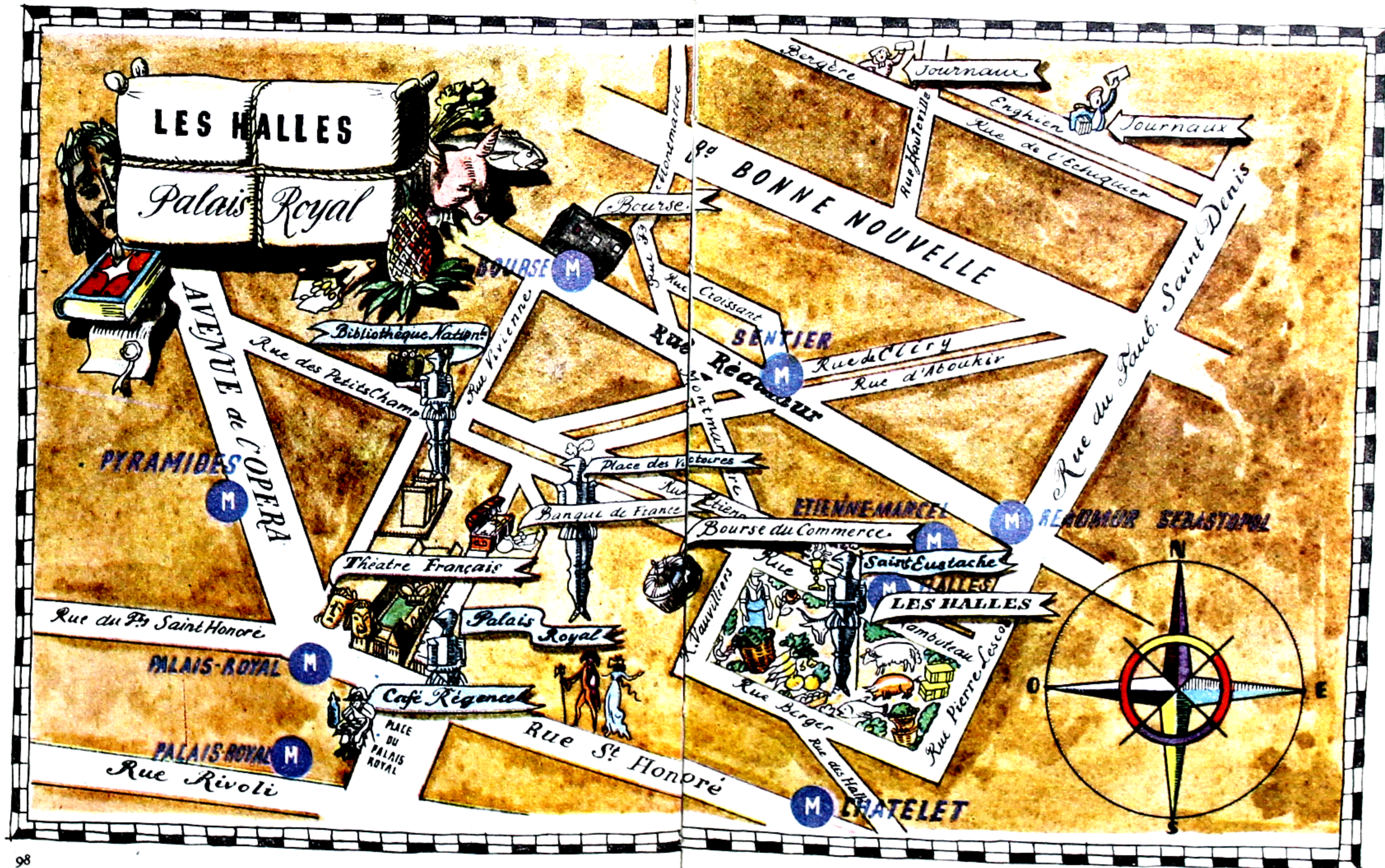
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*THE OPERA
AND THE
CENTER OF PARIS*



The Place de l'Opéra and the Opéra district are considered as the busiest centre of the capital.

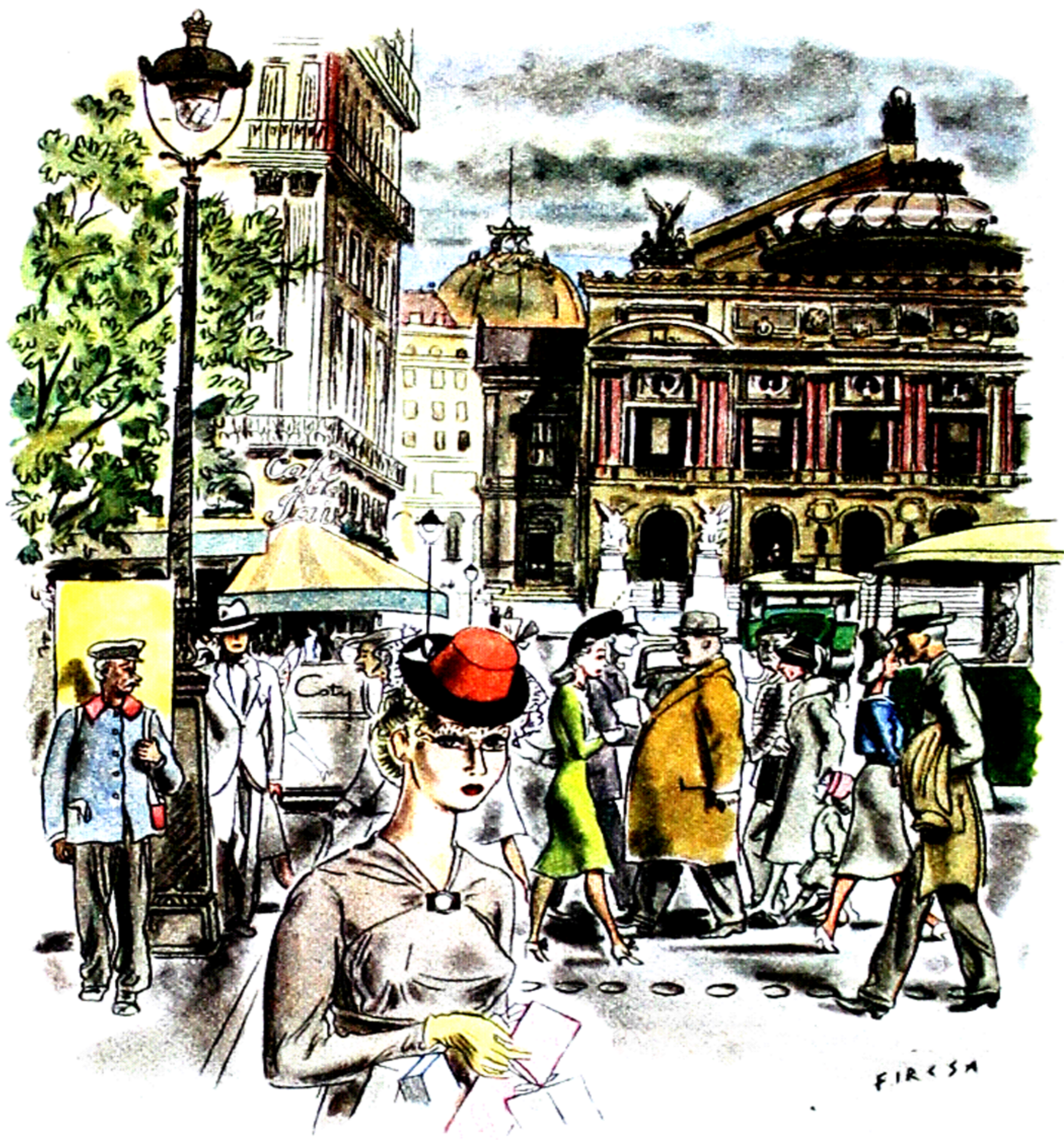
The density of the people in the street is greater there per square foot than in any other part of the city.

Offices, theatres, cinemas, cafés, and big stores are the chief attractions.

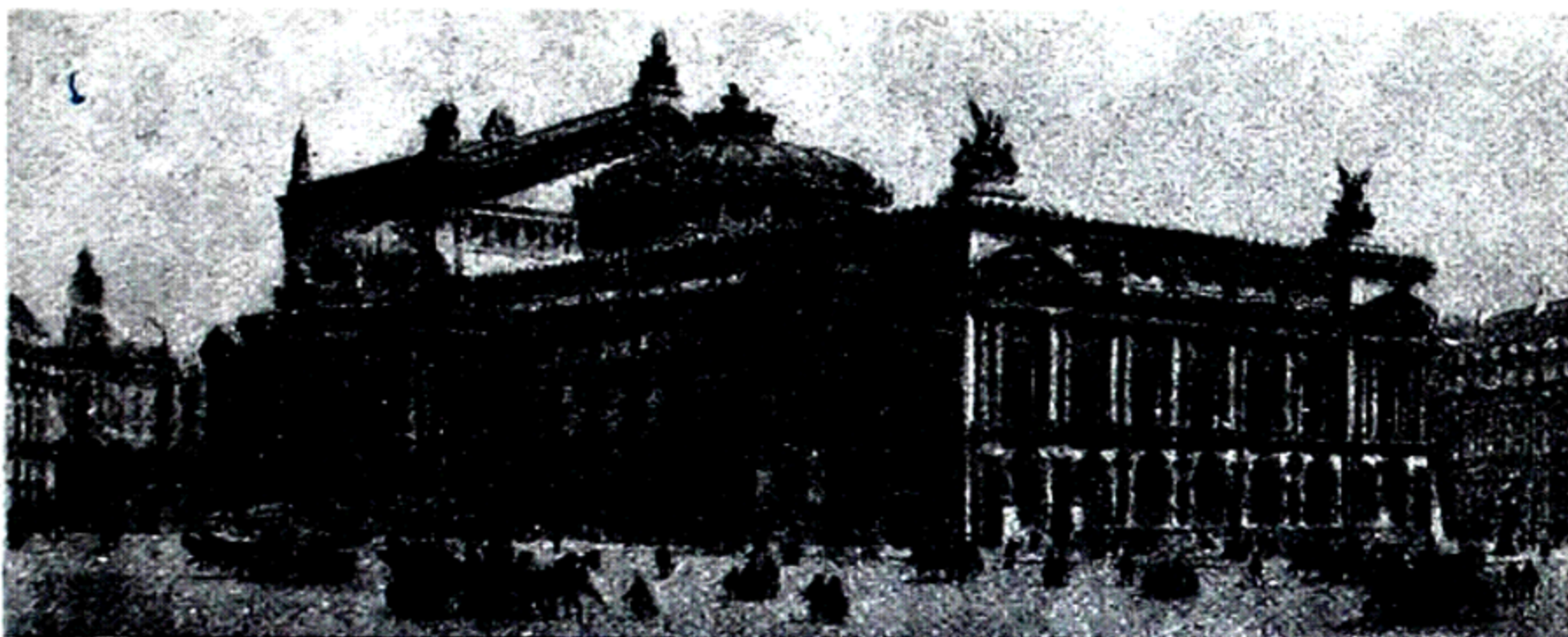
The Opéra district was the first in Paris to possess a railway station, the Gare Saint-Lazare.

It is surrounded by huge banks which occupy more than 5.000.000 square feet, in a limited area.

The Boulevards form the back-bone of this quarter.



Place de l'Opéra



The new Opéra (1874)

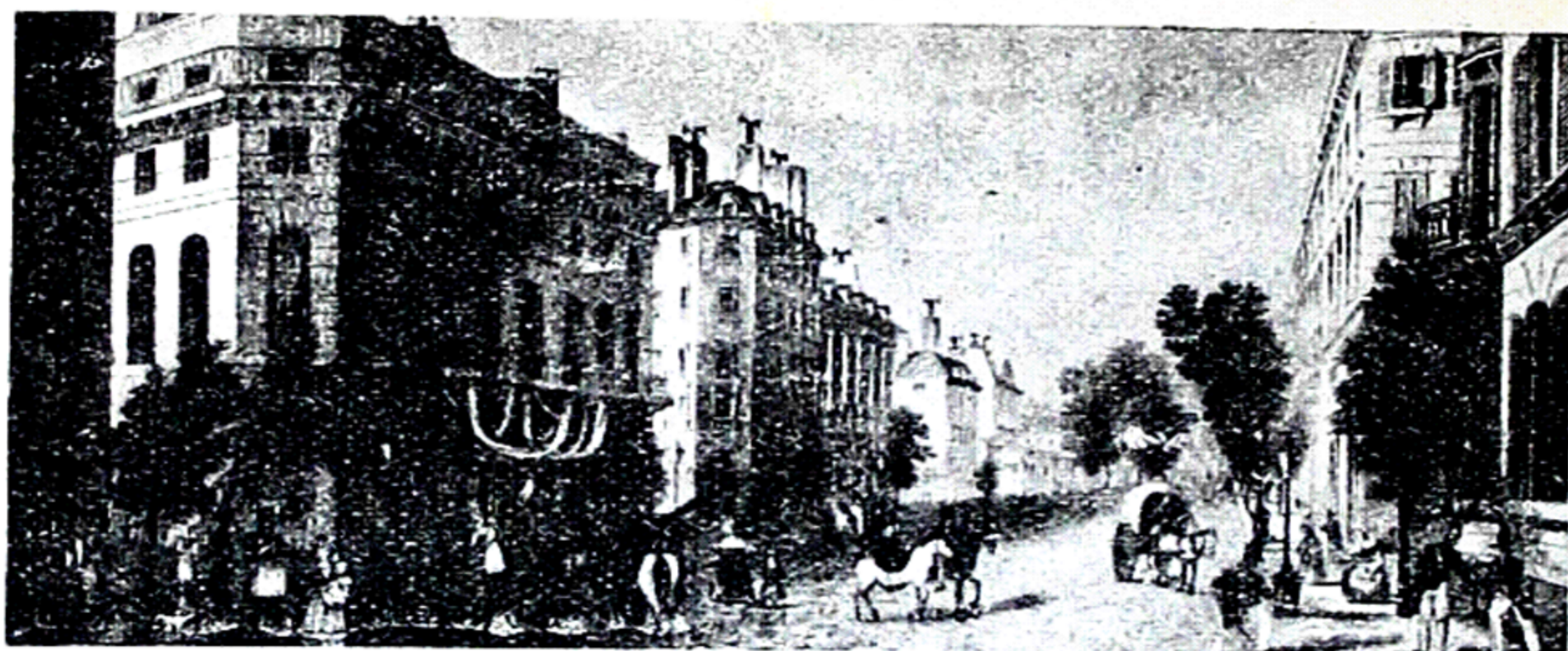
THE OPERA AND THE CENTER OF PARIS

It would be interesting to identify approximately the people who give life to this crowded quarter.

A traffic policeman on his platform. A Bank collector. A pretty typist. A waiter. Ten thirsty strollers. Fifty attractive women shopping in the stores. A suburbanite. A young Opera ballet-girl. A gentleman following the young dancer. A melomaniac. A couple coming out of a cinema. A number of persons absolutely unable to tell you what they are doing there, would approximately be what we would find, and if we walked a short distance along the Boulevard, we could add to the above a tourist who will not be long before taking a seat outside one of the cafés.

Place de l'Opéra is a real turning-plate from which radiates every kind of communication





Boulevard des Italiens (XIXth century)

THE BOULEVARDS

When Parisians speak of the Boulevards, they do not just mean any boulevard, but exclusively that endless ribbon that runs from the Madeleine to the Bastille : the Boulevards de la Madeleine, des Capucines, des Italiens, then the Boulevards Montmartre, Poissonnière, Bonne-Nouvelle, Saint-Denis, Saint-Martin, and finally the last section on the other side of the Place de la République : Boulevard du Temple and Boulevard Beaumarchais.

You need only glance at a map to see that this ribbon has the shape of a semicircle which is explained by the fact that a surrounding wall and ditch originally stood in its place.

The wall was pulled down and the ditch filled in under Louis XIV. It apparently served as a promenade as early as 1680, since our boulevards were then already called the "Promenade des Remparts".

The liveliest portion of this vast thoroughfare starts at the Madeleine and ends rue Poissonnière.

The number of cafés and restaurants on this limited section of the boulevard is astounding. The pavement is very wide and all these establishments push their tables and chairs outside right under the trees. These "terrasses" are literally jammed for the apéritif hour. The reason





Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, at the beginning of the XIXth century

for this lies not in the fact that the Parisians are more thirsty than the others, but because every true Parisian enjoys sitting outside cafés and restaurants to watch people go by, and thus mingle in the life of his city.

This brings to mind the picturesque expression "Rentrons dans la rue" (Let us go back to the street) used by little Gavroche, the hero of one of Victor Hugo's famous novels. These words are truly Parisian. Anywhere else, indeed, people "go out" into the street, but the street is still, in some degree, part of the Parisian's home.

As it is, of course, much more comfortable to enjoy the street sitting than standing, cafés naturally met with tremendous success when they first came into existence.

During the reign of Louis XV, in 1765, the vogue of a new drink known as "café" caused 600 establishments to open shop in the capital. A cup or glass of the famous mixture was then sold for three sous. Tobacco jars, free of





harge, were passed round the tables and it was at that time that the custom of going to the café to meet friends originated.

Only fifty years ago, all the customers frequenting a given café knew each other and made it a habit of meeting there every evening. It would certainly not have occurred to a "boulevardier" to change the café of his choice and mix with strangers. Things are very different to-day, guest of the big cafés sit elbow to elbow without knowing each other.

Strangers may well wonder why the Boulevards hold such an attraction for the Parisians. Through twenty centuries of good and bad times, Parisians have lived and prospered so long as they could "*faire de l'esprit*" (keep their sense of humour). For two hundred years the intellectual world has made itself at home on the Boulevards, or more exactly in the cafés along the Boulevards.

In the old days, every café was in reality a small private club. The "Café Anglais", "Café Riche", "Maison Dorée", and "Tortoni" and ever so many others which have long since disappeared, were all reputed cafés, where famous novels or theatrical plays were thought out in the midst of the general conversation.

The challenge to many a duel also originated there.

Witticisms would come from one of the tables and the next day the whole of Paris was sure to have heard of it and laughed. Dandies dined in tête-à-tête with actresses in private rooms.

Of this, only the legend remains, and blurred memories in the minds of the people.

In times of political unrest or other crises, these large avenues are literally black with people who come to hear the latest news because the Boulevard

is still the place where one is supposed to be the best informed, and where one can better feel the pulse of the average Parisian.

Let us walk up the Boulevards, starting from the Madeleine in order to get a clear idea of their usual atmosphere.

The Madeleine, planned by Napoleon, was originally designed to be a temple to glorify the Emperor's armies. It was completed in 1842 and is an imitation of an ancient Greek temple. It is 354 feet long, 141 feet wide and is surrounded by 52 pillars 64 feet high.

Louis XVIII dedicated the Madeleine to Catholic worship.

In 1837 the idea of making it the first railway station in Paris had been toyed with.

Strictly speaking, the Boulevard de la Madeleine belongs to the Parisienne's domain, described in a subsequent chapter.

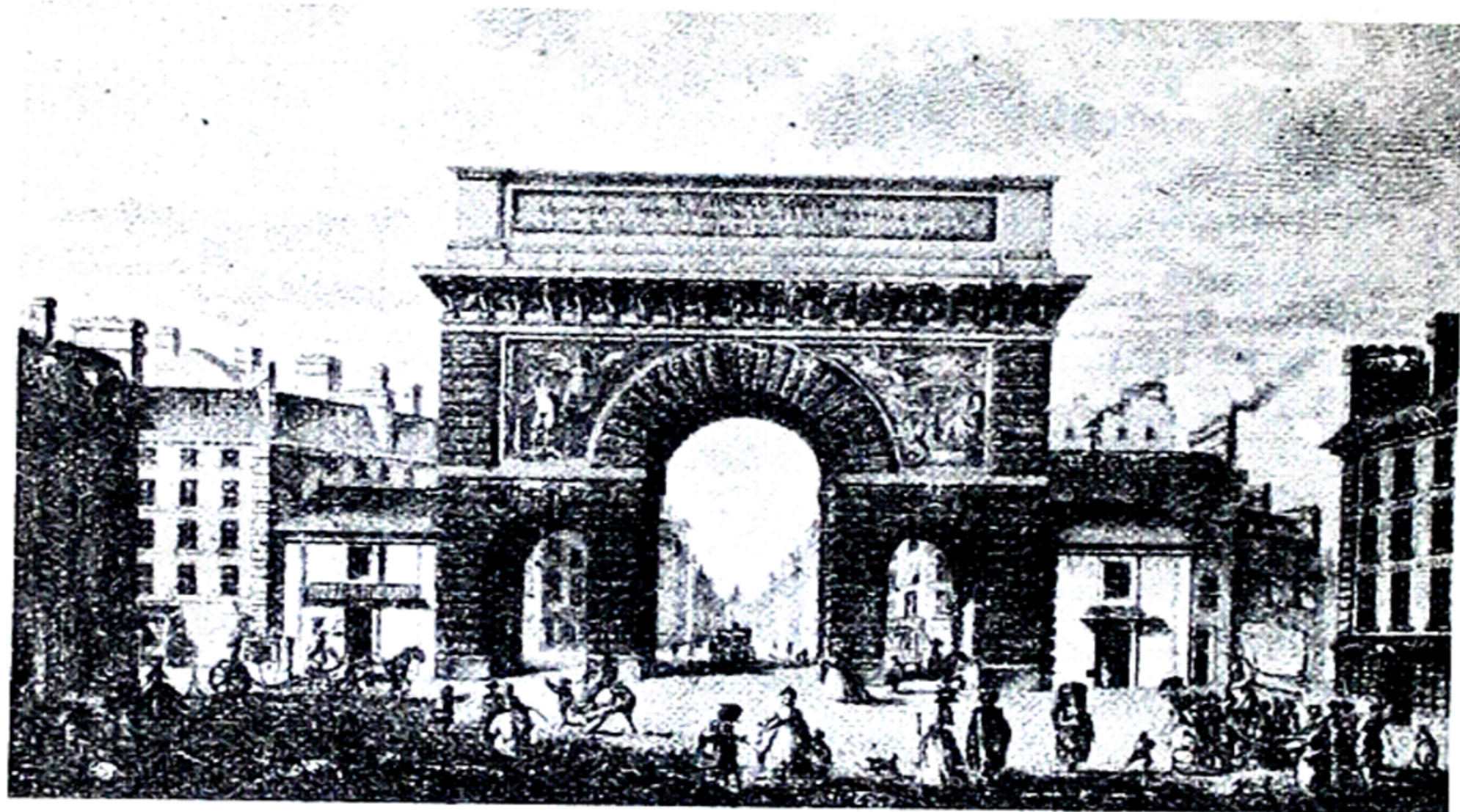
The rue Saint-Honoré is, indeed, close by. The Trois Quartiers, at the beginning of the Boulevard, is the first shop in Paris from an architectural standpoint. It is the most modern, and has a place of its own in the hierarchy of the big stores. It is, in fact, quite different from all the others. In the vicinity of the Grands Couturiers and world-famous perfumers, this store specialises in articles de Paris for Parisiennes, in lingerie and in interior decoration.

There is something undefinable about the Trois Quartiers' atmosphere that makes it so unmistakably a shop for women that men always feel awkward when entering it, as though they were going into a shop selling only frivolous petticoats.

This is so true that the obliging Trois-Quartiers have opened a separate shop for men, the Madeiros, just across the street, where men can buy their ties and undergarments at ease, while Madame attends to her own shopping next door.

Surrounded by shops selling expensive pearls or fine chocolates





Porte Saint-Martin (1860)

and sweets, or again lace-inserted lingerie, etc., Mademoiselle Hortense's is the last to hold out gallantly against the cafés and restaurants.

It may be regarded as symbolic that at No. 11, Boulevard des Capucines, the romantic heroine of "La Dame aux Camélias" (Marguerite Gautier) died in 1847, in the district where so many lovers buy gifts for the lady of their dreams.

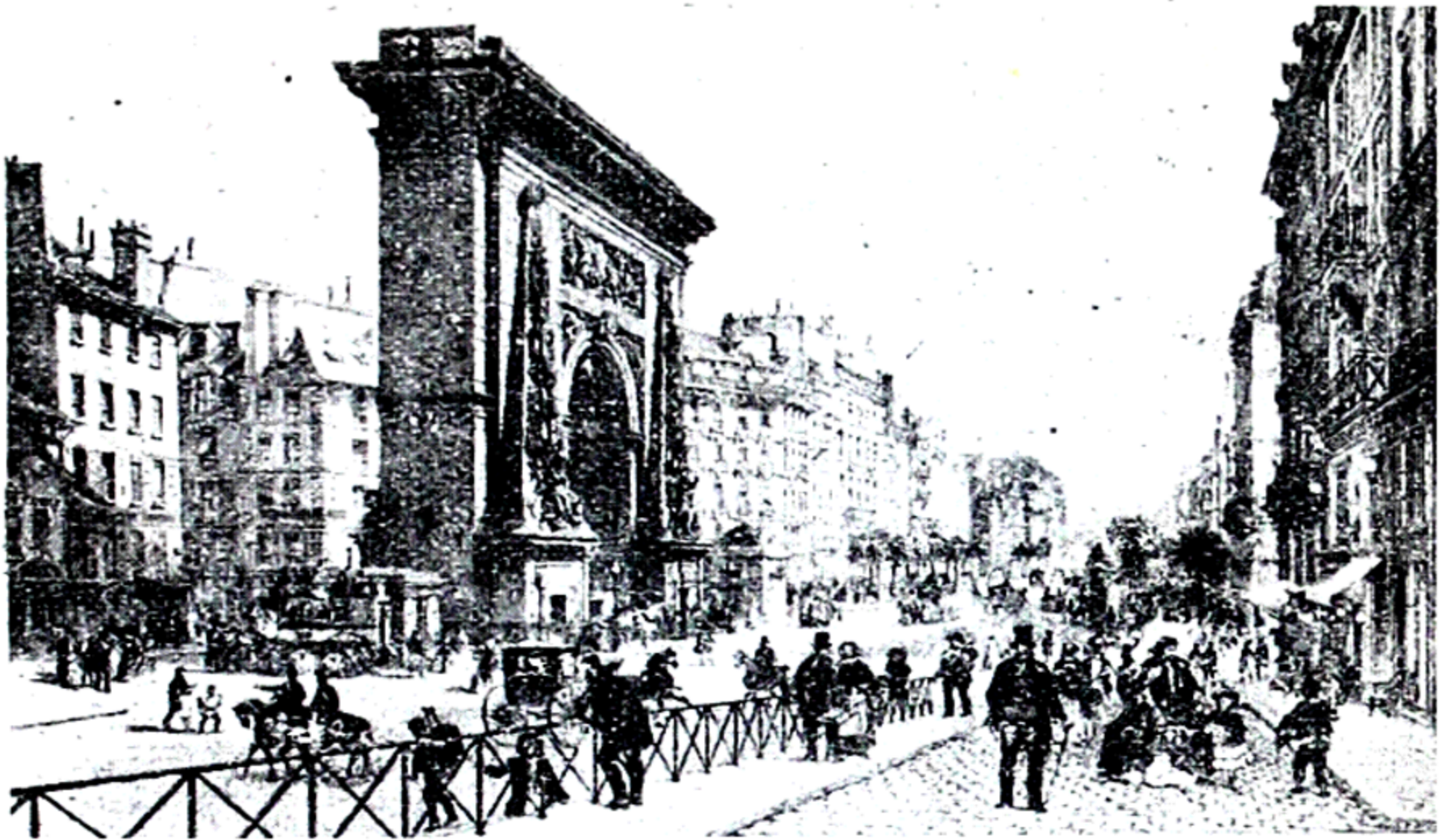
As nearly everyone is fond of the cinema, it is interesting to notice that the first motion pictures were shown at No. 14, Boulevard des Capucines.

Elegant shirt-makers, luxurious tobacco shops and travelling agencies make the Boulevard des Capucines a man's street.

It stretches across the Place de l'Opéra. Our great lyric theatre is surrounded by four establishments well known to all Parisians : the Brasserie Viel, the Café de la Paix, the Café des Capucines, and the Napolitain.

The Café de la Paix is famous the world over. Doubtless filled with enthusiasm, some novelist once



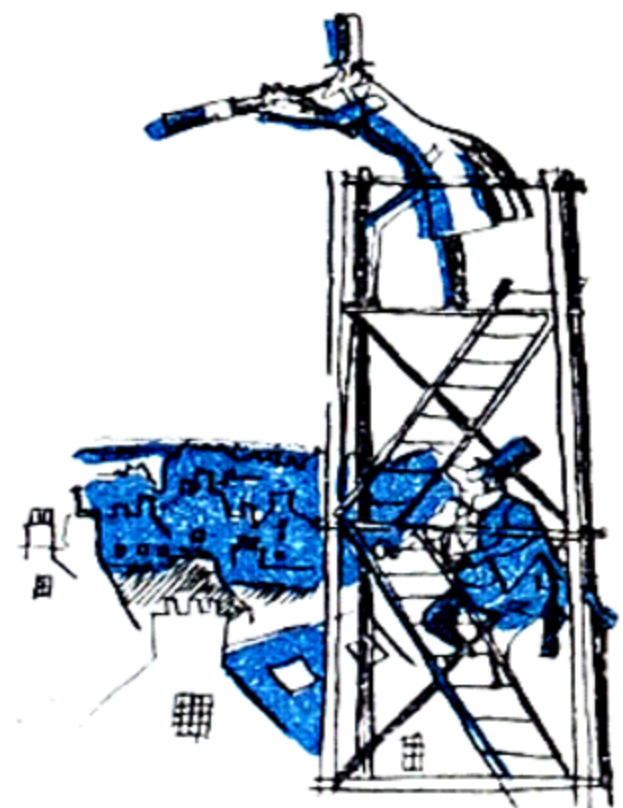


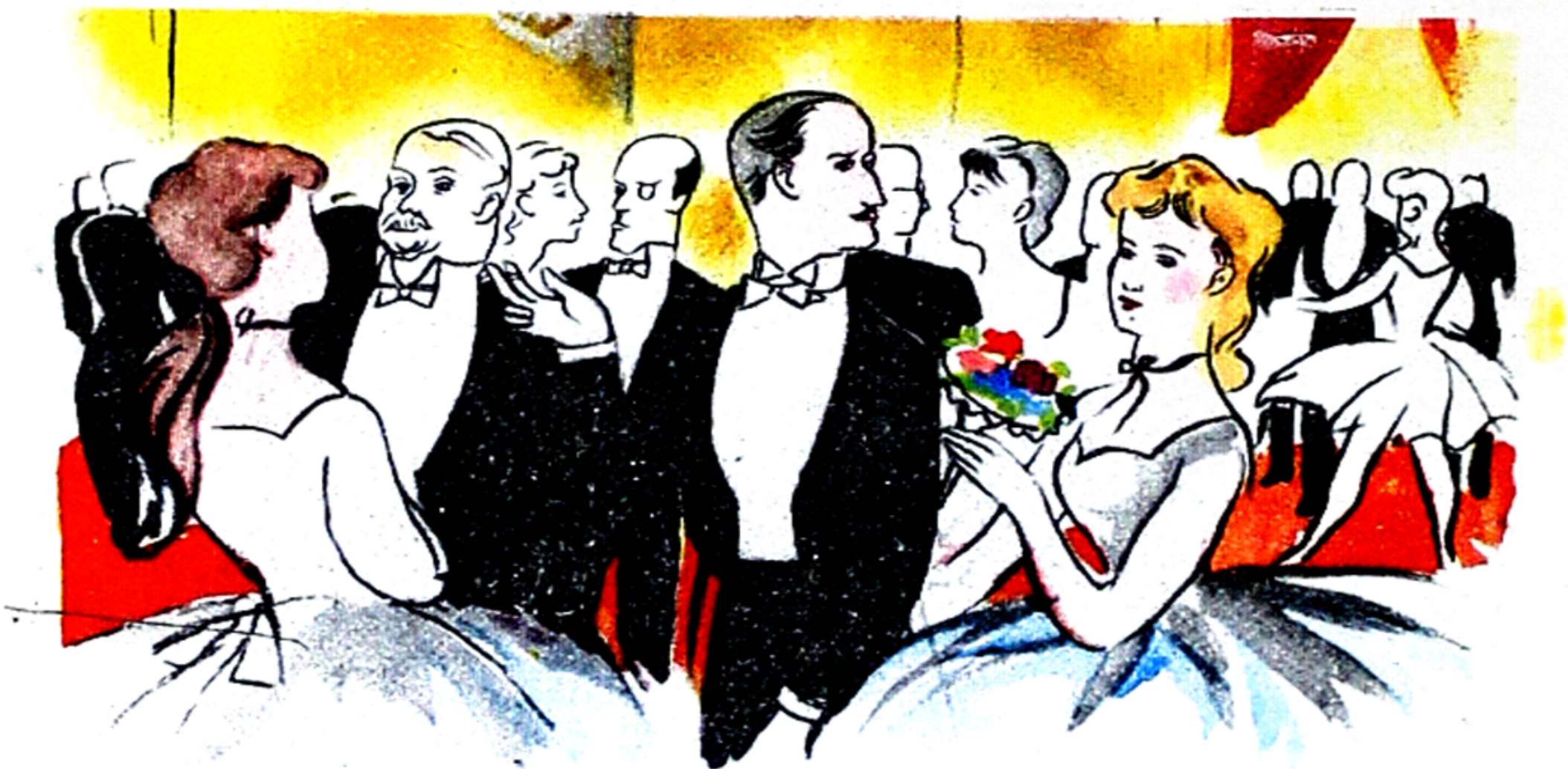
Boulevard and Porte Saint-Denis

called it the "Nombril de l'Univers" (the navel of the world). All the world's celebrities have sat outside the café de la Paix at least once.

The experience of sitting outside the Café de la Paix on a mild summer evening is one which no tourist can forget. He will always remember the day drawing to a close, the warm air, scented with subtle perfume, so still that not a single leaf was moving on the trees. His neighbours at table were all charming, and he had the feeling of enjoying a truly Parisian atmosphere, when he suddenly realised from the consonance of his neighbours' voices, that there were few, if any, Parisians around. Is there another city in the world that could thus absorb its tourists?

The Boulevard des Italiens, which is the continuation of the Boulevard des Capucines, was called Little Coblenz after the Revolution of 1789, under the Directoire, because the nobles who had fled to Germany during the Revolution and had since





returned, were accustomed to meet there for their daily walk. It was later called the Boulevard de Gand, hence the name of "Gandins" given to the "swells" who spent much of their time on the Boulevard.

This Boulevard was almost exclusively occupied by cafés. These have today been replaced by big banks and cinemas.

Lancel, the leather shop, and Flammarion, the booksellers, are the only ones on this celebrated avenue to display a spirit of emulation. There is great rivalry as to who shall come out with the greatest number of novelties every day.

We are now coming to that part of the Boulevards where several famous tailors are established. If it is true that the Carrefour Richelieu-Drouot has pulverized the historic part of the Boulevard it has, at any rate, greatly simplified traffic in this area.

The opening of the Boulevard Haussmann dates from 1927.

The Hôtel Drouot nearby is the official auction room.

In 1680, Baron Haussmann, after whom the Boulevard was named, had a very high wooden tower built from which he could ascertain which buildings were to be demolished to allow the opening up of the Avenue. Later, when the Boulevard was nearing completion, he conceived the original idea of using an airship to locate the houses which were still standing in the way.

The Boulevard Montmartre starts at the Carrefour Richelieu-Drouot. Here we find a few vestiges of the old boulevard. The whole district is surrounded by famous boulevard theatres, Les Variétés, La Michodière, Le Palais-Royal, etc., which keep up the old traditions and boulevard spirit more faithfully than the modernised cafés and restaurants.

The Maxéville is the leading café on this modern boulevard. Its style has influenced the architecture of a great many similar establishments, especially of those built later on the Champs-Élysées.

The Maxéville, originally an old-style brasserie, used to be the rendez-vous in Paris of Limousins (natives of Limoges). After its modernisation, it became so popular that the unfortunate Limousins had to look elsewhere for a peaceful meeting place.

The Mazarin, which dates from 1845, has on the contrary kept up the old tavern's tradition.

The Petit Casino is characteristic of the café-concert period. The Café d'Angleterre and the Café de Madrid also date from the heroic period of the Boulevards, but they have both been modernised.

The Porte Saint-Denis and the Porte Saint-Martin on the other side of Boulevard Montmartre, built after Louis XIV's victorious campaigns, remind us that here stood the old city walls.

The Boulevard Saint-Martin was long called "Boulevard du Crime" on account of the ferocious cloak-and-dagger plays that were given at the Porte Saint-Martin theatre.

Parisians still have a tender spot in their hearts for their Boulevards and every bank holiday never fail to follow the old tradition of promenading from the République to the Madeleine. Old folks like to recall the two-decker stage-coach "Madeleine-Bastille" which was the first public means of conveyance along the Boulevard.

In times of restricted means of transport, what cannot be the joy of the Parisians to see this hoary and ancient vehicle lumbering through the streets, though, alas, not for long!



THE OPÉRA AND THE BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN

In 1873, the old Opéra in the rue Le Péletier was burnt down in four hours. With it vanished the memory of the splendour of the Second Empire and of the famous masked balls the vogue of which had been tremendous when it had been rumoured that Empress Eugénie and her court-ladies wearing light costumes, were attending the balls at the Opéra, under the inviolable anonymity of lace or black velvet masks.

In 1874, the present Opéra was completed by the architect Charles Garnier, and gradually attracted all those directly or indirectly connected with music and singing.

Among the sculptures decorating the façade, "La Danse" by Carpeaux, on the right, is the most remarkable.

The Academy of Music is now established rue de Madrid, but it has retained its former hall rue du Conservatoire for recitals and concerts because of its marvellous acoustics.

The entire district was then full of would-be composers strolling about the streets.

The string-instrument makers' guild followed the Opéra and the Academy of Music in their exodus to the west. It has long been established rue de Rome, and is one of the oldest and most tenacious associations in the capital. A violin-maker repairs old violins and violincellos and also creates new instruments out of nothing. He will spend his entire life on the work of his predecessors, but will not live to see the instruments of his own making perfected, for it takes at least a hundred years for a violin to acquire real value. The trade is handed down from father to son.

Every one of the world's reputed violins has surely been taken to the rue de Rome at one time or other.

It is quite obvious that the Opéra was conceived more to show off the audience to their best advantage, and in a measure, to the detriment of the music itself. Opera-glasses have surely been more extensively used at the Opéra to watch, estimate, criticise or admire dresses worn by friends and acquaintances than in any other theatre.

The acoustics, unfortunately, leave much to be desired, and a tenor must possess an exceptionally strong voice to carry beyond the stage. But this

theatre, the largest in the world (123, 785 sq. ft) is nevertheless the leading stage in Paris and is at the same time the Académie Nationale de Musique et de Danse.

All classic and modern operas are included in the Opera's repertoire. Gounod's "Faust" remains by far the most popular of French operas.

The Corps de Ballet is hard at work in the attics. To become ballerinas, little girls must learn to dance on their toes and do battements from their earliest childhood. If they are gifted, they later become members of the famous Corps de Ballet, and may even win the much coveted title of star dancer.

The Opéra-Comique, rue Favard, was built in 1898. Until quite recently, it was the custom for middle class families to take their young daughters and sons of marriageable age to the Opéra-Comique with the intent of introducing these young people to each other during the intervals. It seems that many a marriage ensued.

From Richelieu-Drouot to Saint-Augustin, the first section of the Boulevard Haussmann crosses the Opéra district. The rue de la Boétie from Saint-Augustin to the Champs-Élysées may be included in that district. It is noted for its numerous picture galleries and antique shops.

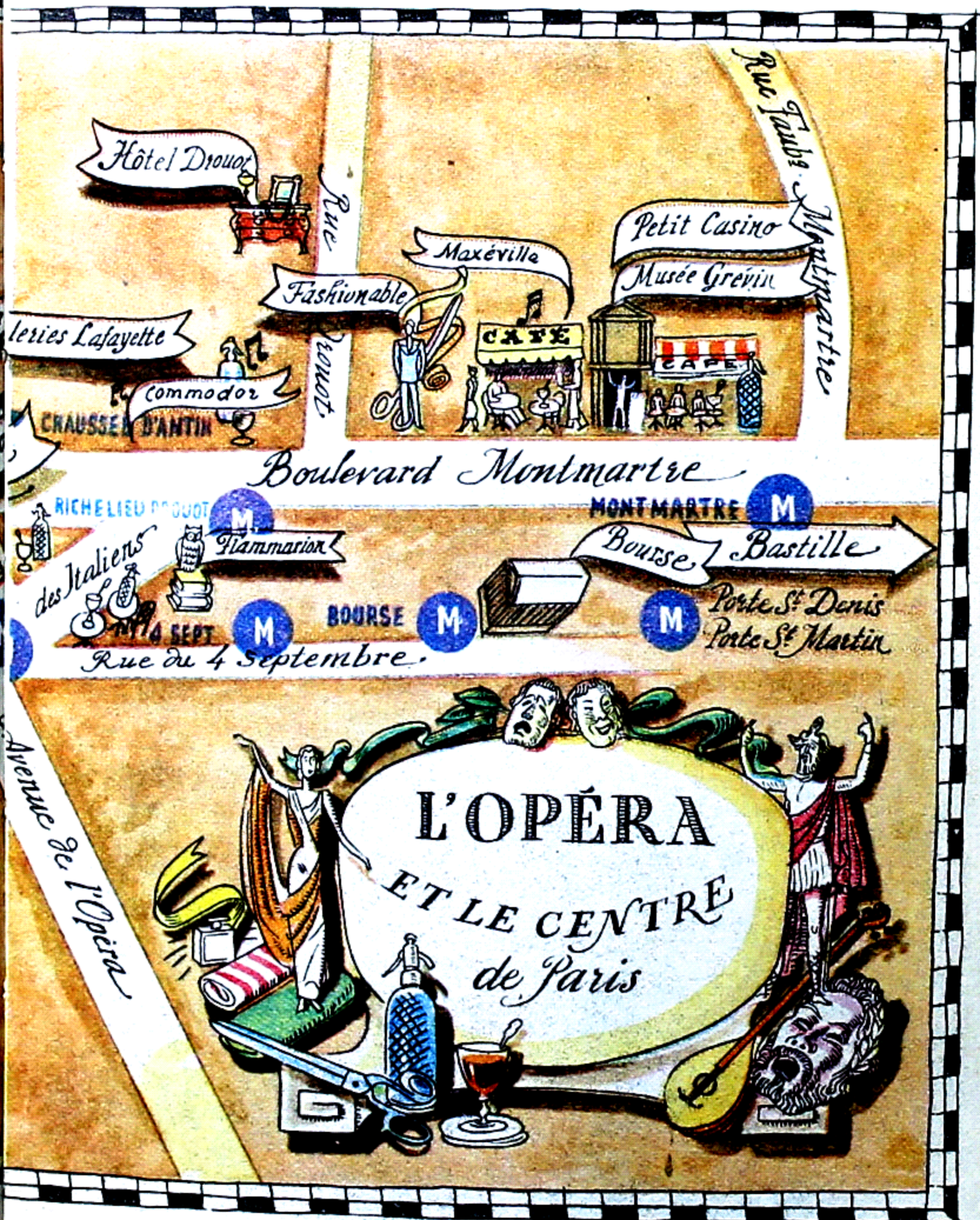
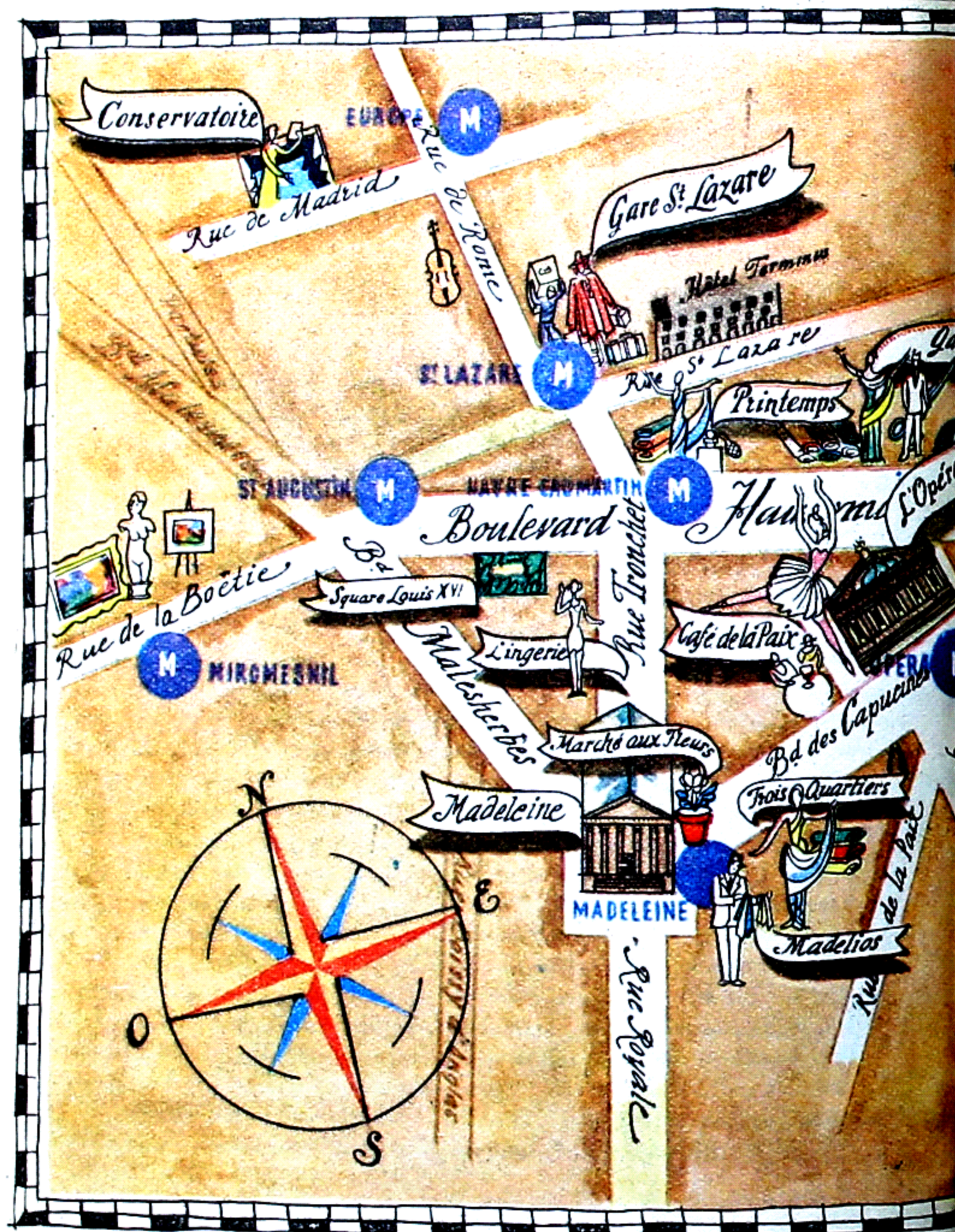
The Printemps and the Galeries-Lafayette are both on the Boulevard Haussmann quite close to each other. Paris possesses thus fifteen big stores, each of which claims to have its own speciality and reputation. It is true that the atmosphere is different in every one of them.

The Galeries-Lafayette have always been very particular about their window-dressing, and take greatest pride in the fact that it is considered one of the sights of Paris. Parisians themselves will often go out of their way to admire the artistic manner in which an evening gown or a glove is displayed.

Directly opposite the Printemps, at the corner of rue Auber and rue Tronchet, we find "La Ville du Puy", the first of a series of shops specialising in lingerie, fine blouses, lace-inserted gowns and all such dainty things for which ladies are ever longing.

The Chapelle Expiatoire, Boulevard Haussmann, was built on the site of an old graveyard, square Louis XVI. Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette were buried there after their execution on the guillotine. The chapel was built in 1836, under Louis XVIII. 1800 victims of the Revolution rest under this small cloister.

In 1815, the bodies of the ill-fated King and Queen were taken to Saint-Denis.



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MONTMARTRE



When the word "Montmartre" is mentioned anywhere in Europe or in America, young girls blush and the men look interested.

However did Montmartre earn such a reputation?

"La Butte Montmartre", the "Butte" for short, is covered with middleclass houses; children play in the squares overshadowed by a great white basilica. There are even little cemeteries dotted here and there which add a touch of greenery.

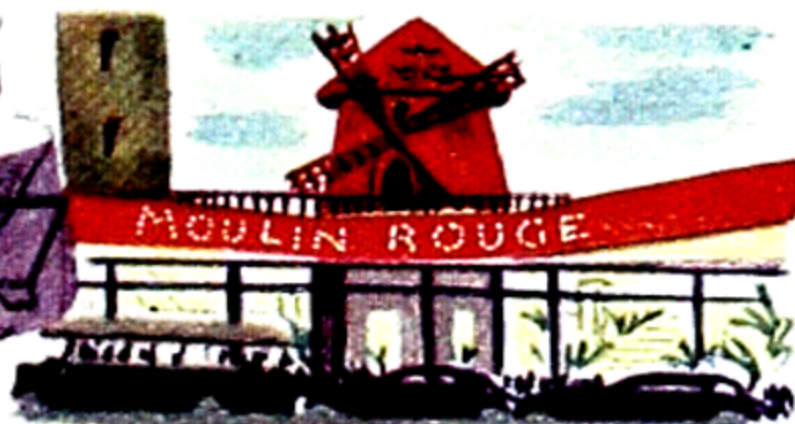
Where can the orgies be hiding?

We have already ventured into the steep streets, and soon we shall have reached the top of the hill.

Nothing suspicious, all is quiet...

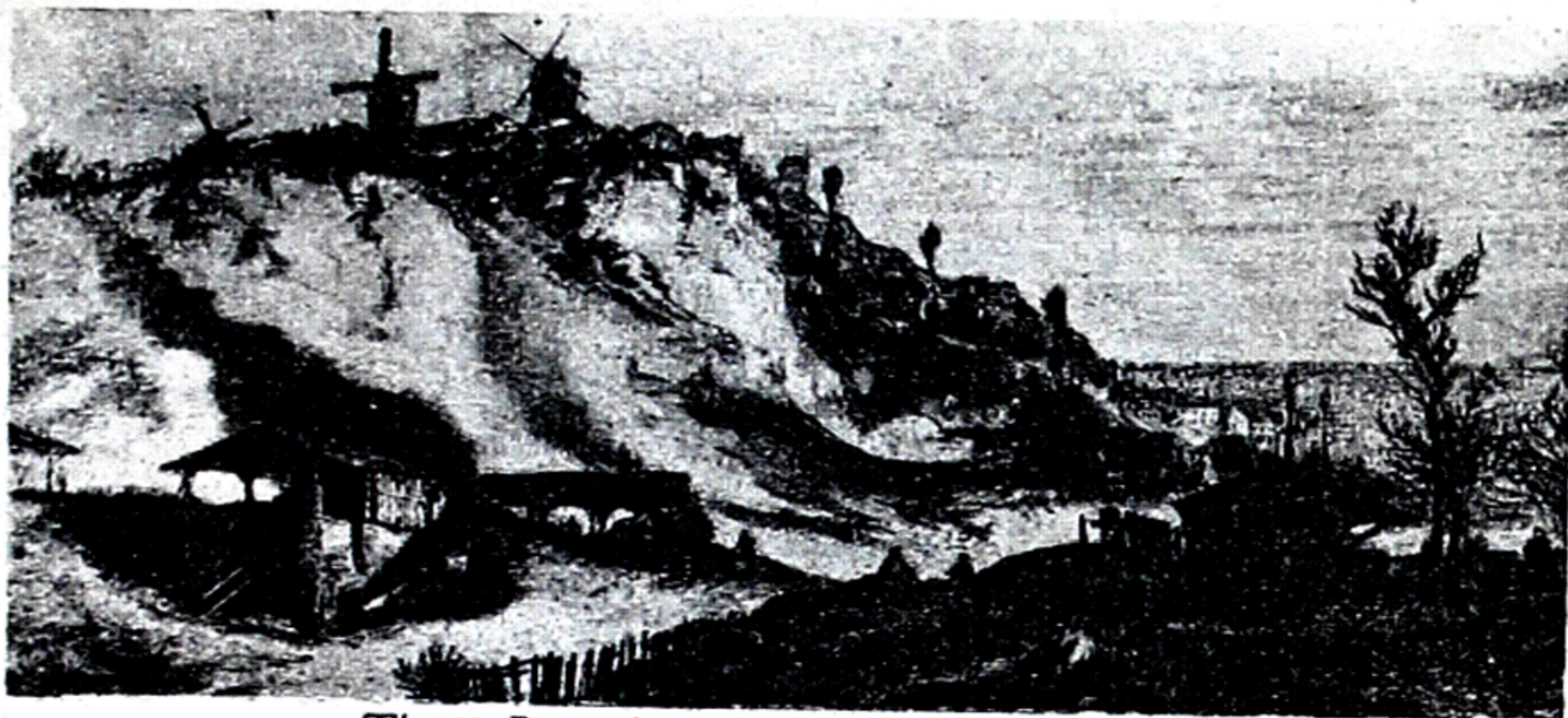
So what?

So here is the story of Montmartre.





A narrow little street on the "Butte"



The " Butte " of Montmartre about 1830

MONTMARTRE

The Sacré-Cœur with its indefinite Byzantine style reminds one somewhat of Saint Front in Perigueux. In 1873 the basilica was declared " public property " by the national Assembly.

The foundations, requiring the digging of 83 pits 125 feet deep were still under construction in 1884 and the whole edifice was only completed shortly before the war of 1914.

The garden dates from recent years. With its pretty Saint-Pierre church, its Place du Tertre, its rue des Saules and Saint-Vincent cemetery, Montmartre strikes the visitor as looking like the remains of a charming old village.

It is true that not so long ago, Montmartre was still surrounded by fields and vegetable gardens.

Families of farmers then held sway over this rich land which extended as far as Saint-Denis. These families used to see a good deal of each other, and their sons and daughters



intermarried in order to round off their patrimony.

In those days, when the head of a family died, all those attending the funeral would afterwards gather in one of the restaurants Place du Tertre to eat and drink at the expense of the dead. This tradition has been kept up by members of the old families up to the present day.

The foregoing introduction to Montmartre does not justify its reputation, and many still wonder why the Butte has been called "La Capitale de la Bohême". After a visit to the cafés Place du Tertre, to the bateau-lavoir (boat wash-house), Place Emile-Goudeau and to the Lapin Agile Cabaret, you will begin to understand.

In 1900 Montmartre was the paradise of the "Bougnats" (small coal-retailers) and "Louffats" (restaurants waiters).

Only people of very modest means consented to such a climb, for rents up the hill were unusually cheap, so cheap, in fact, that a good many art students and poets did not pay any rent at all, which greatly simplified matters.

Artists and proleterians often came to grips with one another, not over social differences, however, but nearly always over some plump washerwoman. But these fights, like all family quarrels, would invariably end "sur le zinc" (over the counter of a bar).

The Sacré-Cœur did not alter the Butte from an aesthetic standpoint only, but also from the point of view of population. The building of such an edifice naturally brought to the Butte all the trades engaged in its construction. Lodgings were then in great demand, and the unfortunate artists who had come to the Butte precisely to find calm and tranquility, were threatened to be turned out by carpenters, tilers, auvergnats, and the like.

On the very spot where the Avenue Junot stands to-day was the "Maquis". The "Maquis" was a waste ground with a multitude of slopes, abrupt paths and tumble-down wooden stairs where residents of the Place Blanche used to rent garden plots, and where starveling painters and artists built their own shanties. The Hôtel du Poirier and the Bateau-Lavoir, Place Emile-Goudeau, were haunted by the "Bohême".

The Bateau-Lavoir is a huge wooden construction in the shape of a ship, and one cannot help but marvel at the fact that it has not long been destroyed by fire. Strange as it may seem, there are still a few painters and artists living in it to-day. If you venture into the long corridors running the full length of the bateau-lavoir, you will be right in the atmosphere of the old Bohemian Montmartre.



Picasso and his gang once lived there, and so did many others.

When painters and poets went on the spree, they naturally always headed for the Place du Tertre or the Lapin Agile.

During the tourist season, the place du Tertre becomes a sort of universal rendezvous. Tourists drink and dine in the open square by electric light.

At the time when Montmartre was a free town known as the "Commune de Montmartre" (of which Clemenceau was mayor at one time), a tourist would not have ventured to the Butte after six in the evening.

In those days weddings were celebrated at the Place du Tertre. At night the joyous company would go out on a torch-light parade which would end at the Mère Catherine or the Père Spielmann. Guests drank and ate the whole night through.

It so happened that the crowd in one of those two famous restaurants was such that its amiable owner, unable to accomodate everybody, conceived the idea of placing a table outside with a small oil-lamp on it. As the crowd grew, more tables were put out. The fashion of dining by candle-light was born.

When Paris became aware of the existence of so pleasant and intact a village not far from the Boulevards, Montmartre was literally invaded by soup and lemonade dealers who drove away all the small business owners from the Place du Tertre.

Washerwomen cleared out, flies by night arrived.

The Cabaret du Lapin Agile, rue des Saules, is still to-day as it was in 1900. This small ramshackle house, dwarfed by surrounding seven-story houses is worth seeing. It was at one time called the "Cabaret des Assassins". But this was at the beginning of the century and the "durs" (toughs) soon made way for a clientèle of poets and artists always on the look-out for a meal.

Night and day poets and artists haunted the Lapin Agile.

Paul, the son of the original owner, will show you the "Livre du Bord" (ship's register). Among some thirty names of once starving poets and artists who have since won world fame in literature and painting, we shall mention those of Mac Orlan (famous for "Quai des Brumes" which vividly paints the atmosphere of that period), of Francis Carco, already attracted by the "mauvais garçons", of Dorgelès, who wrote so poignantly of the last World War, of Picasso, Utrillo, Max Jacob and Appollinaire.

The little cabaret became a smoky club where these young writers and painters dreamed dreams and made wonderful plans, under the fatherly eye of the Père Frédé.

But little now is left of the grace and charm of old Montmartre.

A Gallo-Roman wall, Saint Peter's amidst a tiny cemetery...

The Place du Tertre has become a playground for all the kids from the Butte, and the famous vineyard rue des Saules now only receives parcimonious rays from the sun.

Of course, if you take the trouble, you will find on the hill a few charming corners, so rustic and old-fashioned, that one finds it difficult to imagine their being in the very heart of Paris.

One of these you will find, for instance, between rue Norvins and rue de l'Abreuvoir, opposite the wooden door giving access to the Italian bowling alley.

The Italian colony in Montmartre was attracted there at the time of the construction of the Sacré-Cœur.

High modern buildings now deprive Montmartre of its romantic character, at least during the day. For in spite of these a few "toughs" still linger where as children they waged war with the other kids in the waste land of the Butte and the growing walls of the Sacré-Cœur.

The tourists who prowl there, haunted by memories of Ignatius Loyola, of Mimi Pinson, of Verlaine, and Berlioz, can still meet a few real "Bohémiens".

But more than with these memories, Montmartre has always been associated in the tourists' mind with dissipation and lewdness.

Where are the notorious apache hang-outs? Where are the mysterious vicedens, and all those forbidden pleasures one expects to find here?

This reputation is almost a legend.

Montmartre is a place of debauchery insofar as the visitors and tourists make it so.

The Moulin de la Galette has been giving a rather risqué show since December 1940.

This is very unusual, for the Moulin used to be nothing more than a dance hall patronised chiefly by maid-servants.

A century ago, all the mills of Montmartre were on Sundays turned into "guinguettes" (pleasure gardens with music and dancing), where students and coquettish working-girls came to dance, and drink cider, flirt, and eat girdle cakes.

If a girl yielded to her escort on the way home, the event was not necessarily incident to Montmartre, but to all the wooded outskirts of Paris. These affairs, however, nearly always found a happy ending.

The rue Lepic and the rue des Martyrs are the two most popular streets in Montmartre. They are like perpetual markets.

There we find a number of butchers' shops, fishmongers, Italian grocers, and small cafés.

Both streets lead to that part of Paris where people go to have a good time : Place Pigalle, Place Blanche, rue Fontaine, and Boulevard de Clichy.

What is meant by having a "good time", is in reality





gay crowds amusing themselves throughout the night. No kindred soul has picked up Gavarni's pencil to sketch the "lorettes" rustling by in gay silk dresses.

Gone are the days of opera-glasses, veil-dances, and very "vlan" styles. Montmartre is becoming more and more refined.

Renelly has renovated the quadrille and turned it into a French can-can

spending a pleasant evening.

Few people dance nowadays.

Guests sit in the cabarets, and watch the shows, and drink champagne.

Before, Parisians used to come to see the quadrille, and hear the latest witty songs on current events.

Ever since it opened, the French Can-can has been the most popular show in Montmartre.

Owing to circumstances, the "chansonniers" have had perforce to give up politics, but their wit is as sharp as ever, and time never flags.

At the time of Salis and his friends, the Chat Noir (Black Cat), was very much in the fashion.

A little further on, Bruant sang nightly in his powerful voice, such songs as "Nini Peau d'Chien".

Still further on, "La Goulue" had sex-appeal to spare, and danced amidst an admiring circle which was painted, sometimes in a very cruel manner, by Toulouse-Lautrec.

Nowadays, Bry, Grello, Rigaux, Jemblan, supply wit and humour. The shows are more and more artistic and less low-class.

And the champagne is still as good as ever...

But now there is no one to paint the

gay crowds amusing themselves throughout the night. No kindred soul has picked up Gavarni's pencil to sketch the "lorettes" rustling by in gay silk dresses.

Gone are the days of opera-glasses, veil-dances, and very "vlan" styles. Montmartre is becoming more and more refined.

Renelly has renovated the quadrille and turned it into a French can-can

that is so energetic it is almost a sport. Sandrini has conceived fairy-like shows for cabarets.

No longer are models engaged "according to weight"

The "chansonniers" are young and skit current events, often changing their programmes.

Seek and you shall find... more talent in Montmartre than you need to spend a good evening.

The Butte remains witty thanks to a young dancer's charm... a song of Jeannot Daly... a ballad of Jemblan... a glass of the eternal Veuve Clicquot... a pot-pourri by Bry... or a young red-headed singer's pertness.

And the black cats are still in the gutter.



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THE
PARISIENNE'S DOMAIN



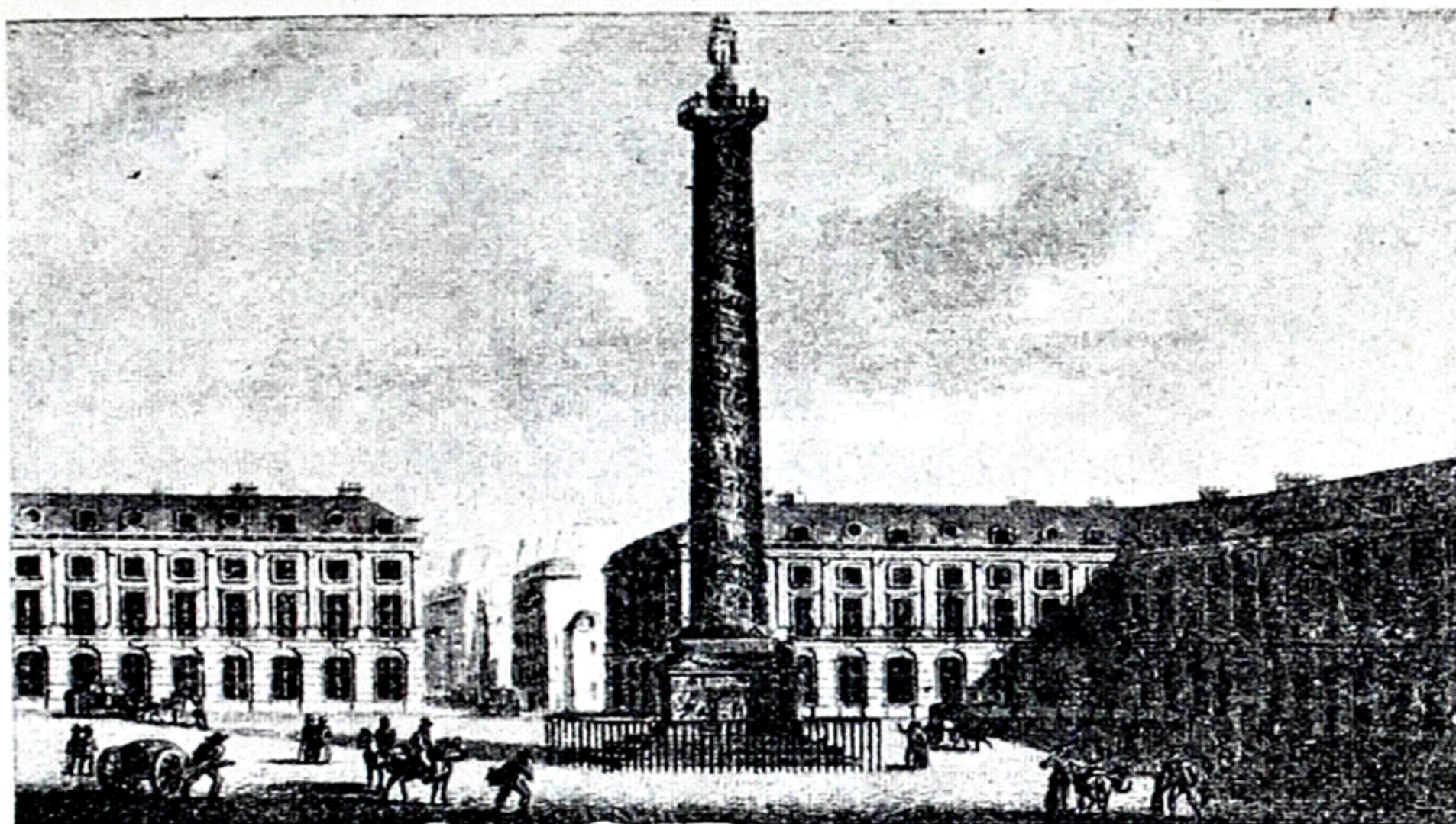
The Parisienne holds sway over a whole thoroughfare of the capital : the rue and the faubourg Saint-Honoré ; moreover her queendom steals into each of the adjoining streets, rue de la Paix, rue de Castiglione, place Vendôme, rue Royale, avenue Matignon, rue Boissy d'Anglas.

Here is no Perfume or Flower Street, no Couture or Jewel Avenue. All the creations of the quarter are offered you pell-mell under the sign " Au Bonheur des Dames ".

Observe the way the women gaze into the shop-windows : you will quickly recognize the subtle limits of their domain.



In a workshop of high couture



Place Vendôme (1833)

THE PARISIENNE'S DOMAIN

RUE SAINT HONORÉ

Saint-Honoré is the name of an excellent Parisian cake, filled with whipped cream. It was named after Saint-Honoré, patron-saint of pastry cooks. Up to the sixteenth century, the good saint had his own chapel in the street which bears his name.

That part of the rue Saint-Honoré which has been symbolised by the Traders Union with the slogan "Eight Centuries of Elegance", begins at the Palais Royal.

The Café de la Régence at No. 161 stands on the site of the former Porte Saint-Honoré which was part of Charles V's system of city walls (1383). Through this gate, on the 8th of September, 1429, Joan of Arc assaulted the English who were holding the city. She was wounded and repulsed.

A table at which Bonaparte sat to play chess may still be seen in this café. Between the Palais Royal and Saint-Roch, there is a tiny shop called "Tout



et Tout". This qualifies the whole street better than any firm's name would do.

Here are Valenciennes embroideries and precious laces in the window of a gloomy shop that remains to-day just as it was in the days of "marquises". A little further on a severe façade hides some marvellous bottles of champagne, so marvellous, in fact, that some of them are not for sale because they are of inestimable value. One may, however, admire them!

Lafayette, on his return from America where he had fought for the Independence of the United States, was congratulated by Queen Marie-Antoinette in his house at No. 211. The pretty Queen was probably on her way to try on an elaborate hat at Rose Bertin's.

Milliners still make hats rue Saint-Honoré. They are sometimes established in ground-floor shops, and sometimes in upstairs flats. Each one has her own faithful clientèle and needs only a few customers. She works in cooperation with her staff, very often composed of only one or two finishers and an apprentice. The apprentice goes out from time to time to replenish the stock of materials and trimmings, and according to the whims of fashion, will return with spring flowers, artificial fruit, plumes, multi-coloured felts, dead leaves and a thousand and one different ornaments.

Everyone contributes to the making of a hat. The felt is placed on a wooden head and turned this way and that until it has acquired that original shape which will classify it as a "creation". One of those unique fantasies placed at a most unexpected angle will make it the epitome of Parisian chic that will unfailingly cause the discriminating New Yorker to exclaim: "Oh, a Paris hat".

The rue Saint-Honoré bears the imprint of every period in the history of France, and more especially of the Revolution. It was indeed, through that street that tumbrils rolled on carrying the condemned to the guillotine on the Place de la Concorde. Doctor Guillotin, the so-called inventor of the famous instrument, who lived at No. 217 could daily verify the robustness of his machine by counting the number of fully-laden carts passing by his house.

Bonaparte in 1795 put an end to the public disturbances that had ensued after the Revolution by pouring a withering fire on the Royalist rioters on the steps of Saint-Roch church (No. 286). Traces of the bullets may still be seen on the façade.

At No. 235 we have one of the oldest shops in Paris (1667). Milon's hosiery was for centuries patronised by the beautiful mistresses of French kings: two of them La Vallière, Montespan, to cite only two of them.

Would you care for Chinese cuff-links, or jade necklaces by the thousand, or for innumerable trinkets so tiny as to require a magnifying glass to reveal the fineness of their work, or for romantic writing paper for your Christmas wishes?

Fersen, Marie-Antoinette's lover, used to buy in a shop rue Saint-Honoré, the sympathetic ink with which to write to the Queen.

Would you like an artificial rose? A dance card that belonged to a young princess? A lady's soft chemise embroidered all over?

The rue Saint-Honoré can fulfil all your wishes, including your dream of a one and a half million franc sable coat.

If you are looking for that precious case in which Marie-Antoinette kept her fine lingerie, or perhaps for a painting by a great Master, the value of which runs into six figures, or for a work on military fortifications





presented by Italy to Napoleon, the rue Saint-Honoré gives you the possibility of spending a fortune in a few minutes.

RUE DE CASTIGLIONE PLACE VENDÔME

Here we are in the very heart of fashionable Paris : Haute Couture, Perfume, Instituts de Beauté.

To the left, under the Arcades of the rue de Castiglione, round the Hôtel Lotti (the owner of which was one of the first passengers to cross the Atlantic by air) we find the same wonderful temptations as in the rue Saint-Honoré.

A thirteenth century chateau in Burgundy... price five millions; lace drawers for 1,500 francs. A few steps further, for only 40 francs, a fantastic animal which is nothing more than a curiously shaped root from the stump of a tree.

The Place Vendôme on the right dates from 1699. Paris owes it to Louvois, Minister under Louis XIV. Louvois could not bear the thought that the Maréchal de la Feuillade had had the Place des Victoires built with his own money, and decided to outdo him. Courtiers in those days vied with each other in presenting the king with the highest statue in the greatest setting. A colossal bronze statue of the King by Girardon originally stood in the middle of the square. The statue, which was knocked down during the

Revolution, was replaced under Napoleon by a column similar to the present one. This column was for a century the subject of endless disputes. With every change of government, the statue at the top of the column would be discarded and replaced by another which seemed then more worthy of the honour of so high an altitude.

In 1871 the Commune even simplified matters by knocking down the column, which collapsed to the delight of everyone present. Three years later, a new pedestal was erected in the centre of the square where it still stands to-day. From a height of over 140 feet Napoleon dominates the situation. One more laurel to his crown!

Here are two of Paris' most sumptuous jewellers: Boucheron and Van Cleef. When a man is said to be ruining himself for the lady of his dreams, he is always most respectfully greeted by the porters of these two houses.

The reputation of the Instituts de Beauté rivals that of the Grands Couturiers. These Instituts can perform miracles, provided a woman has both time and money to spare. Whether she be pretty or ugly, young or old, after a two hours' ceremonial procedure including a massage, beauty-masks, paraffin baths, ultra-violet rays, cucumber cream lotions, make-up, eye-drops, a touch of lipstick and eye-shade, she will emerge as beautiful as the morning star and as delicate as the dawn.

All she needs then to perfect her seductiveness is that heavenly perfume designed to reflect her personality. The world's most reputed perfumers are only a few feet away. Their creations bear poetic and sentimental names: "Je reviens"... "Fleurs de Rocaille"... "Après l'Ondée"... "L'Heure Bleue"... "Moment suprême"... "Projets"...

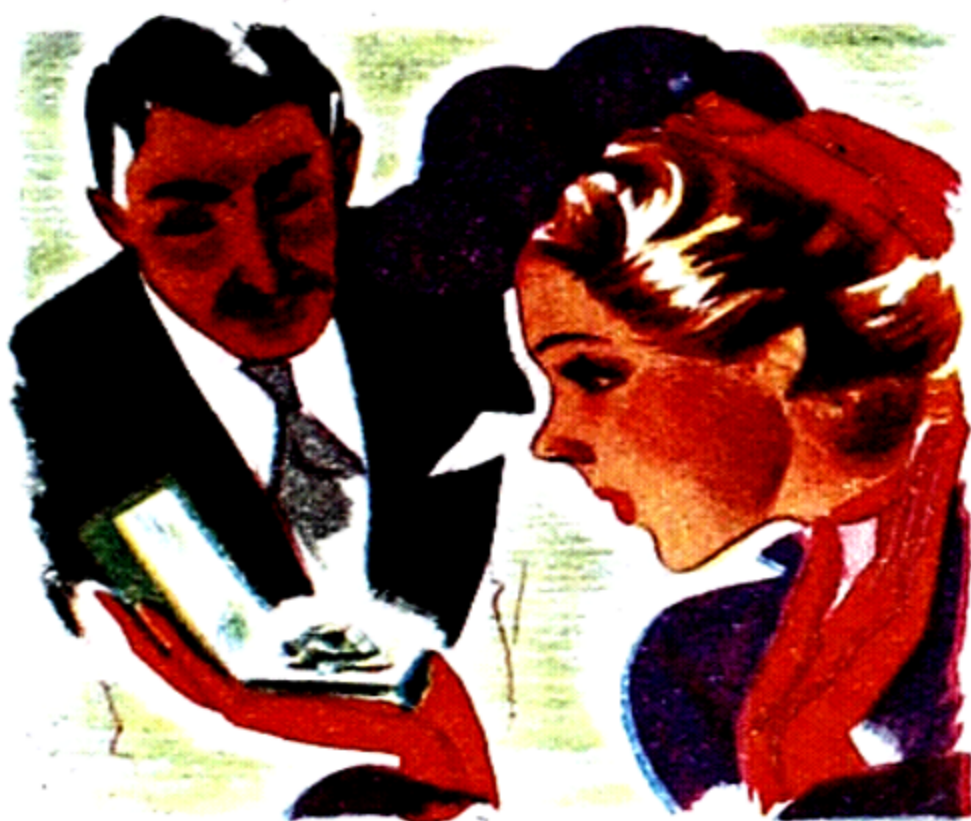
But the Place Vendôme also sees sedate gentlemen who come here to order their hats and fine undergarments, or to consult the stock-brokers on the prospects of their favourite securities.

Not very far from there, the distinguished guests at the Ritz are taking tea.

And if it rains Place Vendôme, we shall think of Chopin who died there at No. 12 in 1849.

RUE DE LA PAIX

The rue de la Paix holds an equally important place in the Parisienne's domain, and can boast of possessing the most renowned Couturiers, the great





silk manufacturers from Lyons, Cartier, and Aucoc the jewellers; Maquet that extraordinary stationer's where for over a century fashionable Paris has been buying its writing paper.

The street dates from the time of Napoleon and was completed at the end of the Empire, in 1814. All the houses and shops were then built on the same model and Maquet's house and shop (No. 10) are still to-day as they originally were.

You are no doubt curious to know what is happening behind the scenes of the world-famous Couturiers. Presumably out of

coquetry, the window only shows one or two luxurious materials and a few bottles of perfume. The shop giving on the street is, in reality, only a silent and elegant vestibule. The magic hands are elsewhere and that is what we are out to discover. On the first floor, we can already gain an insight into the working of this marvellous establishment.

We first come to several large rooms, the walls of which are lined with precious panelling; subdued light comes from exquisite chandeliers. In the middle of the rooms, pretty mannequins are showing the latest models to a number of fashionable women seated in a circle.

Did you know that to be a mannequin it is not sufficient to be pretty, tall, and to have a beautiful figure? A long training is necessary to acquire that graceful walk which we all admire, and the manner of walking varies with the fashion.

While no one is paying any attention to us, let us go into the next room. We are now in the fitting room where models are adjusted to fit the customer. Is it not remarkable that a dress cut to fit so slender and perfect a figure as that of the beautiful blonde mannequin should later prove becoming to a stout woman? That is one of the secrets of Parisian couture.

Salesgirls can judge at a glance what will best suit the customer, and the

fitter knows the art of adjusting models to make them fit an figure.

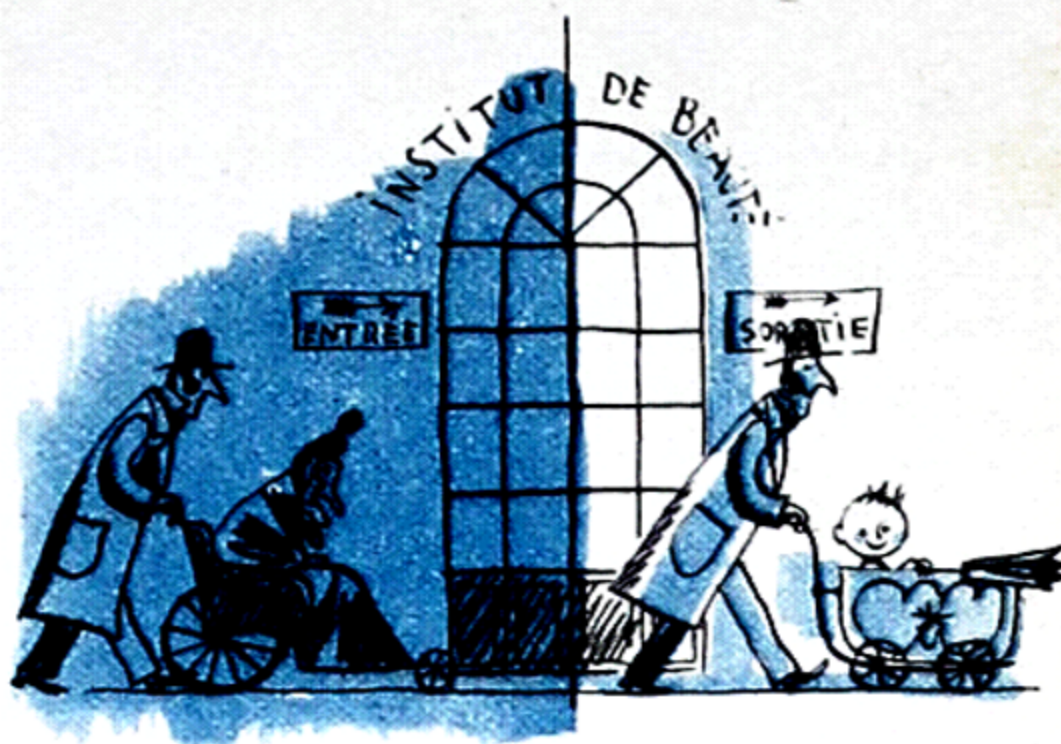
Customer, salesgirl fitter and mannequin, all contribute to create that "chic" for which Parisian Couturiers and fashionable Parisiennes are famous the world over.

Let us now see what is going on on the next floor. Beyond the first floor, no more perfumed atmosphere, no artistic chandeliers. A long corridor and narrow stairs lead us to a large room where thirty young women are bending over their work. This is one of the five or six workrooms existing in every Maison de Couture.

These consist of the "Atelier du Flou" (soft fabrics, summer dresses, evening gowns, and afternoon dresses); the "Atelier du Tailleur" (Tailored suits, wool dresses, coats and sports coats) and those workrooms specialising in sleeves, skirts, etc.

"Petites mains" (handy girls) in the Atelier du Flou give the final touches. Three or four years apprenticeship are required to become a *petite main*. The next step forward is that of becoming a "seconde main" (second hand) who already cooperates in the making of the dress, in helping the "premières mains" (first hand) who have charge of the whole dress or costume. (Two or three years' training are necessary to become *secondes mains* and two or three more years to become *premières mains*). Finally, all the "premières mains" work under the supervision of the "Première d'Atelier" (forewoman) who is already someone important.

But the life and soul, the genius of the house, is the "patron" or "patronne" (owner), who selects the exclusive materials and inspires his or her designers. Every creation coming from the house bears the imprint of this or her personality. From the classic Jeanne Lanvin to eccentric Schiaparelli, every fashionable Parisienne can unmistakably identify any dress presented to her. This one is from Chanel, that from Worth, the other from Lucien Lelong, Robert Piguet... Four out of the thirty glamorous names who continue the best traditions of French "chic" and taste, which rank among the glories of Paris.



RUE ROYALE AND FAUBOURG SAINT HONORÉ

A ditch skirting the old city walls of Charles IX stood on the very spot where the fashionable Rue Royale is to-day.

The rue Royale cuts across the rue Saint-Honoré which from there on takes the name of Faubourg Saint-Honoré. This Faubourg was called in 1722 the Faubourg du Roule, in 1635 the Chaussée du Roule, in the thirteenth century, the Chemin du Roule, and was probably so called because it used to lead to Le Roule, a village reputed for its goose market. This village has gone a long way since it is to-day the Champs-Élysées round about the Étoile.

There is a famous perfume called "Rue Royale". Did the street derive its name from it, or was the perfume named after the street?

The rue Royale is the street of milliners, jewellers and antique shops. For a million or two you can buy there a beautiful set of 18th century drawing-room furniture, wooden panelling, Gobelin chairs and carpets.

For 10,000 francs, here is a beautiful pressed glass vase bearing a number like a limited edition de luxe. Here are the works of Ravel, Debussy, Bach... Hats, precious handbags, scarfs, diamond ring-watches, and finally elegant tea-rooms and gorgeous orchids in flower shop windows, all that is part of the rue Royale.

The rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré up to Saint-Philippe-du-Roule and even so far as the Salle Pleyel and Place des Ternes maintains the same reputation of elegance.

The Parfumerie Houbigan No. 17, founded in 1775, first sold peruke powder and perfumes. Houbigan during the Revolution launched a product called "Elixir de la Guillotine". Napoleon was later a faithful customer of Houbigan's and it is reported that while in Saint-Hélène the Emperor still burnt odoriferous pastilles from his favourite perfumer.

Leroy, the clockmaker, sets the time for the whole world, since a number of observatories throughout the world are equipped with 43 of its pendulums. These special clocks are regulated to the thousandth of a second and vary less than the rotation of the earth. They "rectify" the rotation of the earth.

At No. 30 (now Cité du Retiro), was the former "Cour des Coches" (Coach-house) where Court coaches were housed before the Revolution.

Paris antique shops are like windows opening on the past. Some of them have the privilege of being owned by charming women or artists.

Hermès close by is the hundred years' standing saddler from the time of the "Equipages". Henry à la Pensée has since 1800 been patronised by queens, empresses and democratic companions of Presidents of the Republic.

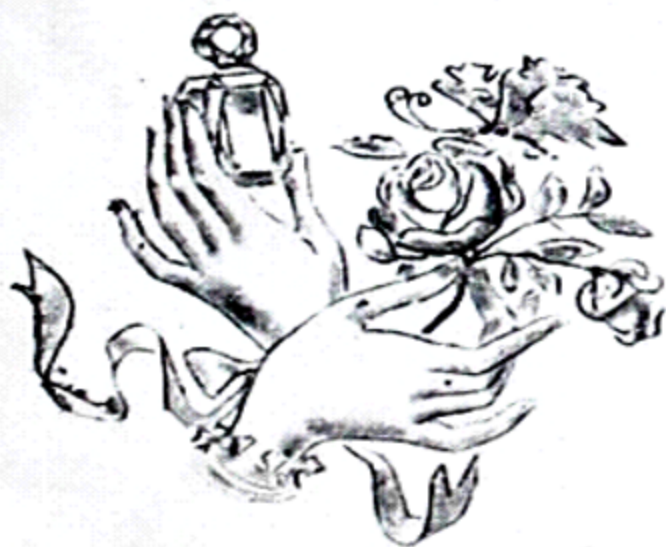
The sumptuous Hôtel de Blouin at No. 31, was the residence of Blouin, valet to Louis XIV, and later governor of Versailles and Marly (1718).

The memory of Pauline Borghèse, the beautiful and sweet sister of Napoleon, is still green in the Hôtel Charoste, No. 39.

Furs, perfumes, modern and antique furniture, milliners chops, tatting, is not all that the Faubourg Saint-Honoré can offer.

You can also order there a six foot mattress upholstered with artificial flowers and covered with black silk, or a watch made specially for you and as complicated as the clock of the cathedral in Strasbourg. You would perhaps like to invite 1,000 guests and let a specialised caterer attend to the menu, china, service, etc. Why not offer to your fiancée an exquisite "speaking" boutonnière that will suggest "A thousand kisses for the bearer" when taken out of its box? These are all waiting for you rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré.

The Palais de l'Elysée, No. 55 was the official residence of Presidents of the Republic. It is the former Hôtel d'Evreux, built in 1718. Here are a few of its distinguished residents : Madame de Pompadour, Marquis de Marigny, Caroline Bonaparte, Joséphine, after her repudiation by Napoleon, Napoleon, Czar Alexander, Wellington, the victor of Waterloo, and Napoleon III.



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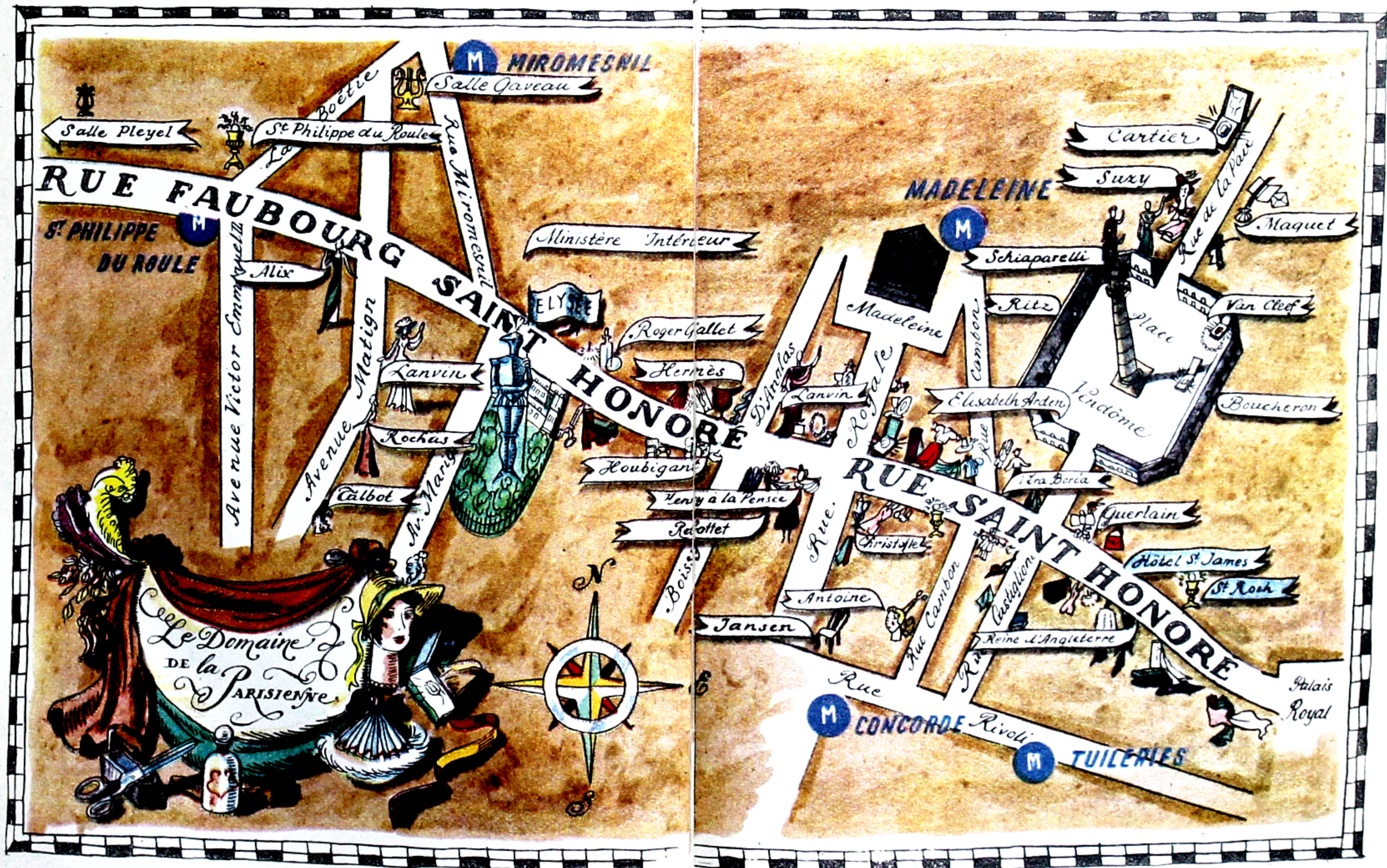
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*THE
INVALIDES
AND THE
EIFFEL TOWER*



When he reaches Paris, every tourist stops at once and scans the horizon.

Then his face lights up :

“ Look, there is the Eiffel Tower ! ”

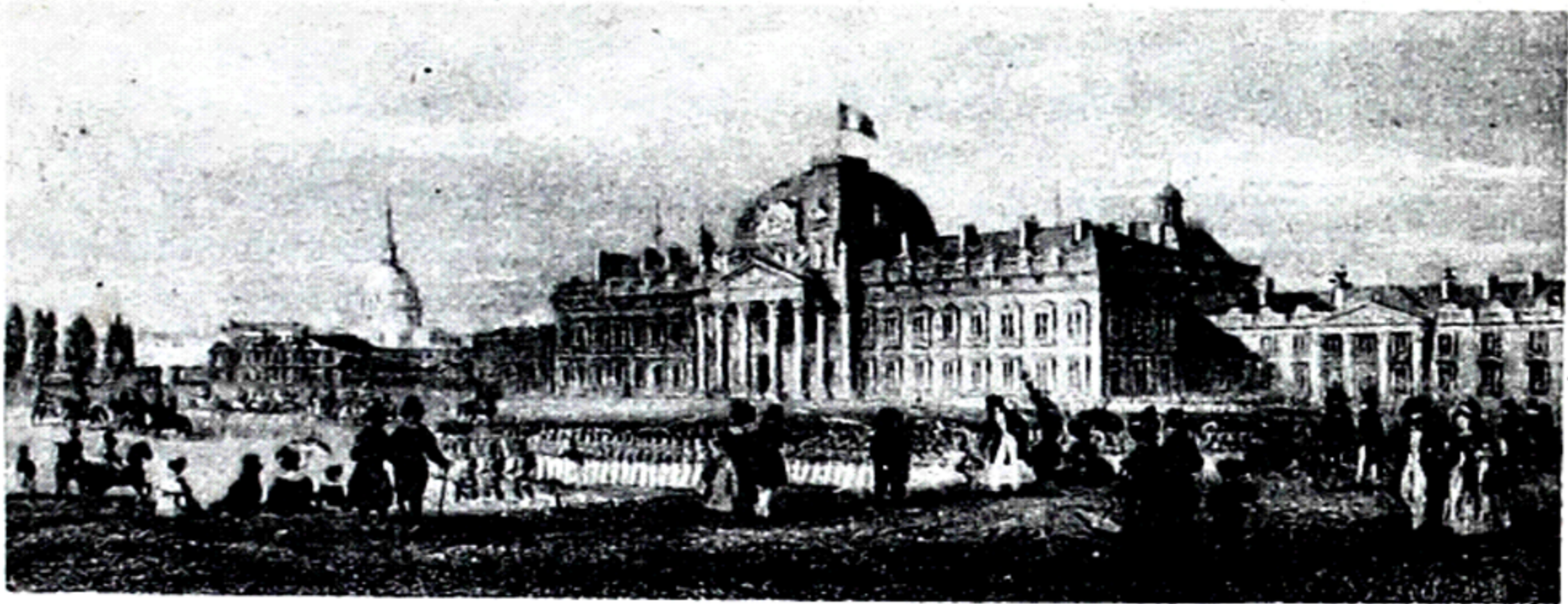
Now indeed, he feels really Parisian. The Eiffel Tower is in the centre of a rather odd district, made up of huge monuments and esplanades.

This quarter only dates from the XVIIIth century.

For it was Louis XIV who in 1670 inaugurated it with the majestic Hôtel des Invalides.

All the other buildings are of more recent date.





L'Ecole Militaire (1830)

THE EIFFEL TOWER AND THE INVALIDES

In 1670, Liberal Bruant, the renowned architect, began the construction of a vast edifice destined to harbour soldiers victims of the many wars of Louis XIV.

The Invalides façade is 688 feet long, and there are no less than 45 windows on each floor. The garret windows are in the shape of Roman trophies. The main building, together with its outbuildings, covers more than 31 acres.

The façade is considered as one of the most beautiful in the world.

This palace was inaugurated by Louis XIV in 1674 and was to be given the name of the "Hôtel de Mars". Hardouin Mansart finished the work of Bruant by building the famous Dôme des Invalides which was completed in 1706.

The whole thing forms an ensemble of exceptional beauty.

Bruant's long horizontals give the dome a powerful base. The dome rises 344 feet above the ground.

This huge building has to-day lost its original destination which would



moreover, be inconsistent with its size, since only 150 war cripples now live in it as a matter of principle. But the Invalides remain the symbol of France's military glory.

War trophies were brought to the Invalides after every victory.

The Musée de l'Armée (Army Museum) is also established within its walls. It contains a remarkable collection of tin soldiers.

The Invalides is moreover the seat of the Military Governor of Paris.

Under the dome lies Napoleon's tomb, surrounded by those of numerous generals, marshals and admirals, from Turenne, Kleber, Mac Mahon down to Foch and those of the war of 1914.

Recently the body of the Aiglon was brought to the Invalides. It now lies in the crypt close to the porphyry socle containing the ashes of his father, and not far from the mausoleum of his uncle Joseph, brother of the Emperor.

The Esplanade des Invalides, which is 1,640 feet long, was planned by Robert de Cotte.

The main entrance to this huge monument was originally designed to be on the chapel side, but the expansion of Paris made it necessary to alter the original plan.

THE ÉCOLE MILITAIRE AND THE CHAMP-DE-MARS

Louis XIV created the Invalides and we owe the Ecole Militaire to his greatgrandson, Louis XV, known as "Louis le Bien-Aimé" (Louis the Beloved), whose name cannot be dissociated from that of his pretty mistress, Madame de Pompadour.

The Ecole Militaire, as its name indicates, is the seat of the Ecole Supérieure de Guerre.

It is the work of Gabriel, the same architect who conceived the Place de la Concorde. It was completed about 1751 and was intended for the training as officers of five hundred poor young men of gentle birth.

It was built in the open fields, and while the work was in progress, partridge shooting was going on all round, which did not make the place very safe for the workers.

Young Bonaparte, in 1784, came from Brienne for a short stay at the Ecole Militaire, and left for Valence as a lieutenant.

The Champ-de-Mars is one of Paris' most beautiful promenades. It derives its name from the Campus Marcus in Rome and up to 1776 served as a parade

ground and drill ground for cadets. It was later used to review non-commissioned officers.

The first balloon was released on the Champ-de-Mars in 1783. It landed at Gonesse, where the inhabitants, taking it for a fabulous beast, riddled it with stones and blows and finally took to flight, for the wind had risen and the balloon still inflated and howling, was pursuing them.

So spacious and imposing an esplanade was naturally destined to be the scene of historic events.

Magnificent fireworks were let off from the Champ-de-Mars. One of the first horse-races in Paris took place on it, in 1780, between Latour d'Auvergne and the Prince of Nassau.

In 1787 Parmentier, the introducer of the potato into France, wanted at all costs to use the trenches on the Champ-de-Mars to grow the new vegetable, because he had found its soil specially rich and appropriate. It was found very difficult to dissuade him from carrying out his idea.

During the Revolution, the Champ-de-Mars proved to be an ideal ground for the great festivities of the time (especially Fête de la Fédération, July 14th 1790) and during the Empire. In 1852, Napoleon III distributed "Les Aigles" (the eagles) which were destined to replace the Gallic cock.

The Champ-de-Mars has since been the favourite ground for the world exhibitions which have extended as far as the Champs-Élysées.

The Eiffel Tower dates from the Exhibition of 1889.

THE EIFFEL TOWER

The Eiffel Tower was built by the engineer Eiffel, and introduces in building the "Second Iron Age", preceding the Concrete Age. It is 984 feet high, weighs 7,000 tons, is made up of 12,000 pieces of metal fastened together by 2,500,000 rivets, and rests on a square, each side which is 328 feet long. The pillars are supported by cement blocks having a surface of 280 square feet.

It has always been the ambition of airmen to pass under one of the Eiffel





Moderne, it may be considered as the product of the new French school of architecture.

Sober lines and high columns rising up to the eaves give it a majestic appearance. Influenced by the old Roman art, sculptors cover the large vacant walls with high reliefs with no sub-foundations, and these stone decorations

Tower arches or under the Arc de Triomphe. Some have even tried to land on the roof of the Galeries Lafayette. These exploits are generally successful.

To the Parisian as well as to the provincial and to the foreigner, the Eiffel Tower symbolises Paris, and although it has been the object of many a criticism from an aesthetic standpoint, one cannot picture Paris without it.

Before the war, the Tower was used by well-known firms for the display of illuminated signs as advertisement.

It is also one of the most powerful broadcasting stations in the world.

In clear weather, the view from the top of the Tower is very extensive, and sometimes stretches over 62 miles from the capital.

We fancy that if it were painted a lighter colour, sky blue for instance, it would greatly add to its attractiveness from a distance.

AROUND THE PALAIS DE CHAILLOT

The Palais de Chaillot is on the top of a hill bearing the same name, and is facing the Eiffel Tower. It is an important monument left after the Exhibition of 1937, replacing the old Trocadero.

Like its neighbour, the Musée d'Art

attached to immense smooth surfaces may be regarded as the first return to an "original" decoration after 200 years of pastiche. Stairs vanish, fountains reappear, and light flows in freely everywhere.

The Palais de Chaillot contains a remarkable theatre.

The museums comprise the :

"Musée des Monuments français", exhibiting the castings of the most beautiful (old architectural and sculptural) works of art in France;

"Musée d'Art Moderne" : modern French art;

"Musée de l'Homme". One of the best appointed museums in Paris. It shows the history of every race and continent, and is continually being enriched by the experience and discoveries of research workers and explorers in the four quarters of the globe.

"Musée de la Marine" : Exhibition of models of all types of ships from the old galley to the most modern war and merchant ships.

"Musée des Arts et Traditions Populaires", French folklore, handicrafts, houses, customs, local costumes, dances, and legends.

Not far from the Palais de Chaillot are :

"Musée Guimet". Exhibition of Oriental art from China, India, Japan, Tibet, Egypt, Java, Annam.

"Musée Galliéra". Exhibitions of all the productions of French handicrafts are periodically organised in this museum. They include embroideries, jewels, porcelains, books, wrought iron, cinema, ivory, and thousands of other things.

Four centuries ago, the Invalides quarter was a huge field. This wealth of esplanades, monuments and museums show the birth of new town planning to which each century has contributed.



Arts Modernes

Théâtre
M
TROCADERO
Palais Chaillot
Musée de l'Homme
Musée de la Marine
Alma
Quai D'Orsay

Tour Eiffel

Avenue de la Bourdonnais
Avenue de Suffren
CHAMP DE MARS
M



Av. Lowendal

LATOUR MAUBOURG
M

Avenue de la Motte-Picquet
ECOLE MILITAIRE

Ecole Militaire

Quai d'Orsay

Gare des Invalides

M INVALIDES

Hôtel des Invalides

Rue de Varenne
Musée Rodin

Rue de Constantin
Bd des Invalides

S^t FRANÇOIS XAVIER
M



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BOULEVARD ST. GERMAIN
AND
THE QUAIS



Saint-Germain and the Quais is one of the rare quarters of Paris where one can really stroll.

Rue Saint-Honoré, pretty women glue their noses to the shop-windows, then hurry on. At Saint-Germain, on the contrary, men quietly enter the antique shops, stop to talk for hours with the loquacious antique-dealer, and end by leaving empty-handed.

Middle-aged men especially haunt the district. Some, still young, rummage in the book-stalls along the Quais. Others, in the neighbourhood of the Institute hope to pass the perilous cape of their Hundredth Year.

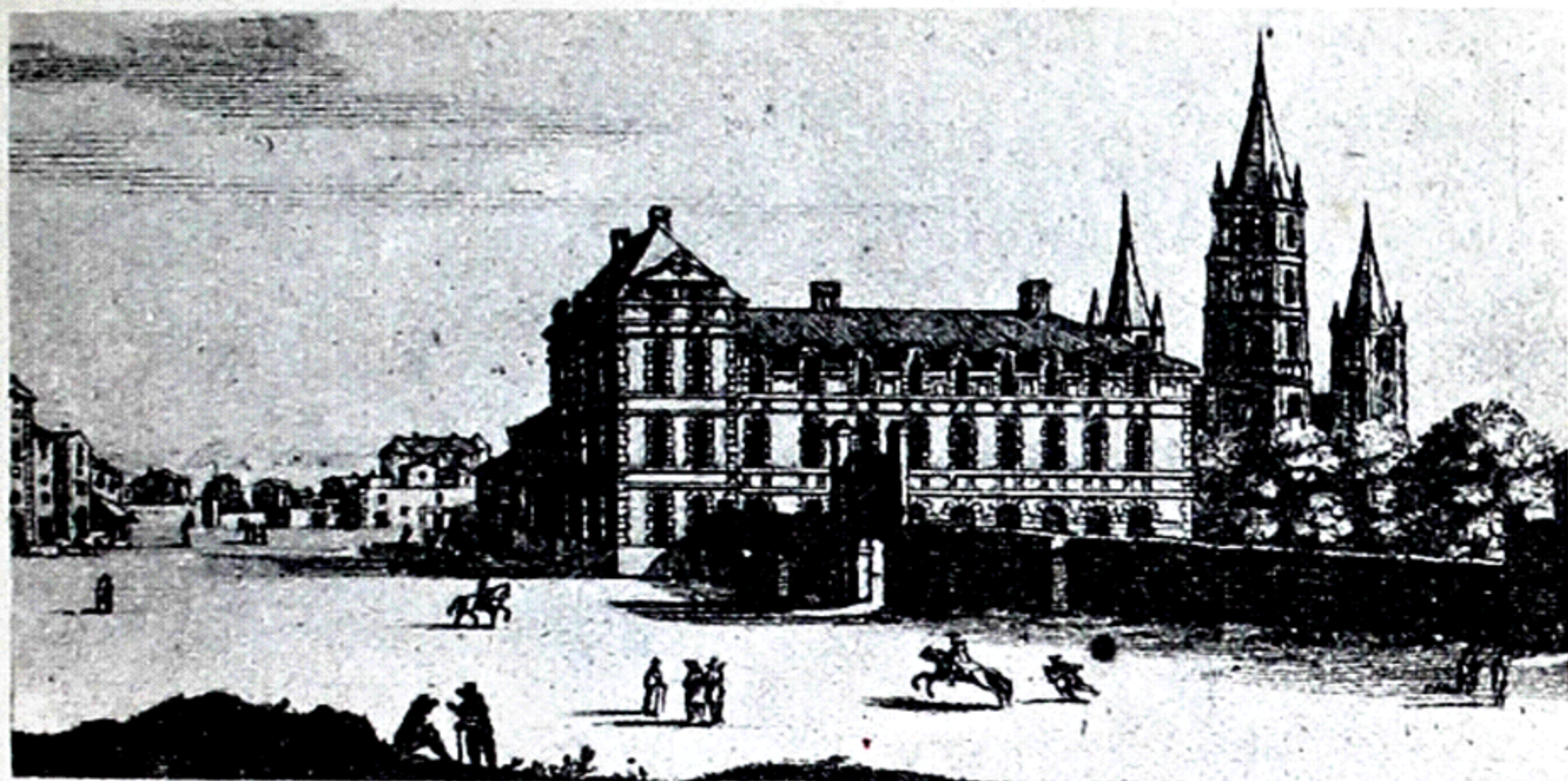
And perhaps in one of the noble families of the Boulevard Saint-Germain, you will find an ancestor, a contemporary of Louis XIV, asleep in an old armchair.



LA COUPOLE







The Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés in the XVIIth century

THE BOULEVARD ST-GERMAIN AND THE QUAIS

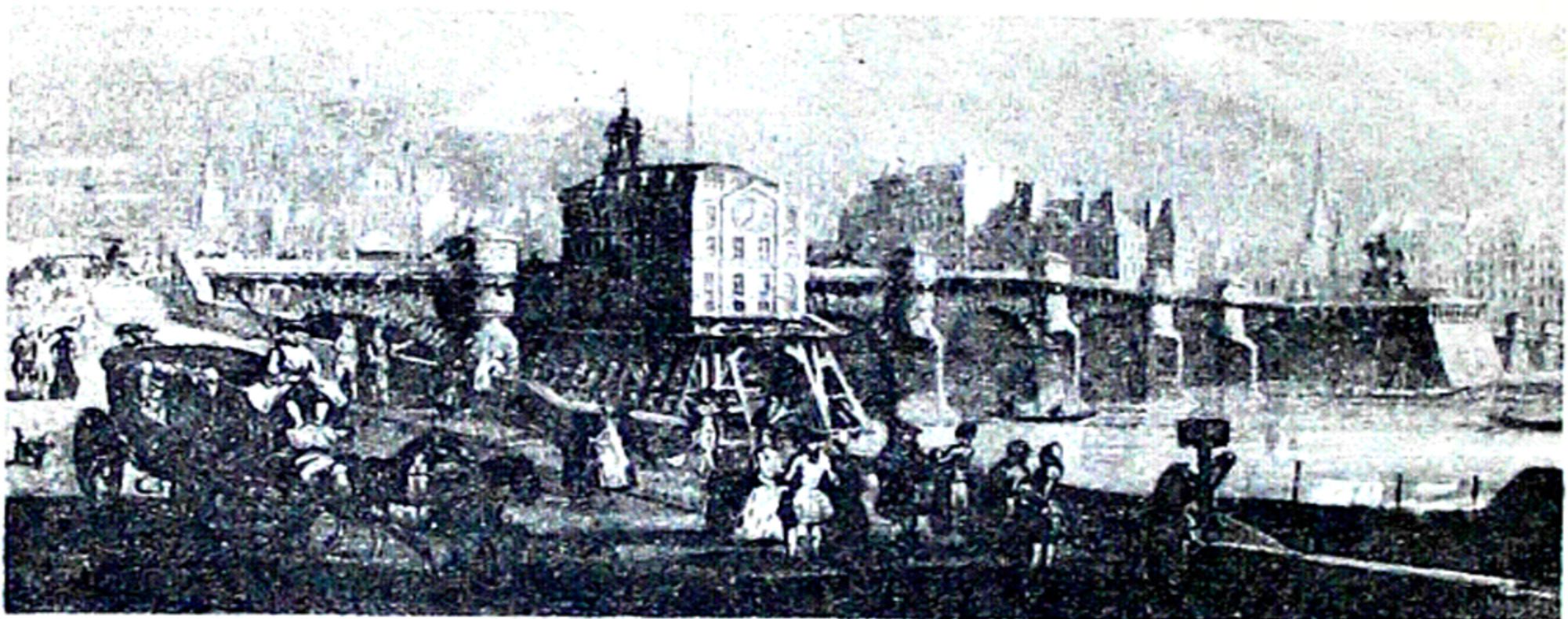
The oldest stones in Paris are found in Saint-Germain-des-Prés.

There are still some fragments of Gallo-Roman walls and vestiges of the old city walls in other parts of the capital, but the groundwork of the tower of Saint-Germain-des-Prés is the most ancient edifice in Paris. It dates from the beginning of the eleventh century. The Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés was then the richest and mightiest in Paris.

Two little columns of the Merovingian period may still be seen in the nave of the church.

As early as 845, the monastery was pillaged by Norsemen who were fascinated by the red copper covering the roof. In 886, the Abbé of Saint-Germain-des-Prés gallantly led the fight against a second invasion, which reminds us that in the Middle Ages priests did not hesitate to make use of axes and swords to rid themselves of intruders.

It has probably never occurred to the regular customers of the three literary cafés near the church, to the poets, journalists, and critics, whose daily discussions range over every subject under the sun, that in these cafés they are on



The " Pont Neuf " (XVIIIth century)

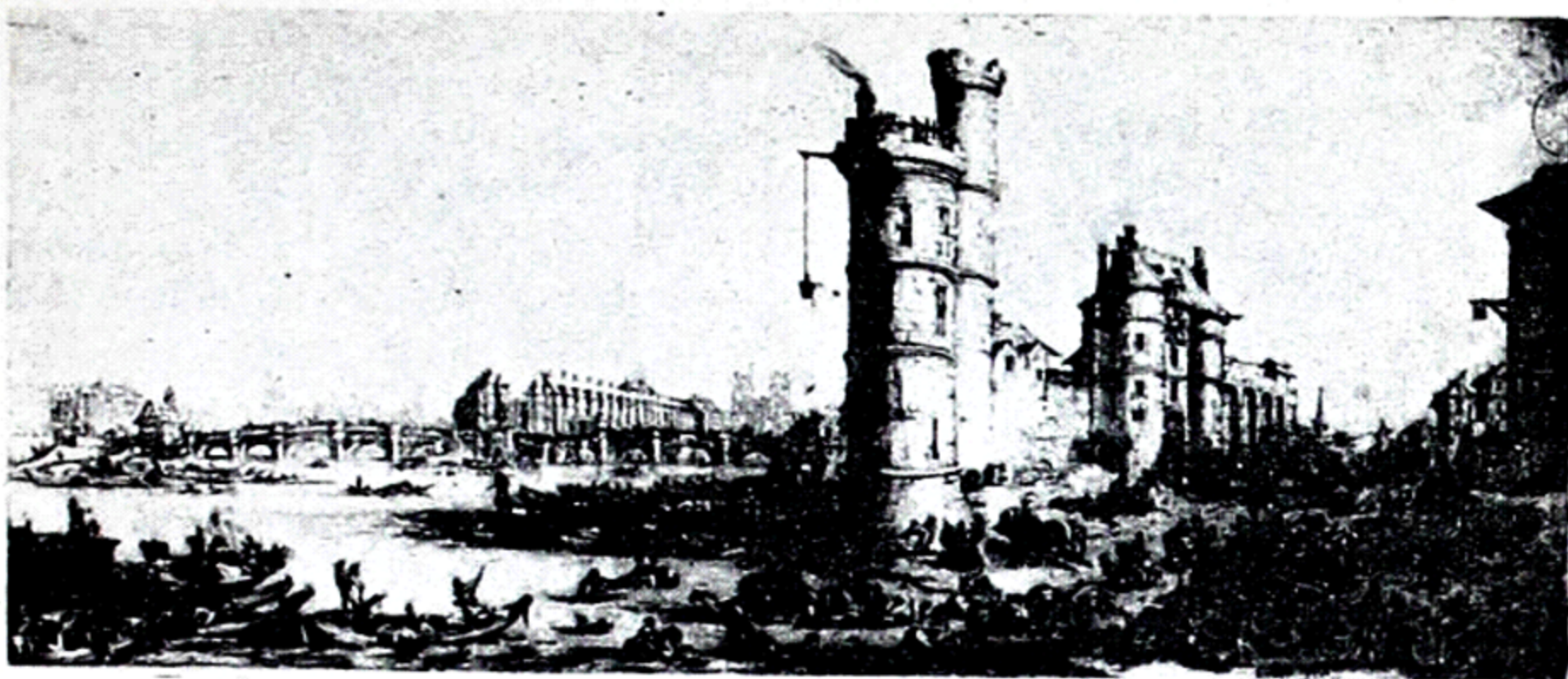
the very ground on which stood the old fortified place of the monks of Saint Germain.

The customers of the restaurants " Deux Magots ", " Brasserie Lipp " and " Café de Flore ", are only interested in current events. At certain hours, small gatherings form around eminent people or glib individuals, and their discourses are sometimes prolonged far into the night. Everyone then hastens towards tiny restaurants not mentioned in any guide... " Chez Le Grec " or " Chez Cheramy ", in the rue Grégoire de Tours, or in the rue Jacob.

The small streets between the Boulevards and the Seine have retained a striking medieval aspect. In early days, the houses were already stretching out from the Ile de la Cité, with a view to joining Saint Germain's Abbey. The junction was made in the 16th century, beyond the city walls built by Philippe Auguste. A city gate stood approximately where the Carrefour Buci is today.

This section of Paris abounds in small skilled industries, among which printers, locksmiths and bookbinders are the most numerous. Printers generally have very little material at their disposal, and rarely more than one or two machines. These





The Tour de Nesles

printers have their own history. They are nearly always cramped for room at the back of some narrow and dark alley, but they are well worth your visit. This is where you will see the most elegant Elzevirs and Cochins, carefully arranged in their respective boxes, and all the bold and rapid types full of flourishes that we like so much in old editions.

All these craftsmen to-day rub along on what they can earn out of such trivial jobs as the printing of a bill of fare or a prospectus or two, but there are few who do not occasionally find the time to edit a collection of poems.

Balzac had his own printing shop in the old rue Visconti, so full of memories.

During the Revolution, Marat's violent paper, "L'Ami du Peuple", was printed in the famous Passage du Commerce.

Schoolbooks, works of erudition, classics, thesis, novels, limited editions de luxe, Larousse, Quillet, the New Encyclopedia, are all here, for this is the domain of books.

The close relationship between bibliophiles and bookbinders naturally draws them together, and the latter are also in the neighbourhood. They have not much to do these days, the taste for beautiful





bindings not being so prevalent in France nowadays as it is in other countries (where practically all books are sold bound). Americans often say that France is the country of stitched books, and yet splendid modern French bindings have been admired at every international exhibition.

Binders and stitchers work amidst cats. There are cats in every corner for rats are the worst enemy of printed paper. But just any cat is not fit to be a bookbinder's or a stitcher's cat. Alone a long atavism enables the tomcat of the Passage Dau-

phine, or of the rue Mazarine to keep its tail until late in life. Pots of boiling glue, heavy piles of paper and guillotines are indeed so many lurking dangers that are not always easily dodged. When they are not out hunting, these cats readily serve as paperweights and attentively watch their master at work. The most remarkable thing about the work of a stitcher is how he manages to manipulate beautiful editions with dirty hands and yet does not soil them; his dexterity is such that the work is barely touched.

A small antique shop in the Bd Raspail is called "A l'Abbaye au Bois", it is the only memory of the famous Abbey, so dear to Madame Récamier. With the opening of the Bd Raspail disappeared the house where Chateaubriand and a number of poets became infatuated by the grace and beauty of sweet Madame Récamier who so influenced the dawning Romanticism that her name will forever remain associated with it.

The Faubourg Saint-Germain is the realm of the antiquary. Over a hundred antique shops offer thousands of objects of all periods. Some specialise in "Napoléon", others in "Révolution" and others in Medieval furniture. One could undoubtedly find in these shops anything that might strike one's fancy. Renowned Parisian collectors sometimes indulge in the sport of searching for a specific object missing in their collection, such as an 18th

century tobacco jar. They will finger and examine a hundred until they come across one that has presumably belonged to the Regent's daughter, at the time when ladies smoked a pipe, and this will be the beginning of a collection of innumerable objects of the same period. Old books on the question will be bought from Champion, and then years later a whole room in their house or flat will be devoted to the Regent's daughter, to her pipes, her lovers and love-letters, her jewels, her furniture and lace-drawers. It will eventually culminate in the publication of a work of erudition on "The agitated life of the Regent's Daughter".

The rue de Seine, rue des Saints-Pères and the rue du Bac lie on the border of a much richer section which extends all along the Boulevard Saint-Germain up to the Pont de la Concorde.

In a preceding chapter, we have already explained how the exodus of the nobility to the West caused the "Marais", the former select district, to lose its popularity. Noblemen first settled in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré and later moved to the other side of the Seine, that is to say to the Left Bank, when Louis XIV was building the Invalides.

The Left Bank at the time was only a vast stretch of tilled land and a real building race took place. The nobility took such a fancy to the new site that very little room was left for the common people. That is why the whole district is still called "Le Noble Faubourg". Curiously enough, it is the most wooded inhabited district in Paris although this is not visible from the street as many of the private residences have their own interior park. Some of the luxurious private houses are still occupied by descendants of the old noble families, but most of them now harbour public Offices and Ministries: the Hôtel de Salm has become the Palace of the Legion of Honour; the Hôtel Matignon is the seat of the Prime Minister; the Hôtel Brienne is the War Ministry; the Palais Bourbon, the Chamber of Deputies, and so forth...





Embassies and Legations also have a predilection for the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

The clergy had followed the nobility in its exodus to the West. This gave rise to a bitter rivalry between the various congregations, each wanting to build the most intimate convent, the most beautiful abbey or the highest chapel. Monks and nuns were up to the eyes in debt, and relied on some wealthy lord or devout princess to restore their finances. The clever d'Argenson was even specialised in the refloating of convents. Having thus placed itself at the mercy of the

nobility, the clergy naturally had to bear with the temper of its benefactors, and the chronicles report that Marguerite de Valois, who had established barefooted Augustinians in the Faubourg Saint-Germain later became disgusted with their conduct and in 1612 replaced them by shod Augustinians!

THE QUAIS

The whole poetry of Paris lies in its Quais. The most famous are those of the Left Bank, between the Pont de la Concorde and the Pont Saint-Michel.

The Pont de la Concorde was built between 1787 and 1790, partly with the stones from the Bastille.

The Institut on the Quai de Conti, where the forty "Immortels" (Members of the Académie Française) hold their weekly session every Thursday, has brought the Promenade des Quais into literary light.

Before and after the famous Thursday meetings, members of the Académie, to begin with Anatole France, strolled along the Quais, and delighted in spending hours rummaging through boxes of books. These open-air book stalls consisting of a series of long boxes resting on the parapet of the Seine, are one of the Quai's chief attractions. They sell almost exclusively second-

hand books and old books, very often of little or no value. But with some patience, and if luck favours you, you may unearth some quaint old works or interesting old editions or scientific works or old engravings, lost amid a quantity of press copies.

The booksellers along the Quais are wily old merchants who know their business. The good old times are over, when one could discover some marvellous manuscripts, some works annotated by Napoleon or unique editions with the "spelling mistake on page 186" that gives them such a great value.

On the other side of the street we find the ordinary bookstores and antique shops.

The most respectable of the bookstores is that of Honoré Champion, quai Malaquais, where men of letters in their time came to buy beautiful works on credit.

The most prodigious antique shop is that of Gabrielle Lorie, crammed to capacity with the rococo curios with which Parisians now decorate their modern homes. Here you can see a magnificent collection of those famous drawn-glass canes in which glitter multi-coloured filaments similar to those of agate balls.

The Pont des Arts is the most romantic of Paris bridges. Pedestrians only may cross it. When it still had its rows of boxes filled with orange trees, it looked like a hanging garden, and even now, when they are no more, Parisians come there on summer evening to smoke a pipe and gaze at the lovely view.

Three historic names are associated with this district by the waterside :

The "Grenouillère", a huge meadow which sloped down gradually to the river and where lightly clad Parisians and Parisiennes used to caper and bathe.

The Pré aux Clercs in vogue before the Grenouillère, was waste land which the students had annexed for their often very rough play.

The "Tour de Nesles" where Marguerite of Burgundy in the XIVth century, received nightly visits according to the legend.





Quai Voltaire is famous not only because of the neighbourhood of the Beaux Arts or the Institut. The memories of Ingres, Delacroix, Voltaire, Wagner, and Musset give poetry to the district.

Not far from the Hôtel de la Monnaie (the Mint), where money and medals are stamped, stands a beautiful eighteenth century building, the Ecole des Beaux Arts (Academy of Art). (State School of fine Arts).

That is why there are so many antiquaries and picture-dealers in the neighbouring streets and quais.

MONTPARNASSE

Montparnasse is in a measure an "annex" to Saint-Germain-des-Prés, but with this difference, that whereas students of the Ecole des Beaux Arts work from the antique under the direction of masters (when they are not carousing), Montparnasse dismisses conventionalism to express its sentiments in a rough, spontaneous and often hermetic manner.

The district was for a long time inhabited by leading artists such as Picasso, Modigliani, and Primitives like the douanier Rousseau. At the same time, emigrants and revolutionnaires from all parts of the world have spent there sad years of exile before attaining power and fame.

But amid a few indisputable talents, Montparnasse is now being overrun by the bourgeoisie, and has been so for a few years already.

The big cafés of La Coupole, le Dôme, and La Rotonde, pay more attention to their "respectable" clients than to the lively and penniless



artists from the numerous "Art Academies" flourishing in the neighbourhood.

This artificially created district has no history.

Alone the rue de la Gaîté is worthy of mention because of its "guinguettes" where people used to come of a Sunday to dance and eat snails.

This little street is still very lively, and the snails are still going strong.

"Bobino", the old café-concert always draws its working-class public. Every true Parisian must at least see this charming spectacle once.

At the two ends of Montparnasse, carefreeness and gaiety are stopped dead by the Institut Pasteur and by the Maternité de Port-Royal.

Several children are born each day in the ancient convent of Port-Royal, near to the chapel where Pascal prayed.

The Institut Pasteur sends out boxes of serum to the four ends of the earth on a life-giving errand.

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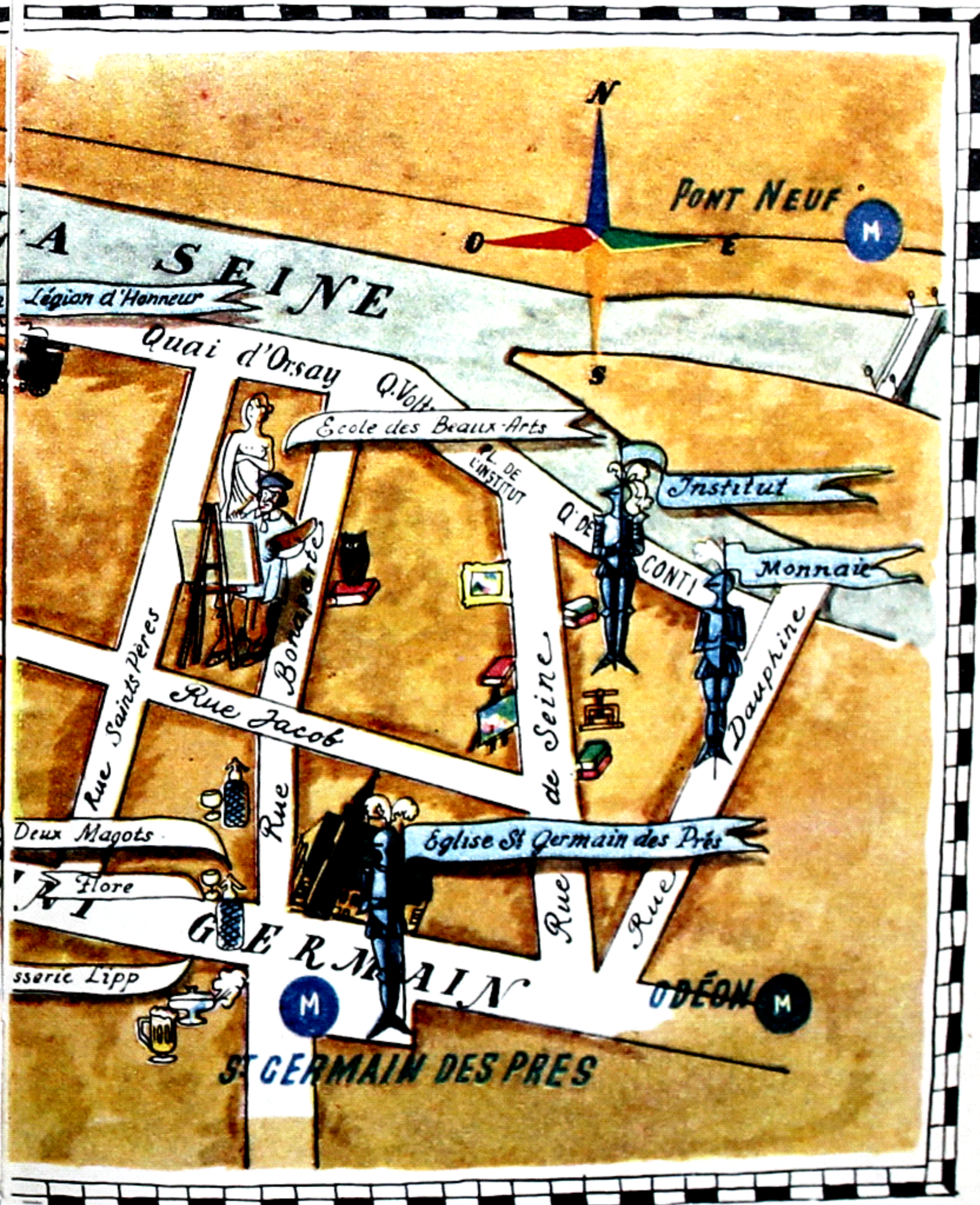
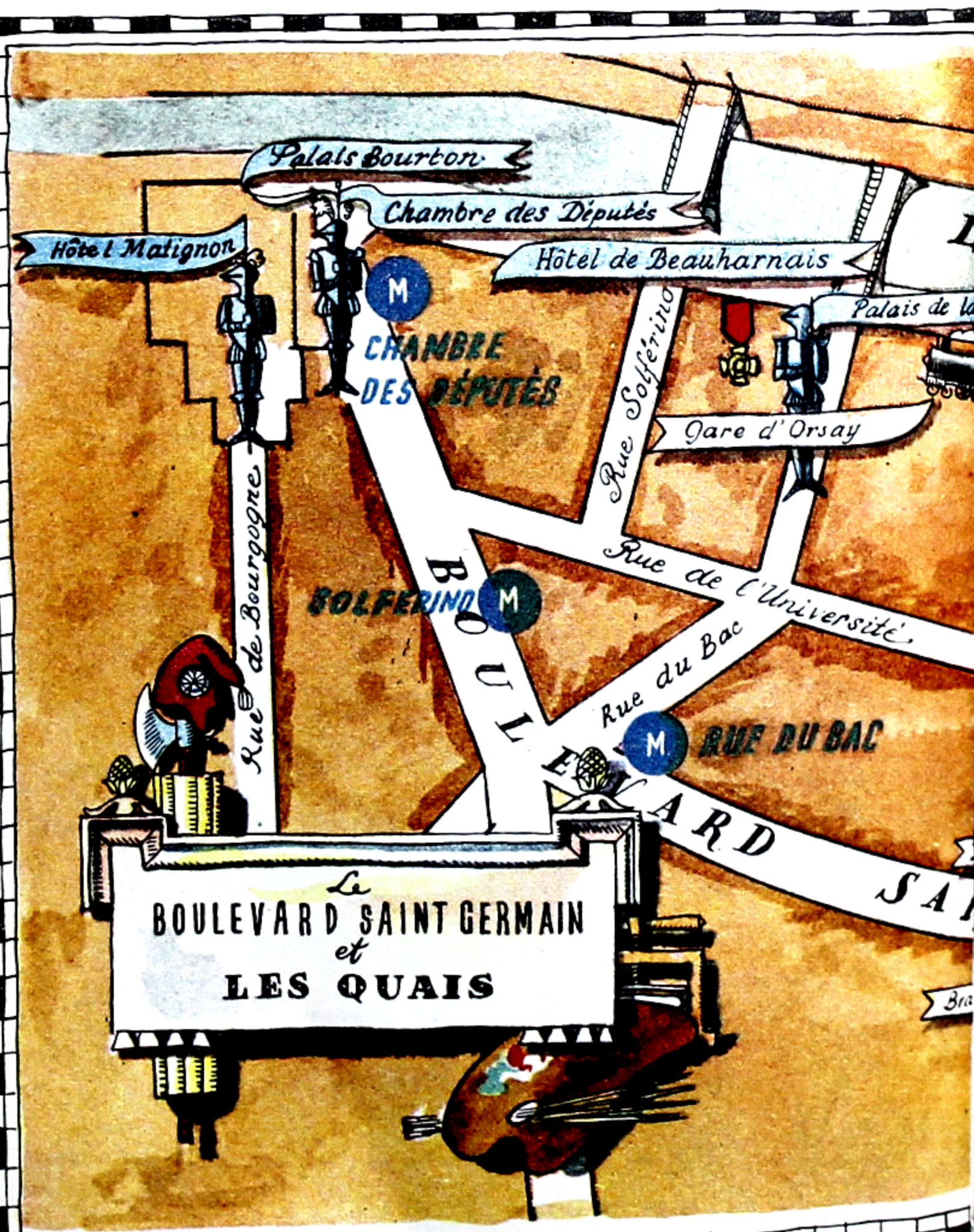
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*THE
LATIN
QUARTER*



The Latin Quarter has been the home of the University of Paris ever since the beginning of the thirteenth century.

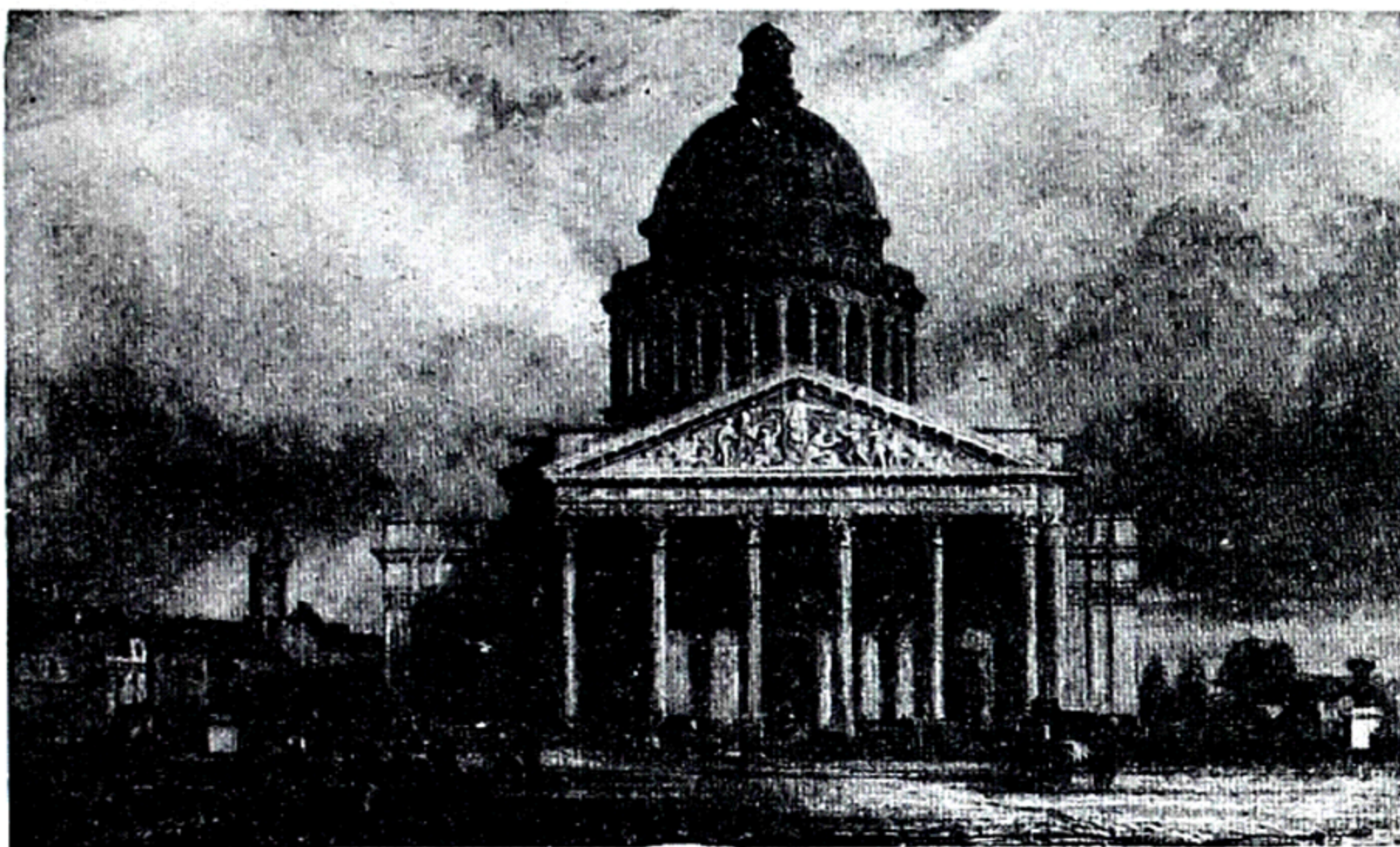
So tenacious a tradition is without parallel in the history of universities throughout the world.

Students have ever been quarrelsome and restless. On many occasions they have played a rowdy part in the history of the city.

From the French provinces and from every country in the world students come to the University of Paris.

A Cité Universitaire has been built at one of the city gates, behind the Parc Montsouris. It is a big residential village made up of a number of modern hostels where students are grouped according to their country.





The Panthéon

THE LATIN QUARTER

The Boulevard Saint-Michel, "Boul'Mich'" for short, is the students' boulevard, where they love to hang about in their leisure time. The "Boul'Mich'" is also the starting point of the famous "monôme" (parade through the streets in single file). On these occasions, students, singing and gesticulating, are often on their way to boo a severe professor whose political opinions are not to their liking.

The Place Saint-Michel dominates the whole district.

The narrow picturesque streets to the left and right of the square remind us that this used to be a very lively spot in the Middle Ages. The whole Latin Quarter was then teeming with tradesmen and artisans.

Religious professors first taught on street corners and later in special houses where students used heaps of straw by way of chairs.

The fame of the University of Paris rapidly spread abroad. Young people from every country in the world came to the "Pays Latin" which in 1270

already numbered 15,000 students. Colleges were built everywhere.

One faculty was founded after another. Robert de Sorbon, after whom the principal building was named, harboured in 1257 some ten or twelve poor students in a dormitory. The building was later rebuilt by Richelieu, but of that period there only remains the church which dates from 1635. The Sorbonne was enlarged in 1900. It had long proved inadequate to centralise all the Faculties.

The Sorbonne is still expanding to-day. The greater part of the Faculties, Lyceums and Collèges occupy all the large buildings of the Quarter, and even build huge modern edifices as in the case of the Ecole Normale Supérieure.

The Rector of the University has his office in the Sorbonne, and most of the University ceremonies take place in its amphitheatre.

Not far from the Sorbonne stands the old Collège de France, founded by François I^{er} in 1530, where free public university classes are still given.

While great institutions, religious for the most part, were being founded in the Latin Quartier, students were actively engaged in creating places of pleasure, and even of debauchery, for their leisure hours.

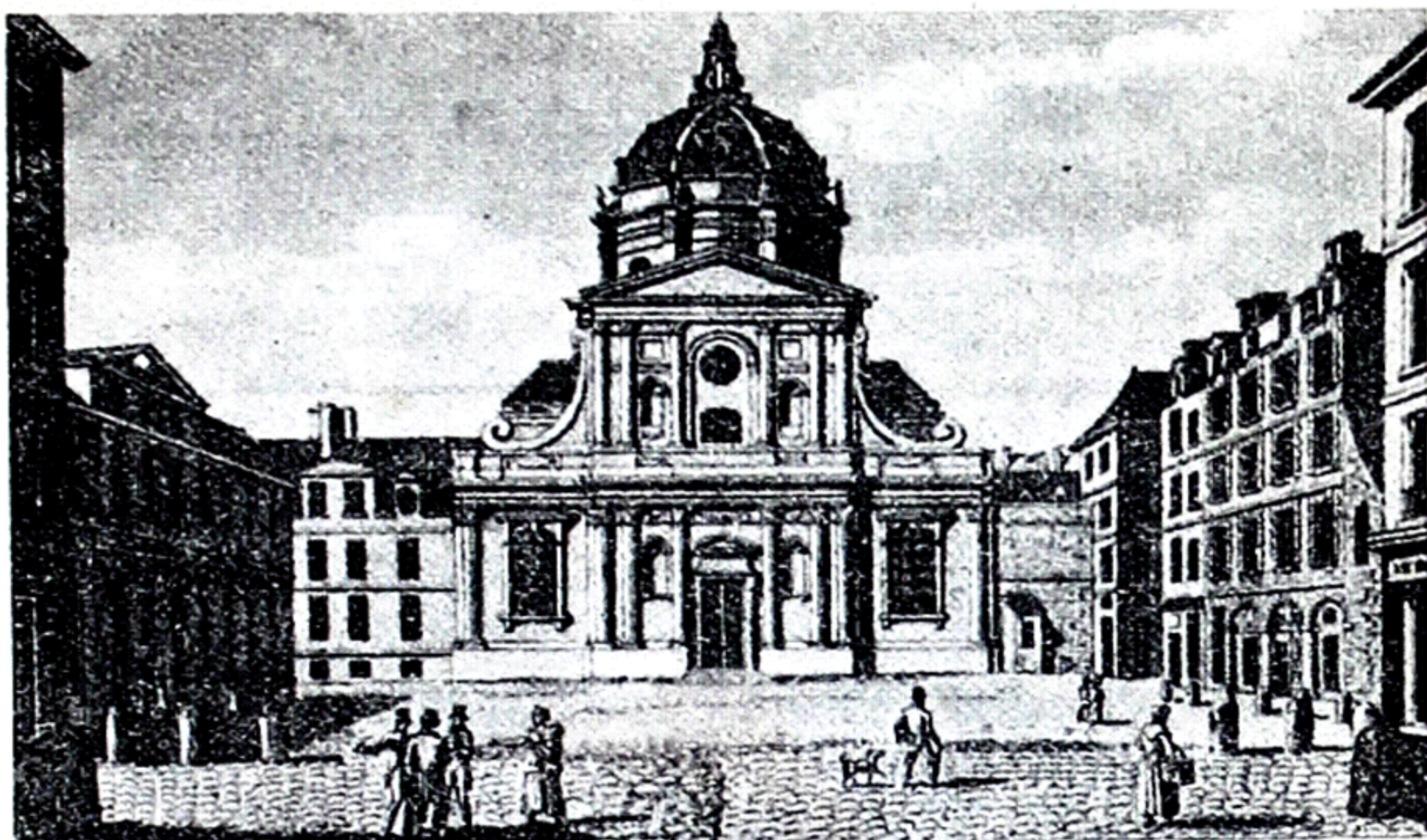
Inns and cafés kept by students have existed in the Quarter ever since the remotest time. They were some sort of guild where the price of everything was fixed, even that of prostitutes.

The bourgeois whose curiosity caused him to venture into any of these students' clubs soon repented of this rashness. The nicest thing that could happen to him, indeed, was to be thrown out of the window.

When they had copiously drunk and sung a good deal, students would set out into the night to raise a rumpus throughout the town. The countless number of chambers that were emptied out on their heads did not cool them off. To revenge themselves, they generally gave some poor belated townsman a rough handling or took down shop signs.

Some of these signs bore the funniest inscriptions, such as : "A la Truie qui file" (The Spinning Sow); "A l'Andouille Couronnée" (The crowned Sausage); "A la Vieille qui bat le cabas" (The old woman shaking the basket); "Au Renard qui prêche aux Poules"





The Sorbonne (XVIIth century)

(The fox preaching to the hens); "Au Lapin qui se rebiffe" (The kicking rabbit); "A la Vache troussée" (The tucked up cow); "A la Nonnain qui ferue l'oie" (The Nun striking the goose), and many others so broad that they had better not be mentioned.

The spirit of François Villon, that scrounging student, brigand and scholar, one of our most powerful poets of the Middle Ages, may still be seen haunting the Latin Quarter.

Students are always divided into two groups : those who work, and those who joyously spend their Papa's allowance. Although not an absolute rule, it has been observed that the real hard workers are generally the poorest among the students.

Young men and women may be seen round the counters at Dupont's or Capoulade's, eating a sandwich and drinking a cup of coffee for





their lunch, which is probably all that they can afford. Or else they lunch in one of the small Chinese or other foreign restaurants that abound in the vicinity of the Faculties.

Those who do not live in the Cité Universitaire have rooms in the hotels round the rue Saint-Jacques.

The custom of living round the rue Saint-Jacques is a very old one since it goes back to at least eight centuries. The rue Galande, rue de la Huchette, rue de la Parcheminerie, rue Gît-le-Cœur, rue de la Harpe, were all part of the old students' quarter, through which runs the rue Saint-Jacques, at one time the main road of the Left Bank. It was crowded with pilgrims going to Saint-Jacques-de-Compostelle.

In this district we find two remarkable churches, Saint-Severin's, the University church, famous for its beautiful stained-glass windows, and Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre, one of the oldest churches in Paris, built about the year 1170, on the site of a small fortified priory. Walls more than sixteen feet thick may still be seen in the basement. Travellers who arrived too late at the gates of Paris and were not permitted to enter the city, stopped at the priory for the night.

The students' social structure is no different in the Latin Quarter than

in any other University centre in the world. From time immemorial there have been brawling scholars more interested in drinking and making love to the girls than in studying. Like everywhere in the world they love to show off their girls and create the impression that they are emancipated, blasé and cynical. Beardless and barely weaned, they already frequent expensive restaurants, traffic in groceries or other merchandise, shout their political convictions in places where no one is interested in them, and in reality, do not impress anyone but themselves and their girlfriends.

But there are many students who would not have a penny in their pockets if it were not for the work they manage to do in their free time. Until recently the strongest of them were engaged as market-porters in the Halles. Some make translations in foreign languages, others do book-keeping or give private lessons. The luckiest are those who get temporary jobs as correctors for the papers. And if one is up against it, and there is nothing else to do, the Academy of Painting and the Academy of Drawing are always wanting models.

Despite hard studies, empty pockets and an uncertain future, there are times when youth must give way to enthusiasm. Balls are organised, everyone joins in kicking up a shindy and in parading through the streets in grotesque dress, burning the effigies of detested professors. Bacchanalias follow and the paroxysm is reached with the "Bal des Quatuor-arts" and the "Bal de la Horde".

The theme of the yearly fancy dress ball is always given in advance and everyone manages to show up as scantily clad as possible.

A rigid check at the entrance sees to it that no intruders are admitted as in the old days of the students' inns. Dancing and drinking goes on the whole night through until, finally everyone finds himself with hardly anything on. At six in the morning there





is a general gathering of rags to wear for the triumphal finale. Traditions require that on coming out of the ball dancers bathe in the basin of Saint-Michel fountain, or better still, in those of the Place

de la Concorde. This, however, is forbidden by the Police. In the general scuffle that never fails to ensue, a "Faune" or "Sioux" or a "Greek" nearly always manages to have a dip in the ice-cold water and thus traditions are saved.

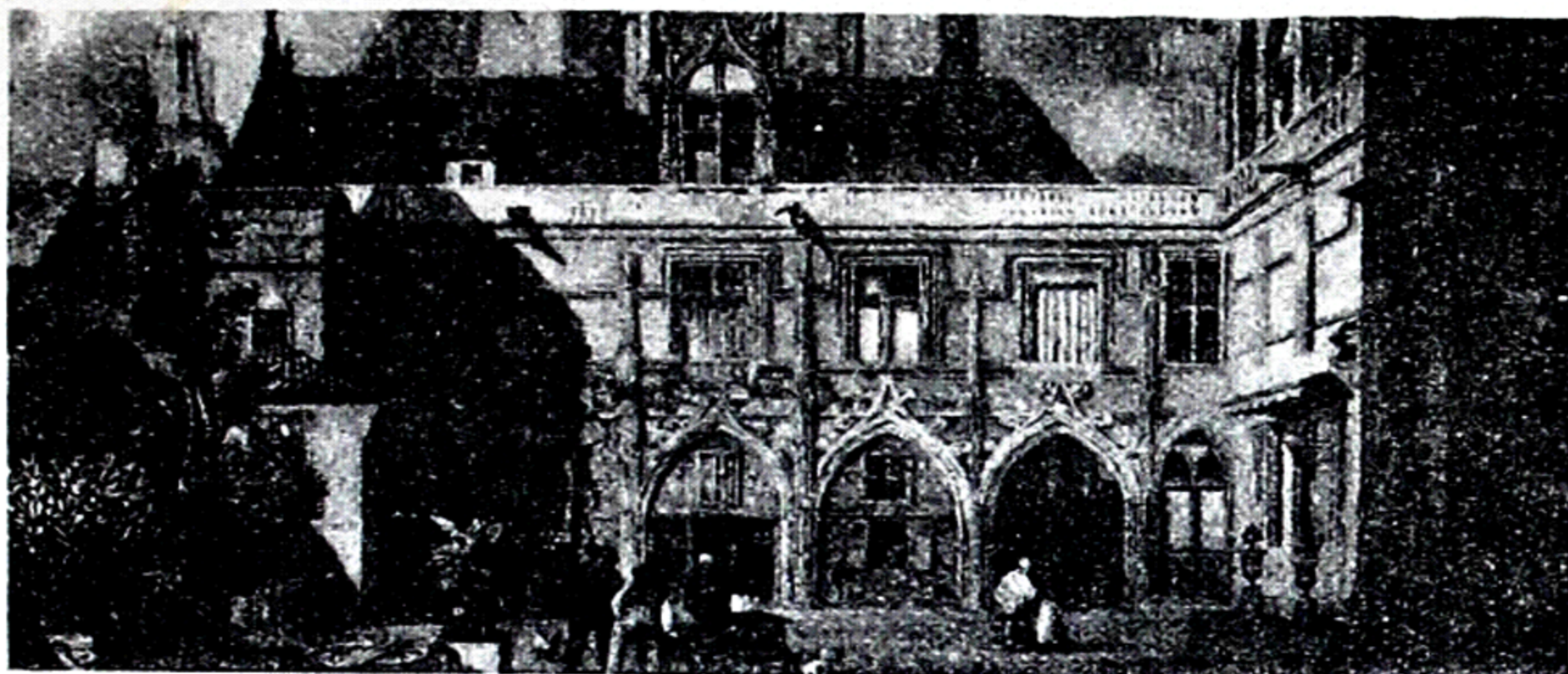
Each group then walks home. There is still much singing, then the voices gradually die away and sleep overcomes the bravest. Finally the doors of the hotels close on the drowsy revellers, the fun is over. To the residents rue de Seine and rue Bonaparte, who traditionally look out of their windows to watch them pass by at dawn, it means that another year has slipped by.

It must be remembered that the whole Latin Quarter occupies the very ground where Gallo-Roman Lutece stood. The subsoil in this region is full of roman vestiges. It is claimed that in the Luxembourg, for instance, the least excavation brings to light coins supposed to have been used by the Roman legions whose camp was situated on the present-day garden.

The Palais du Luxembourg was built under the regency of Marie de Médicis (1620) in the Italian Renaissance style so dear to the Florentine queen. Up to 1940 the Palace was the seat of the Senate.

The gardens, which date from the same period, are among the most beautiful and largest in Paris. The Punch and Judy show of the Luxembourg gives performances that are real masterpieces, and it has won such fame that all the papers write about its premières.





The Cluny Hôtel (XVth century)

The Luxembourg garden is the children's paradise. The "Bassin" affords no less attraction than the Punch and Judy show. When the weather is fine, the Bassin is surrounded by "master mariners" steering their sailing boats on its quiet waters, but the fountain jet is responsible for many a shipwreck.

Sweethearts also have a claim on the Luxembourg Garden. Far from noisy parades and the shouting of students, away from classes and diplomas, sentimental students come to dream and make plans for the future with discreet girl students or with the Parisienne who will be introduced to the family when the exams are over.

How many students' vows have been exchanged by the side of the "Fontaine Medicis" since Acis and Galatea kissed under their rock?

The Panthéon on the top of Sainte Geneviève mountain is the largest edifice in the Latin Quarter. This hill has always been dedicated to worship. On the spot where a pagan temple originally stood Clovis built the Basilique Saints Pierre et Paul. In 1757 Soufflot planned the Panthéon



which was to be called Eglise Sainte-Geneviève. Louis XV laid the foundation stone, but the building was only completed in 1791 when the Revolution was at its height. The plan of making it a church was, of course, abandoned, and the Panthéon became a temple to glorify France's great men. The outline has the shape of a Greek cross. It is 361 feet long, 269 feet wide, and 272 feet high.

Carnot, Victor Hugo, Emile Zola, Voltaire, Jean Jaurès, and many other famous Frenchmen lie in its crypt.

Saint-Etienne-du-Mont, behind the Panthéon, is the only church in Paris to possess a jubé. Built between 1517 and 1618 it contains the reliquary of Sainte-Geneviève, patron saint of Paris.

The Avenue de l'Observatoire prolongs the Luxembourg Gardens up to the Boulevard Montparnasse. The Observatory of Paris stands in the centre of the gardens. It was erected by Perrault between 1667 and 1672. It is now a dependency of the Meudon Observatory.

The thick walls of the Cluny Museum, which form a harmonious ensemble with the magnificent XVth century building (Musée d'Art Ancien) and the Arènes de Lutèce (old Roman theatre) are the rare vestiges of the Gallo-Roman period to be found in the Latin Quarter.

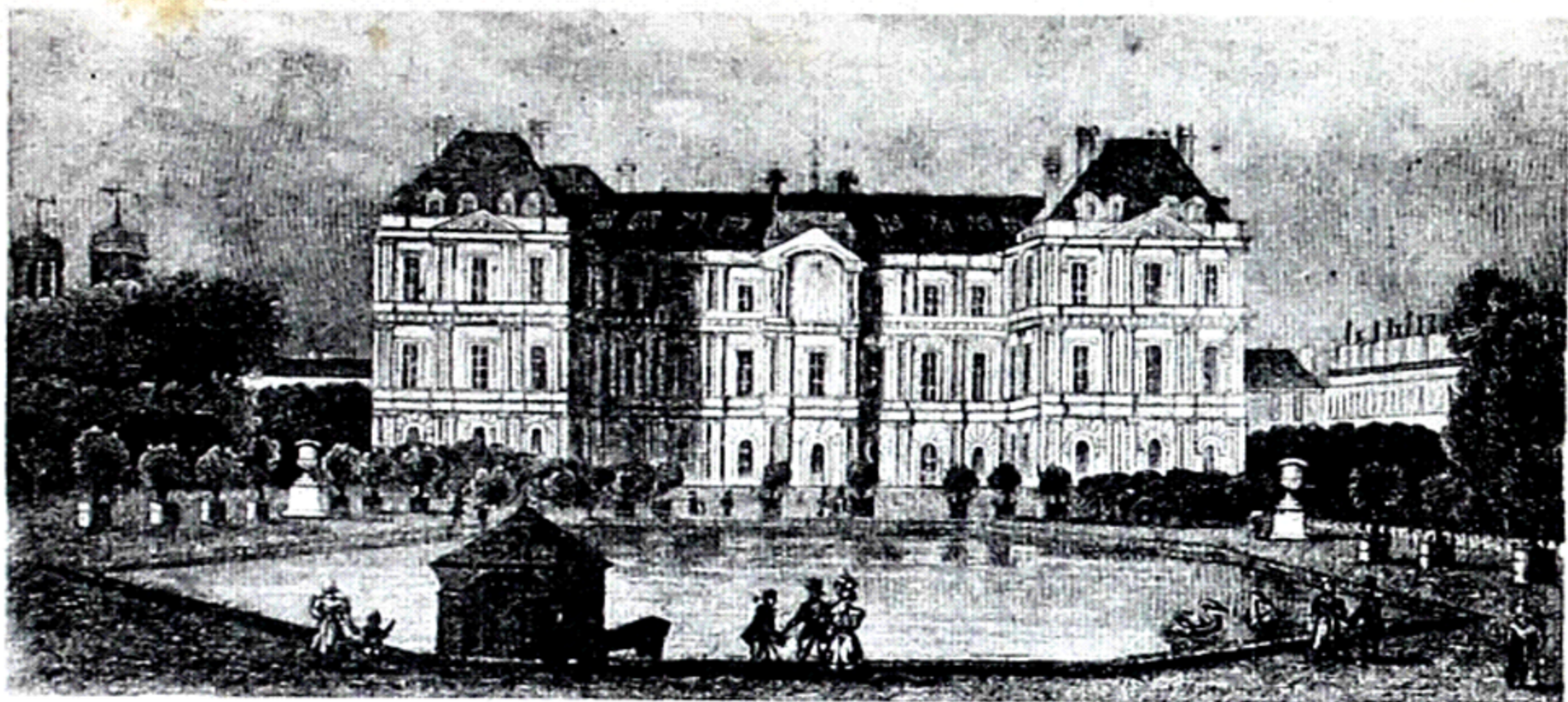
The famous rue Mouffetard, known as "La Mouffe", marks the Southern limit of the Quarter. The Mouffe is almost an exact reproduction of a street in the Old Harbour in Marseilles; very steep, dark from all the patina of its old houses, alive with people, the Mouffe in normal times is a picturesque market chock-full of eatables, of hot fried potatoes, shell-fish, vegetables, pats of butter, and so forth.

It is worth seeing at night in the garish light squandered by every shop. Of the many food centres in Paris it is certainly the most curious.

The fine 17th century church of the Val-de-Grâce, the severe Salpêtrière and Libéral Bruant form the base of a triangle, the apex of which is the Gobelins quarter, of tapestry and carpet fame.

East of the Latin Quarter stand the Mosquée, the Halle aux Vins and the Jardin des Plantes. The Mosquée was built in 1927 in Moroccan style. It is an ensemble of oriental buildings consisting of





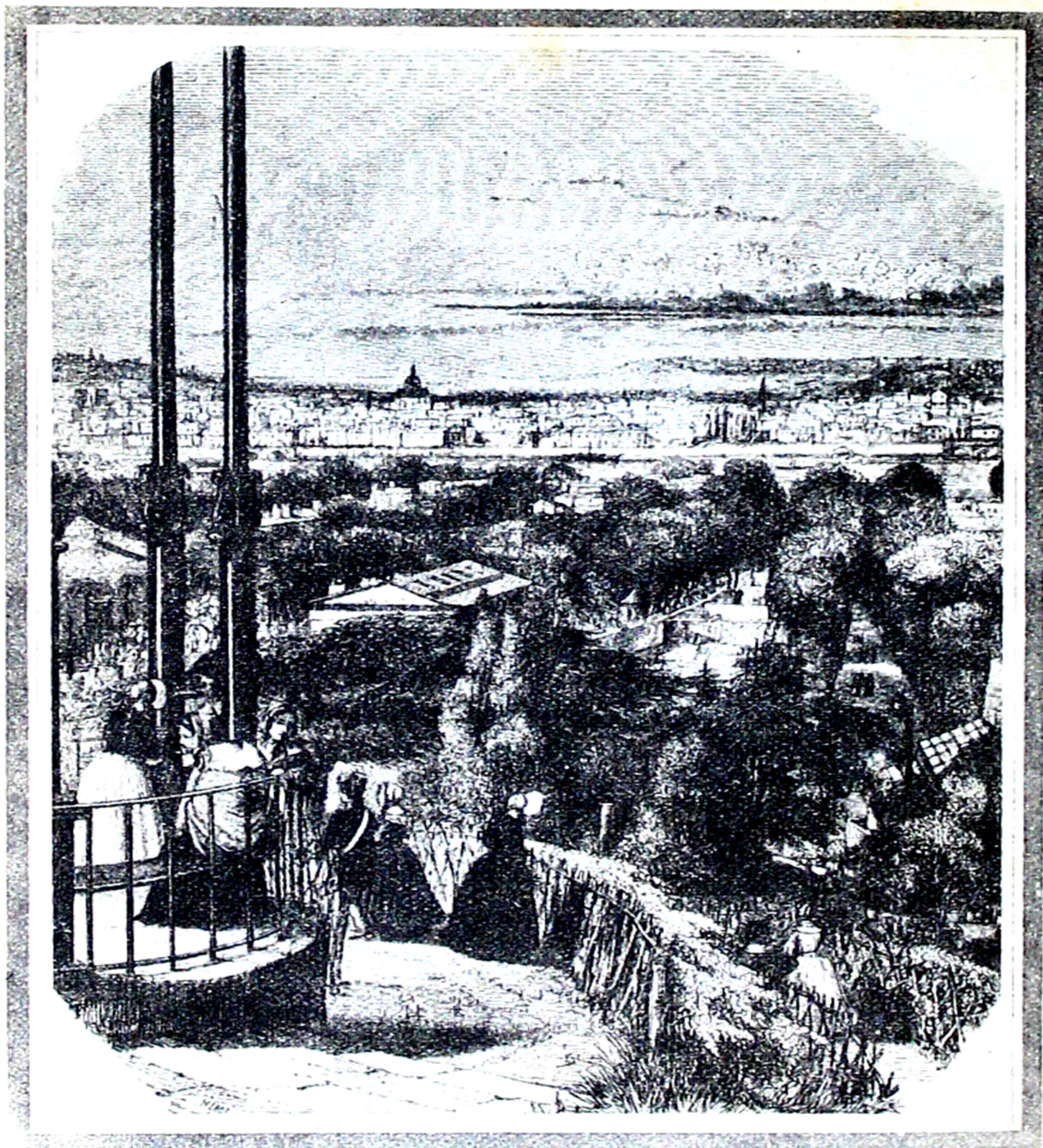
The Palais du Luxembourg (XVIIIth century)

the Mosque proper with the Muezzin Tower (108 feet high), the Mohammedan Institut, and several commercial buildings, Hamman, a restaurant, a Moorish café, and a shop selling Oriental objects.

The Halle aux Vins is one of the most peaceful places in Paris. It is the wine centre where dealers, wholesalers, café owners and coopers negotiate information between themselves. The huge warehouse is crossed by perpendicular streets bearing such eloquent names as : rue de Touraine, rue de Graves, rue de Bordeaux, rue de Champagne, and the interminable rue de la Côte d'Or which recalls the gorgeous Burgundy wines. The Halle aux Vins was built on the site where the Abbaye de Saint Victor, one of the capitals most venerable abbeys, once stood.

The Museum of Natural History is on the banks of the Seine. It dates from 1635. Originally an apothecary garden, the Museum has made extraordinary progress thanks to the contribution of eminent scientists such as Fagon, Buffon, Bernardin de Saint Pierre, Lamarck, Cuvier and others who successively endowed the different departments of Mineralogy, Zoology, Botany, Geology and Paleontology.

The Vivarium and Menagerie complete the beautiful gardens.



THE VINCENNES ZOO

This Zoo is situated on the edge of the Bois de Vincennes, and is quite a recent creation, since it was born out of the Colonial Exhibition of 1932, and was inaugurated in 1934. It is completed by the Menagerie and the Vivarium of the Museum of National History, in the "Jardin des Plantes".

One of the most recent in Europe, the Vincennes Zoo recalls "Les Baux" in Provence, one of the beauty spots of France.

There men used to hollow the soft rock to make splendid rooms for themselves on the mountain side. In the Zoo, in as rocky a setting as could be wished for, Professor Urbain recreates for his "boarders" the atmosphere of the wild river, or far off sea, or rocky mountain that they left behind.

The sea lions spend more time under the water than on the rocks. They have a wandering disposition, and at the opening of the Zoo in 1934 succeeded in escaping. One found its way to the square in front of the town hall in Saint Mandé, and another to the rue de Paris in Charenton.

The Zoo also shows a splendid collection of bears and two rhinoceroses.

Some hundred gibbons, macaques, and chimpanzees, always up to all sorts of tricks, keep the children amused the whole day long. Although young, the Zoo has already its history in which every animal has its part. Parisians love the Zoo.

The deafening multi-coloured parrots, the wild beasts, magnificent giraffes and elephants are the Zoo's chief boarders. Birds and grallatores are represented here by cranes and an imposing bevy of flamingoes.

Ostriches, llamas, zebras, tapirs, wild boars, bisons, camels, and some hundred other animals make a first class live stock. The flock of mouflons nearly escapes the visitor's attention. True, they are keeping their balance on a precipitous rock 160 feet above.



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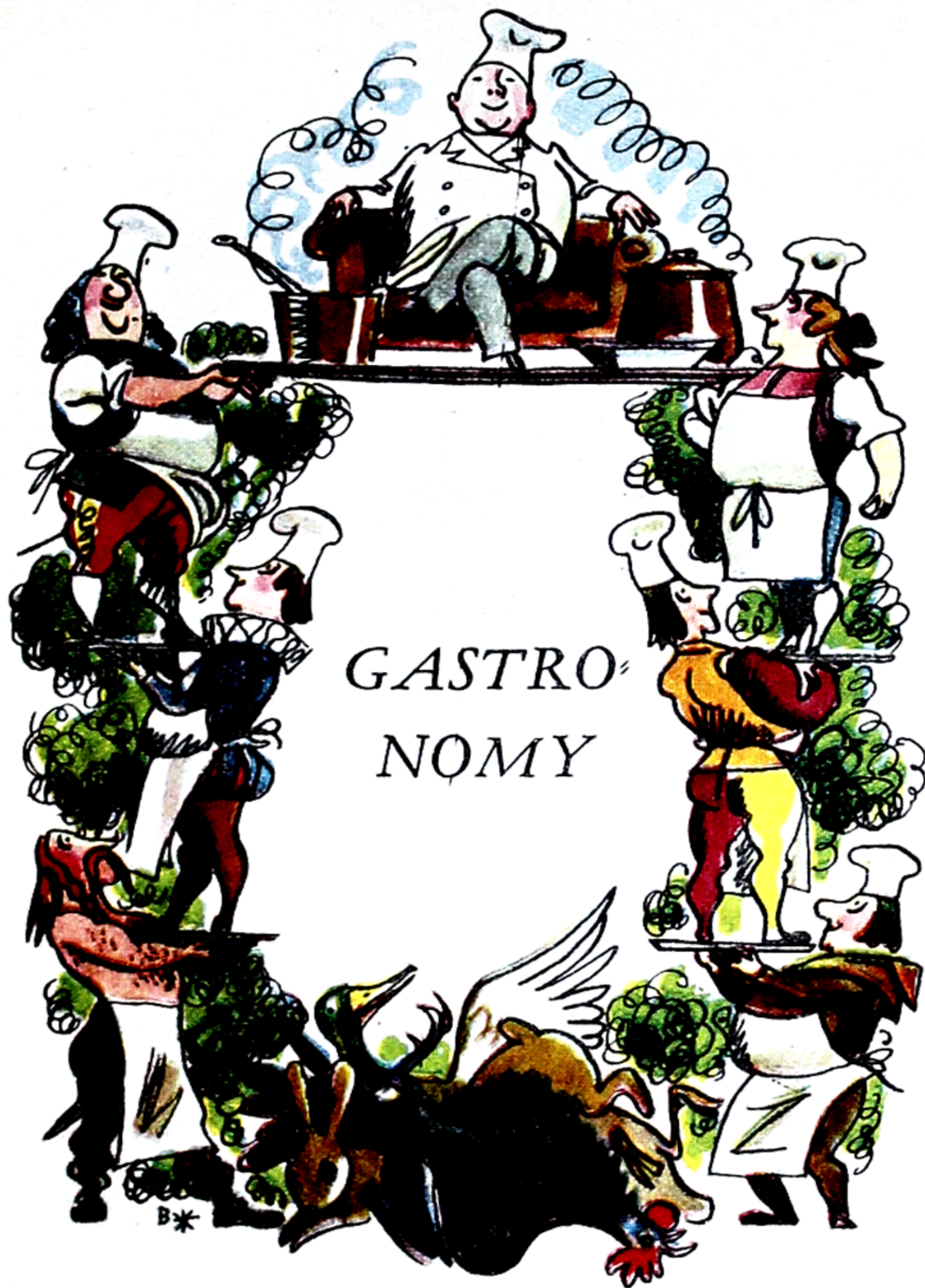
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*" Animals feed -
only man can eat "*

Brillat-Savarin



At first, man ate because he was hungry. As civilisation grew, eating became a fine art which influenced the very evolution of the nation. The Gauls were primitive people as regards their food. They ate especially fresh and salt pork. They raised huge herds of hogs, and even sent the fat and bacon to Rome.

Sometimes they drank wine, but they preferred a malted drink, or beer, or hydromel (made with honey)

They did not much care for bread, but consumed huge quantities of boiled or roasted meat, served on silver dishes or on more rustic ones made of copper, clay, wood, or even woven osiers.

The Gallo-Romans, had a more varied menu : fish (salmon, eels, pike), locusts, roasted austriches, cheese and honey cakes.

It was Charlemagne who encouraged the Franks to grow vines, fruit trees, and vegetables. His own domains were models of organisation and gave excellent results.

He had magnificent plate; somewhat in the Byzantine style.

Towards the end of the ninth century, we begin to hear about whale hunting in the gulf of Gascony. History assures us that these animals were very abundant there, and they figure on menus for several hundred years to come.

The real delicacy was the tongue of this huge animal.

In those days, when one was invited to a banquet, one brought one's own knife, and the hosts supplied the spoons. Forks had not yet been heard of, so of course one used one's fingers.

Spiced wines, especially wine from Suresnes, Argenteuil, Montmartre and the Sainte-Geneviève mountain were widely drunk.

The Middle Ages were also very fond of spices, much more than to-day. Think of all the discoveries brought about by the search for new spice routes.

In the fourteenth century, it was generally a child who had to turn the spits on which the viands and fowls roasted before the blazing fire. A little later, dogs were trained for the same purpose.

In one of the fairs of 1574, a wonderful new curiosity is described. It is a spit turning automatically by a contraption of weights and springs. This is one of the first kitchen-gadgets on record.

Bellows were then long copper or iron tubes through which young lads blew; it was the first step before learning to make a pie.

Before plates had been thought of, the meat was placed before each guest on a thick slice of bread. These slices of bread were afterwards thrown to the dogs who were always scrounging under the tables. Then you wiped your fingers very carefully on the table-cloth, because napkins had not yet been heard of.



Noblemen never took off their hats or caps when they sat down to a meal, and the height of gallantry was to send a servant to the lady you wished to honour, and offer her a choice morsel, such as the white of a chicken, or the head of a fish (*sic*).

But under the Renaissance everyone became more refined. This was chiefly due to Catherine de Medicis who had come to France to wed the Dauphin Henri II in 1533; her Italian escort brought a new set of table manners.

The favourite dishes at this time were tortoise found in Touraine, or in Poitou, grass snakes which were then called wood-eels, and beavers, the legs were exported preserved in oil.

Turkeys were first eaten under the Renaissance. They had been brought back from Mexico by Fernand Cortez.

Peacocks and swans had also a place of honour in official banquets. They were served dressed in their feathers.

Artichokes first appeared about 1466, but the middle classes were a long time before they took a fancy to them.

Not only did Catherine bring to France perfumes and mixtures of liqueurs (the cocktails of those days), but she also brought the bean, which she tried to grow near Blois.

About the year 1520, France imported glazed earthen ware stoves.





Before that time, heating had been assured by huge logs flung into still huger hearths.

Under Henri III, starched ruffs obliged dandies to tie their napkins round their necks instead of carrying it lightly on their arm or over their shoulder. Moreover, guests used long-handled spoons so as not to drip all over.

On solemn occasions the banquets were really terrific.

In 1543, on the occasion of a wedding among the provincial nobility, there were killed for the feast: 9 oxen, 18 calves, 8 sheep,

80 sucking-pigs, 100 kids, 150 capons, 200 chickens, 120 other fowl, 80 geese, 60 partridges, 70 woodcocks, and 200 other game. Moreover, 3,000 eggs over and above those of the poultry-yard, 18 quintals of lard, and 336 measures of wine of 50 litres each, were bought...

It was no uncommon thing, in those days, to bring in a state banquet more than 200 dishes with different decorations. Elaborate cakes and wonderful desserts were the rule, witness a huge pie-crust holding a complete orchestra, or "four and twenty blackbirds".

Complicated machinery at these banquets were then the vogue: on the occasion of the betrothal, in 1600, of Henry IV, the Grand Duke of Tuscany offered in Florence a magnificent banquet, during which the table suddenly divided in half, and while the halves were going to the right and left, a new table, covered with jam, sweets, and fruit, appeared from the floor. After a second, then a third table, a fourth also appeared, loaded with flowers, bearing fountains at each end, and with a flock of small birds which flew twittering through the hall.

During the first years of Louis XIV's reign, Pierre David draws up twenty-seven ways of folding napkins on the plates of guests.

Forks appeared for the first time in Italy during the twelfth century, and in France towards 1300. But it is only under Louis XIV that the common people started to use them.

The magnificence of Louis XIV's meals are well-known. This king had a large appetite, and an ordinary dinner for him consisted of : six fowl, ten pies, four fish dishes, eight meat dishes and various game, not to mention the sweet and the cakes.

During the reign of Louis XVI, Parmentier introduced the potato, which soon became a French staple dish.

In the old days, people lunched, dined, and supped very early. Louis XII used to dine at 10 o'clock in the morning, and supped at 5 in the afternoon, but it became fashionable to have meals later and later... During the seventeenth century, people dined at noon, and, at the end of the reign of Louis XVI, this meal took place at two or three o'clock in the afternoon.

During the Revolution, dinnertime was still later, because of the length of the meetings of the Assemblée.

Up to the end of the seventeenth century, the name " restaurant " was applied to a warming drink, generally very spiced soup.

In 1765, a certain Boulanger, rue Bailleul, sold soup in cups on bare tables as tablecloths were only for the guild of cooks.

Boulanger thus created the grandfather of all restaurants. To-day, owners of restaurants, roasters, and inn-keepers only form one corporation.

In the restaurants, as in all the other trades, prices have steadily gone up. Nevertheless, under the reign of Louis Philippe, the Vicomte de Viel-Castel made a bet that he would eat a 500 francs dinner at the Café de Paris.

He won his bet.

The bill ran up to 548 francs 50 centimes, neither more nor less, for the following menu, which the vicomte ate quite alone and without leaving anything over :

A dozen oysters; bird's nest soup; steak and chips, féra of the Lac de Genève; pheasant with truffles; game salmis; asparagus; green peas; pineapple; strawberries; a bottle of Johannisberg; two bottles of excellent Bordeaux; half a bottle of Constance; half a bottle of Xérès; café; liqueurs.

For centuries, France has been called "The Land where it is good to be alive".



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THE PROVINCES



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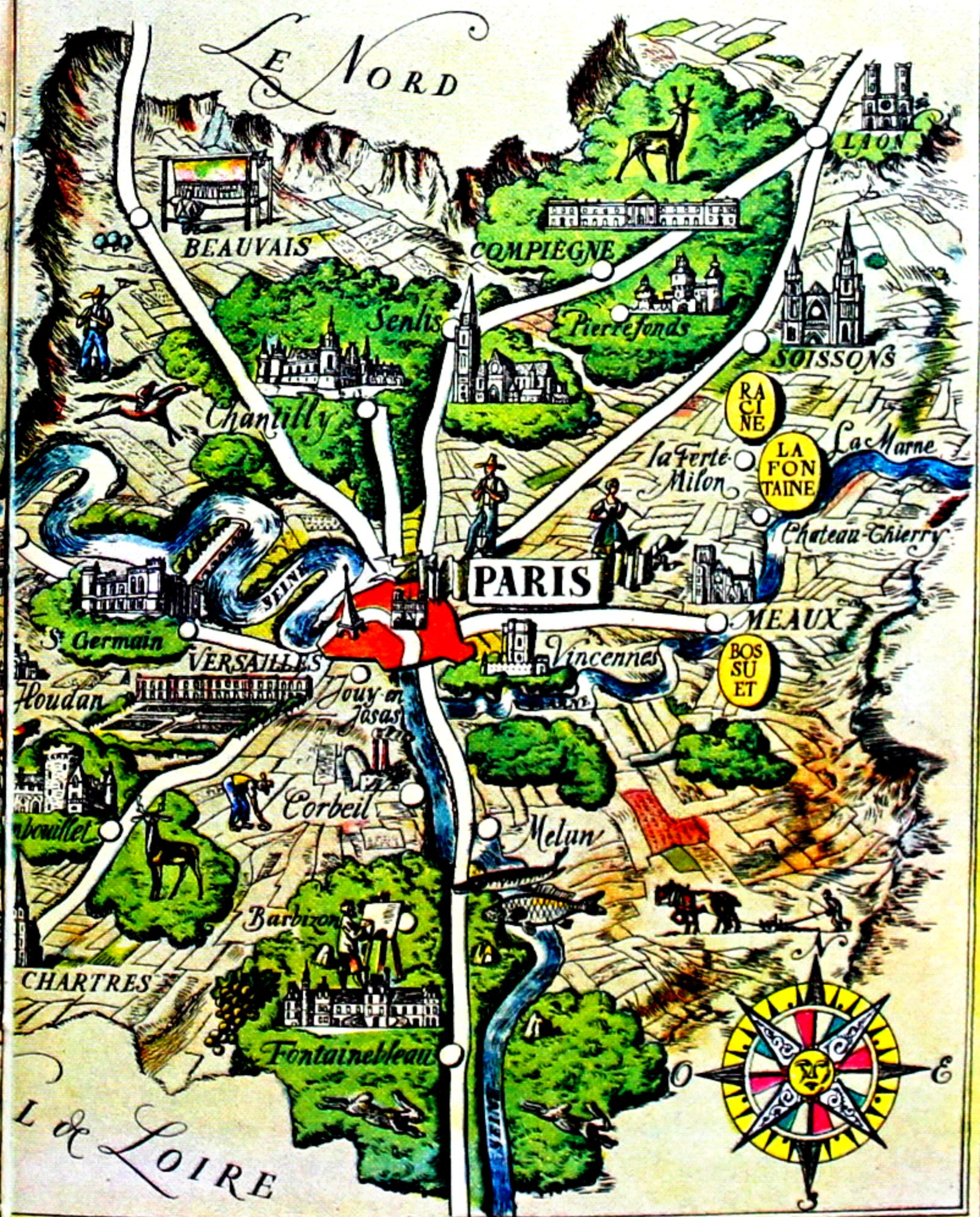
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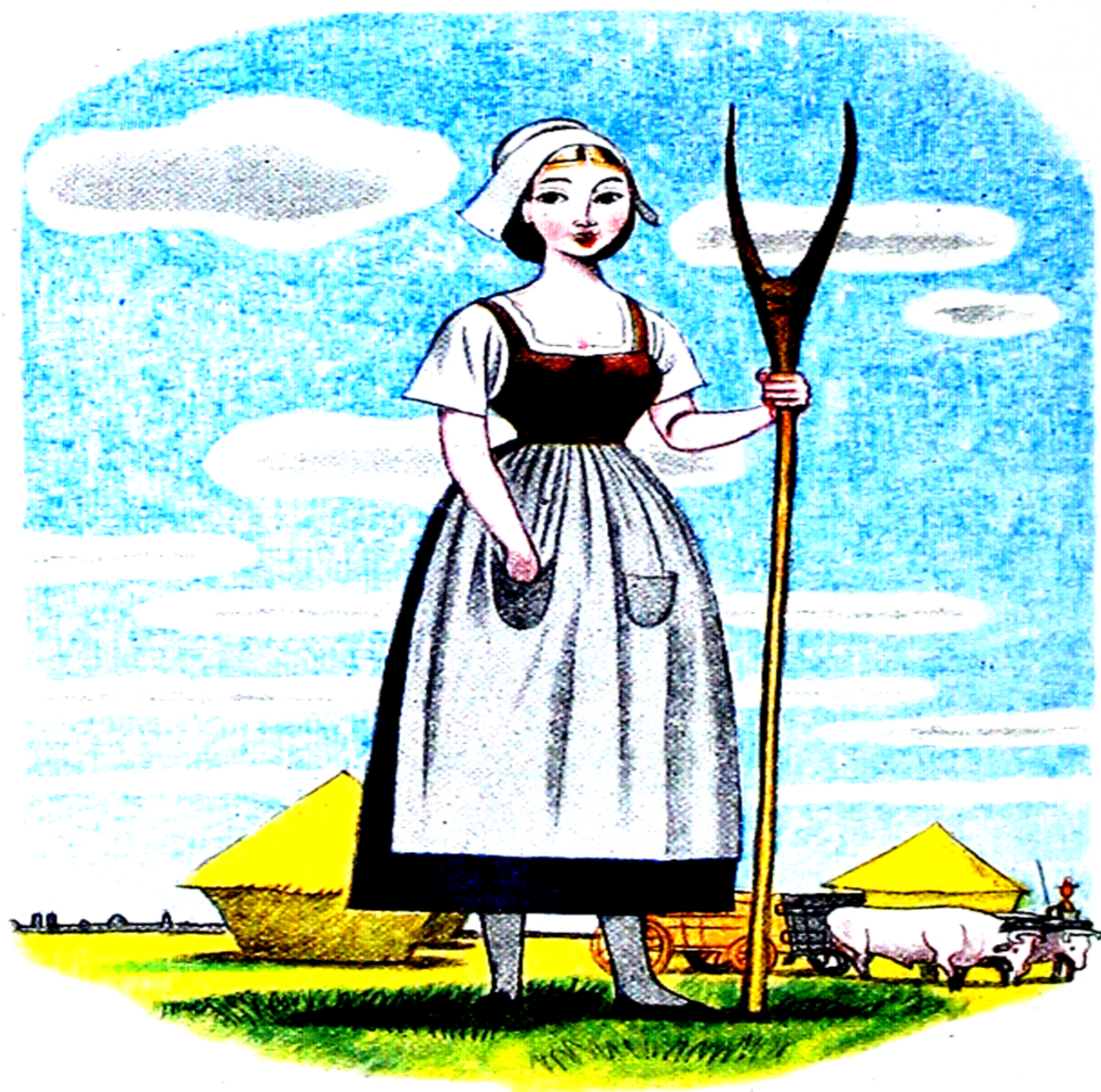
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ILE DE FRANCE

NORMANDIE
LA SEINE







THE ILE DE FRANCE

Through the centuries, Paris developed round its Ile de la Cité, and likewise the region of Paris became a nucleus round which one province sprang up after another, in concentric zones, until they formed the whole of present-day France.

Since the tenth century, the region of Paris bears the name of Ile de France. It is made up of fourteen very small but very different regions.

When you consider the geographical configuration of the Parisian basin, which has quite distinctly the shape of a wash-hand basin, you cannot help but wonder where the name Ile de France comes from.

Is this expression an image? Does it mean that with its smiling meadows, its bright rivers and streams, its wooded foothills, its green fields, its cathedrals and its historic past, this province is the very synthesis of France?

A glance at a map will further substantiate this comparison. We shall then see that the Parisian basin is surrounded by plains : the plains of Normandy, of the Caux country, of the North, the plains of Champagne and Beauce. In the middle of these plains, the Ile de France appears in fact like an isle, with its springs, its vegetation, its hills and forests. Precisely because of its diversity, no other region is as difficult to describe.

Like every other big city in the world, the capital extends its tentacles always further into the suburbs, and its factories encroach more and more upon pleasant valleys, up to the edge of forests. Protected by immense parks,



The Chateau of Versailles. Front view.

gigantic proud chateaux, which once stood in the middle of the country, find themselves taken in by ever-growing cities.

It is from one of these chateaux that we shall start our ramble through the Ile de France.

VERSAILLES

The Ile de France is the cradle of gallantry. There is a woman behind the origin of every chateau.

Parks and fountains are the most beautiful ornaments of this region.

The Ile de France is the kingdom of painters and poets. The memory of their romances still lingers in all the villages.

Though Versailles is a very pleasant little town, it is above all a Palace, no doubt the most famous in France.

Versailles is primarily a military town. The large avenue that joins Paris, is lined with barracks. In the vicinity lie the training camp of Satory and the aerodromes of Buc and Villacoublay.

In 1661, 23-year-old Louis XIV, decided to build a palace amid forests and swamps. The project was tremendous, but prompted by his desire to dazzle Eve la Vallière, Louis XIV stopped at nothing. Sweet La Vallière, however, wanted more than a magnificent palace; she wanted to have the king all to herself, and when she found out that she had to share the king's love with Madame de Montespan, she retired to a Carmélite convent.



The Trianon in the XVIIIth century

In order to dazzle Madame de Montespan this time, Louis XIV had Versailles enlarged. When we look back into the history and origin of the magnificent construction, we cannot help but marvel at this strange monarch whose love letters were expressed in the shape of freestone.

The entire suite of "grands appartements" dates from that period. They include the King's apartments and the Queen's apartments, for there was actually a queen, though she seemed to keep very much to the background. The drawing-rooms are truly characteristic of that munificent period. There is a profusion of wainscoating, gilt decorations, flagging, sculptures and painted ceilings.

In every room there is a portrait of the "Roi Soleil" in a curious neo-Roman costume set off with cuirass and wig.

Never has the cult for royalty been carried so far as under Louis XIV. The king was then really considered as the representative of God on earth.

The greatest lords and princes, deserting their country seats, flocked round the King to share its glory.

During the fifty-four years of his reign, Louis XIV reduced the nobility to a state of golden domesticity.

Louis XIV's court was indeed very brilliant. Versailles was the scene of gorgeous receptions and fêtes which often lasted several days and nights. Torchlights blackened the ceilings and gilt decorations which have been restored many a time.

Princes and a great number of nobles lived in the palace on a grand scale, thus creating a never-ending animation.

The park, designed by Le Nôtre, is a typical French garden with lawns, flowerbeds, fountains, a huge park, ornamental lakes and numerous sculptures. All Parisians love their park of Versailles and will come to see the fountains play time and time again.

When autumn comes and the lawns are carpeted with golden leaves, when the walks are deserted and moss invades the mythological bronzes of the basins, when the light sky of the Ile de France is reflected in the still waters of the Grand Canal, lovers stroll about the paths once trodden by France's mightiest kings.

Even during the second half of this reign when, probably to charm Madame de Maintenon, Louis XIV had the immense wings of the palace built, the receptions given at the court were still sumptuous.

From 1678 to 1690, Mansart put the final embellishing touches to Versailles.

The famous Galerie des Glaces (Hall of Mirrors) dates from that period. It is 239 feet long, 34 feet wide and 40 feet high. Le Brun, the celebrated painter, supervised the interior decoration. The paintings of the ceilings form the vastest pictorial ensemble in France.

In our ramble through the Ile de France, we shall again have the occasion of coming across the three Louis who lived in Versailles, for kings tired of their most gorgeous residence, and when the whim took them moved to other homes.

During the reign of Louis XV, the splendid feasts introduced by Louis XIV degenerated into libertinage.

The large apartments are converted into exquisite boudoirs. Furniture becomes more delicate until it acquires that charming gracefulness that distinguishes it from all other styles and causes it to be much sought after to-day.

Costumes lose their heaviness and their gilt-edged style, characteristic of the preceding reign. Little marquises and young ladies look like pieces of dainty Dresden china that one touches with the utmost care.

Versailles bears the imprint of Marie-Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI, more vividly than that of any other queen who has lived within its walls.

As we descend towards Trianon, let history raise the curtain and give us a glimpse of the park 165 years ago. Hooped skirts are reflected in the basin. Accompanied by the harpsichord a sweet voice singing one of Mozart's melodies comes from an open window of the Petit Trianon, whereas a very

young queen, all dressed in white is playing on the grass with her children. In the background is the dairy farm, where everyone will go to presently for a glass of warm milk. Between two plane-trees, smile the Queen's devoted friends : Madame Vigée Lebrun, Polignac, Rose Bertin. All this spells freedom from care, extravagance. The kingdom may be brought to ruin and bankruptcy, for the court knows no restraint, and Louis XVI, like a blind bumblebee, is too busy gormandizing, or trying to understand the jeers of his charming wife, to hear the raging storm of the Revolution approaching.

And so comes the fateful year of 1789 which brought an end to the sumptuous epoch of Versailles.

Saint-Cyr with its military school, lies near Versailles. Saint-Cyr is the school that keeps up the tradition of the panache, of unquestionable gallantry and proud courage. Colonial officers like Bournazel are typical "Saint-Cyriens". Saint-Cyr has written for itself a glorious page in the book of modern history. No one has forgotten the magnificent example set by the young officers of 1914 who swore that they would storm the enemy with plumed helmets and white gloves, only for glory's sake, realising full well the futility of such a sacrifice, from a tactical point of view.

Saint-Cyr would not hold true to tradition if a woman were not involved in its construction. The buildings which harbour the school were built by Madame de Maintenon. The one-time mistress of the king, in her old days taught the principles of Christian morality to impoverished noble girls.

Let us now forget history and stroll through the woods. They are doing all they can to keep advancing suburban houses at bay.

Encircled on all sides by small woods and brambly coppices, Verrières and Meudon both lie almost at the gates of the capital.

But in these charming corners we are soon reminded that we cannot turn away from history very long. The small valley of the Bièvre, between Palaiseau and Jouy-en-Josas witnessed the romance between Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet. It was indeed, from here that on July 4th, 1834, Juliette wrote her most beautiful love-letter to Victor Hugo :

"Yesterday, 3rd of July, 1834, at half past ten in the evening, in the Ecu de France inn at Jouy, I, Juliette, have been the happiest and proudest woman in the world. I further wish to state that until then I had not felt in all its plenitude, the happiness of loving you and of being loved by you. This letter, which has all the form of an official record, is indeed an instrument establishing the state of my heart.

This act, written to-day, must serve for the rest of my life in this world. The very day, hour and minute it is produced to me, I bind myself to restore the said heart to the same state in which it is to-day, that is to say, filled with only one love, which is yours, and only one thought, which is yours. "

Juliette's small house on the road to Buc still probably exists. You will find it in a forest-clad, and slightly undulating region, not far from the Côte de l'Homme-Mort (Dead Man Hill) and the Vallée aux Loups (Wolf's Valley).

This smiling region, teeming in spring with cowslips and violets, also attracted another celebrated couple : Chateaubriand and Nathalie de Noailles. It was in this Vallée aux Loups that Chateaubriand wrote the " Martyrs " and the " Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem ".

The whole province is undeniably the cradle of Romanticism. It abounds in places reminiscent of scenes from classics of French literature and we shall have the opportunity of finding every poet with a sweet Egeria.

We are now in the centre of a region where Parisians like to come and spend their Sundays. It is a land of roses, where the queen of flowers once bordered the roads. The names of the villages speak for themselves : Fontenay-aux-Roses, l'Haye-les-Roses. The latter possesses a rose-garden containing more than 8,000 species.

Round Robinson, " Guinguettes " (pleasure-gardens) abound ever since a memorable day back in 1848, when a tavern-keeper conceived the brilliant idea of hooking up a huge hut between the branches of a chestnut tree, and serving drinks. His neighbours were not long to follow his example and soon there was dancing in every inn.

The valley of the Yvette, more commonly called " Vallée de Chevreuse ", in a thickly wooded dale is a popular place for Sunday outings. Here we find two celebrated abbeys, those of Port-Royal-des-Champs and the Vaux-de-Cernay.

Let us now go up to Meudon, where Rabelais appears to have been parish priest round about 1550. Meudon is dear also to the heart of Rodin and his companion Rose Beuret, one of his earliest models.

On our way back to Paris we come to :

Ville-d'Avray and the famous " Villa des Jardies " where Balzac and Gambetta lived;

Louveciennes, domain of the du Barry. Given away by her negro-boy Zamore, upon whom she had showered kindnesses, Louis XV's mistress met

a tragic end on the guillotine, as did many other ladies and favourites.

The forest of Marly recalls the old chateau and aqueduct which, under the reign of Louis XIV, conveyed the water to Versailles.

Sèvres, the seat of the famous porcelaine manufacture.

The hills of Saint-Cloud harboured the romance between Lamartine and Julie Charles.

And so we find ourselves again at the gates of Paris, near the Bois de Boulogne. Extending over 2,155 acres, the Bois de Boulogne is one of the largest parks in Paris. Its woods hide several lakes, a few country seats, sports grounds, swimming pools, a polo ground, restaurants de luxe, a miniature zoo, two race-courses. The race-course of Longchamp is one of the most beautiful settings for Parisian festivities, such as the Grande Nuit de Longchamp and the Grand Prix de Paris.

Auteuil is probably the most popular race-course in Paris.

Neuilly, on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne, and only a stone's throw from the Champs-Élysées, is the first smart suburb of Paris. It is a commune of "hôtels particuliers" (private residences). There are scarcely any shops, but large avenues lined with trees, gardens and plain square houses whose only display of wealth lies in their number of windows. Here too, is the fine American hospital, well known and appreciated by the Parisians.

Turning our backs once more on Paris, and following the Seine, we come to:

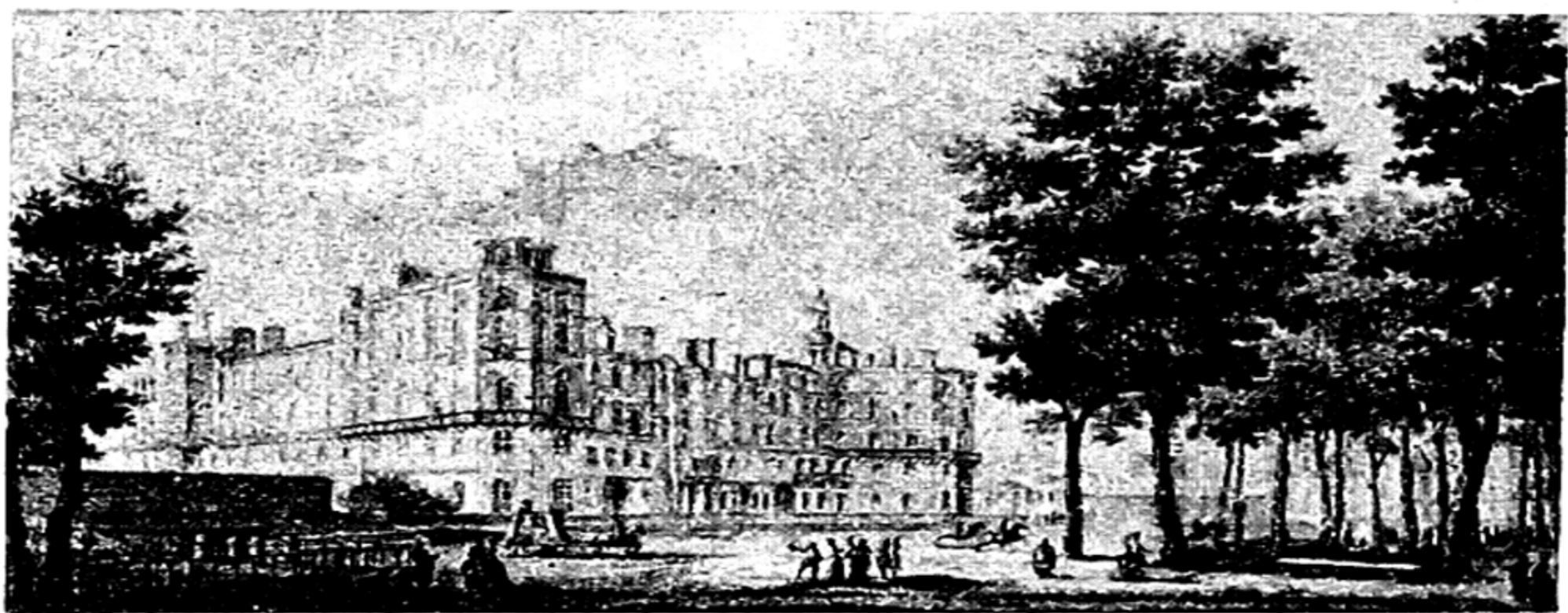
Nanterre, the home of Sainte-Geneviève, patron-saint of Paris. A Well of Sainte-Geneviève may still be seen;

Bougival, on the bank of the river. When it was still a small village, Guy de Maupassant came there to dream of Yvette, the heroine of one of his novels.

La Malmaison and its Chateau which recalls Napoléon more vividly than Fontainebleau, for it was there that during the brilliant period of his epopée, the Emperor came to join Josephine and her court of pretty ladies, so young that they looked like girls, though all married to glamorous marshals.

Whenever they could spare the time between two campaigns, the general staff would gallop up to join their very young wives in their long white dresses. Games and festivities would then last throughout their stay until the day when the gilded, multi-coloured cavalcade disappeared again in a cloud of dust to encounter another coalition.

It was at La Malmaison that the Emperor founded the Legion of Honour and drafted the Code Napoleon and the Concordat. It was also at La Malmaison that Josephine retired, when Napoleon, who wished to have an heir,



The château of Saint-Germain-en-Laye

married Marie-Louise. On the 25th of June, 1815, on the anniversary of the death of Josephine, Napoleon came to La Malmaison to meditate. This was only a few days before his departure for Sainte-Hélène.

SAINT-GERMAIN-EN-LAYE

Although linked to Paris by a succession of avenues and streets, the old commune, crowded together to the right of the chateau, already has all the characteristics of a quiet village of the Ile de France.

The forest is more a park than a wood. It stretches over a large bend of the Seine. It contains some venerable oaks, probably several hundred years old, and bearing such names as "Vierge des Anglais", "Capitaine", "Saint-Fiacre".

A magnificent panorama, including the whole region of Paris and the capital itself, may be seen from the famous Terrasse of Saint-Germain which overhangs the Seine valley for one and a half miles.

At one end of the forest lies the race-course of Maisons-Lafitte.

The chateau de Saint-Germain is linked in history with two favourites of François I^{er}, Diane de Poitiers and Anne de Pisseleu, Duchess of Etampes. We shall meet these two ladies again, the former at the Château of Anet, the latter in Touraine.

Louis XIII died at the château of Saint-Germain, and there Louis XIV was born.

We shall now leave Saint-Germain and proceed towards Mantes by way of the "Route de Quarante-Sous" (Twenty Pence Road). This unofficial name is due to the fact that the workmen were paid 40 sous (or two francs) a day to make it.

We shall leave Villennes, the rendezvous of sun bathers, on our right, as well as Poissy, the capital of anglers.

Médan, a little farther up, owes its celebrity to the Pleiad, a famous group of 16th century French poets, modelled after the antique Greek Pleiad. Ronsard and du Bellay are the best known among this group.

Mantes-la-Jolie lies practically on the border of the Ile de France. This name suits the pleasant little town. It is watered by the Seine, which in this region, forms a number of small beaches of fine sand, like that of Elizabethville. Mantes has shared the fate of all the other towns and villages on the banks of the Seine being first plundered by the Norsemen then by the English. William the Conqueror, whom we shall meet again in Normandy, died when he was putting the town to fire and sword. On his deathbed, however, he had time to repent and gave orders that all he had destroyed should be rebuilt, leaving the money necessary to do so. This however did not bring back the massacred population to life nor restore chastity to the outraged maidens.

Philipp Auguste died at Mantes, in the shadow of this cathedral.

It seems we have travelled far without meeting a writer and his fair companion. Here is Gustave Flaubert, spending delightful days with Louise Colet.

RAMBOUILLET

Rambouillet is well known to the Parisians. It is the hunting seat of the Presidents of the Republic. It was formerly impossible to walk any distance in the forest without starting a pheasant or a hare. In the heart of the old forest of Yvelines, Rambouillet is a wonderful meet.

The Château of Anet, in the vicinity of Rambouillet, saw the beginning of the romance between Henri II and Diane de Poitiers. It was there that Henri II, then "Dauphin", met the former mistress of François I^{er} in the full radiance of her beauty. Although already married to Catherine de Medicis, Henri II fell passionately in love with Diane, who became his mistress.

In 1547, François I^{er} died at the château of Rambouillet, and Henri II became king. The secret reign of the favourite began immediately upon the death of François I^{er}.

Courtiers who suspected the tremendous influence which the favourite was

to exercise over the new king, lost no time in currying her favour, and François I^{er} had scarcely breathed his last than they were already hurrying through the château, to pay their court to her.

It was, moreover, the tradition for the court every time a monarch died, to seek the good graces of the then reigning mistress.

After these furious assaults, when each nobleman had set his heart on arriving first, perukes, canes, and torn pieces of lace would litter the corridors.

The Ile de France has something more to offer than reminiscences of kings and their favourites, and presidential hunts.

It is also a fertile land whose industrious peasants are fully conscious of the riches of its soil, and know how to make the most of it. There is scarcely any waste land in the Ile de France.

Arpajon lies in the centre of a market-gardening region covering the plain of Achères, which produces vegetables of enormous size, and which extends to the very doors of the capital. Each year the " Foire aux Haricots " (Bean Fair) takes place in Arpajon.

Gatinais, south of Rambouillet, in the Hurepoix region, is a wheat-growing land that extends beyond Etampes into the Beauce plain, the granary of France.

Houdan fowl and Gatinais rabbits are two breeds peculiar to the Ile de France. It is the proud claim of every commune round Paris to offer a speciality the name and reputation of which still endure, notwithstanding the fact that the places where they originated from have been overrun by houses : flageolets from Arpajon, Montmorency cherries, Montreuil peaches, Argenteuil asparagus, Chasselas from Fontainebleau, Gennevilliers leeks, and so forth.

FONTAINEBLEAU

Together with Etampes and Chartres, the town of Fontainebleau forms the Northern boundary of the Beauce plain.

Chartres is a large city. Thanks to its magnificent Gothic cathedral, it ranks among one of the sanctuaries of Gothic art. Situated as it is midway between the capital and Touraine, Chartres was host to many a king on his way to the banks of the Loire.

After Versailles, the château of Fontainebleau is the most popular château of the Ile de France.

It was once called the " Château d'Arlequin ". Every period, every reign, has brought its contribution to Fontainebleau. Napoléon once called it the



The " Cour Ovale " of the Chateau of Fontainebleau

" Maison des Siècles " (The house of centuries), which is a very apt name.

The great palace bears the imprint of nearly all the kings of France. Out of the old fortress that stood on the site of the present-day Cour Ovale, they built the composite chateau that may be seen to-day.

Louis XII, François I^{er} and Henri IV are the outstanding figures of Fontainebleau. Louis XIV paid it a visit each year.

But above all, Fontainebleau recalls Napoleon. It was there that he imprisoned Pope Pius VII. In front of this same prison, facing the horseshoe staircase, Napoléon a few years later, on the eve of his departure for the Island of Elba, took leave of his old guard.

But the chateau itself, with all its historical associations, with the hundred-year-old carps of the Grand Bassin, cannot eclipse the magnificent forest surrounding it.

The forest of Fontainebleau is the most beautiful in France. It has grown on a rocky soil. Deep, chaotic valleys, like the " Gorges d'Apremont " and " Gorges de Franchart " give it a wild grandeur that is unequalled. Rocky hillocks, fantastic heaps of rocks, polished by the centuries, contribute to make it so romantic a region that it has been chosen by the famous Barbizon school of landscape painters.

This picturesque region of Fontainebleau is the meeting place of all the scouts and sporting youths of Paris who come there to camp over weekends.

To the North, the forest stretches beyond Melun, and some extensions of it nearly join the forest of Sénart.

To the south, it spreads beyond the splendid region of Nemours and along the Loing, a river teeming in carps and pike.

The forest of Fontainebleau is full of fantastic stories like those of the "Caverne des Brigands" and those of the "Mare aux Fées" (Fairy Pond). In the woods, where one comes across centuries-old trees, some of which have a circumference of eight yards at their base, and where you find trees bearing such names as "Jupiter", "Chêne des Fées" (Fairies' Oak), "Racine", "Chateaubriand" you may have the rare privilege of seeing the ghost of the Master of the Royal Hunt, passing at full gallop.

Superstitions and legends have not prevented our leading landscape painters from pitching their easels amid the green foliage. Millet, Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, are all names associated with Fontainebleau.

Vaux-le-Vicomte brings back the memory of Fouquet, and of the gorgeous fête which he gave in his château on the 17th of August 1661, in honour of Louis XIV. Before the accession of Louis XIV to the throne, the Secretary of Finance had gathered round him such celebrated men as Molière, La Fontaine, Le Nôtre, Girardon, Lebrun and Le Vau. The extravagance displayed by Fouquet incurred the resentment of Louis XIV who felt eclipsed by so much luxury.

To our right lies the region of Brie, bristling with châteaux standing amid the golden corn. Two rivers, the Petit Morin and the Grand Morin, water the tilled land and leave the towns that produce such excellent cheese. Parisians bear a grudge against these two rivers because they often swell the Seine in the rainy season, and cause it to overflow.

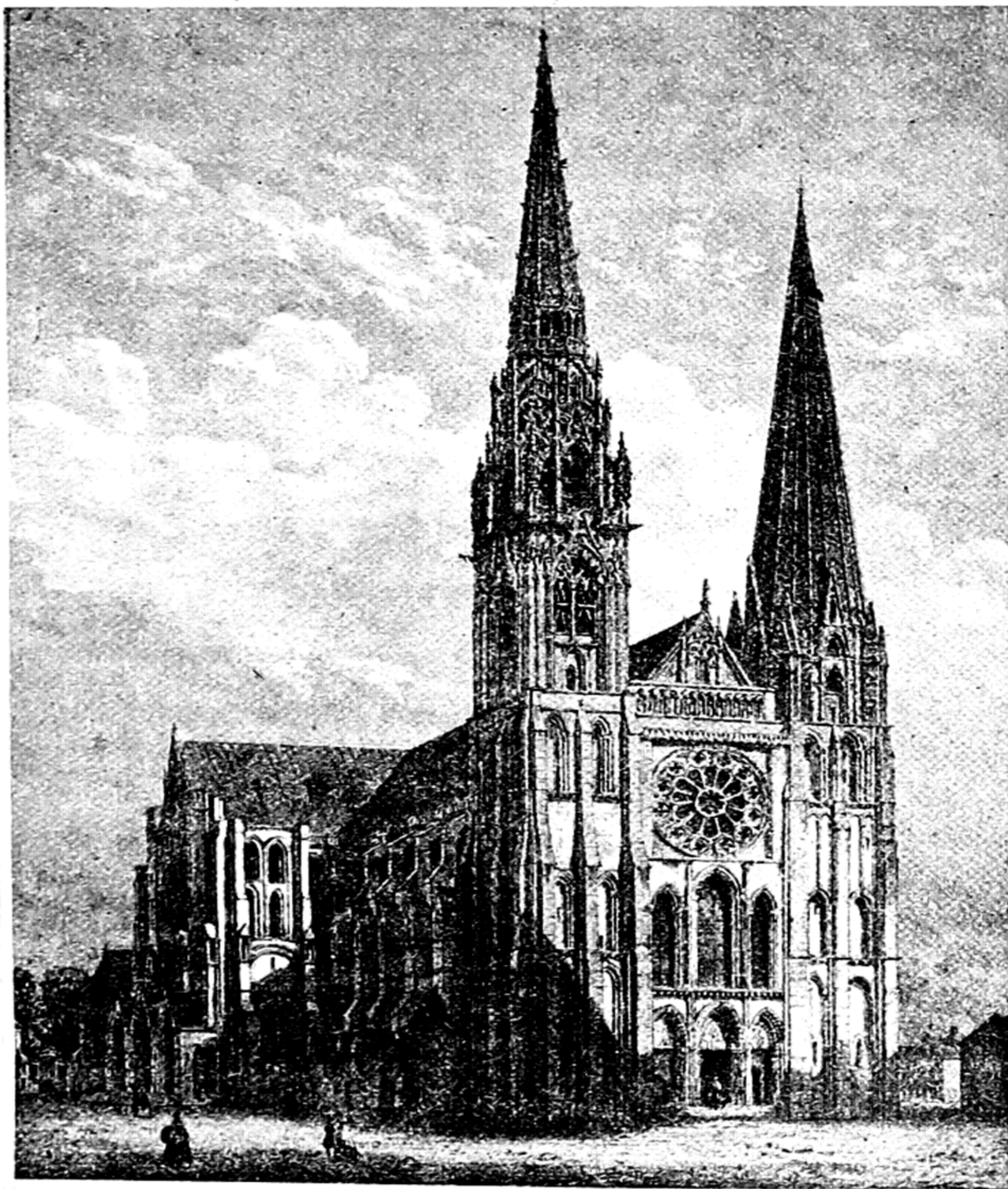
We shall now successively come to :

Corbeil and its numerous mills that are fed with the wheat from Beauce; the Château of Etolles, whence beautiful Madame de Pompadour one day escaped to fall into the arms of Louis XV;

The forest of Sénart, extolled by Alphonse Daudet;

Savigny, which harboured the romance between Chateaubriand and Pauline de Beaumont;

Epinay, the cradle of Romanticism, where J. J. Rousseau entertained in his hermitage the beautiful Sophie d'Houdetot;



Vincennes : we are once more at the gates of the capital. Ever since its construction by Philippe Auguste, the forbidding donjon has played a part in every period of French history.

But the history of Vincennes is identified with that of the Louvre.

COMPIÈGNE

Unlike other royal residences, the Château de Compiègne has a smart and attractive appearance in which one immediately recognises the light and graceful style of the architect Gabriel. The chateau dates from Louis XV. Kings have loved Compiègne because it is full of pleasant memories.

It was there that the Dauphin, later Louis XVI, met Marie-Antoinette for the first time, and where Napoleon came to meet the cortege that was bringing Marie-Louise to him. Later, in 1852, it was again at Compiègne that Napoleon III and Eugénie de Montijo found their souls akin.

The Hôtel de Ville (Town Hall) of Compiègne brings to mind the siege laid to the town in the fifteenth century, when Joan of Arc attempted to find a way out with her troops. Shamefully abandoned by them, she was taken prisoner.

Compiègne has also a place in modern history, for it was there that the armistice of 1918 was signed.

The town of Compiègne is surrounded by a forest of enormous oak and beechtrees, amid which nestle picturesque villages.

On the eastern edge of the forest stands the Château of Pierrefonds, a colossal medieval construction, restored by Viollet-le-Duc. It seems strange to find a feudal castle completely white and quite new in the middle of a forest.

Towards the north-east, past Villers-Cotteret, past the interminable sugar-beet fields, lies Soissons, and going up to Picardy, we come to Coucy-le-Château and Laon.

The whole northern part of the Parisian basin is divided into agricultural lands, on which farming is carried on on a large scale, on a fertile soil, and large forests in which châteaux and small villages lie concealed.

This region's claim to distinction is that three prominent figures in the literary history of France were born on its soil :

La Fontaine at Château-Thierry;

Racine, the great dramatist of the reign of Louis XIV at la Ferté-Milon; and finally Bossuet, bishop and preacher of Meaux, was born at Dijon.

Senlis, capital of the old Valois country, marks at the same time the end of the

famous forest of Compiègne and the beginning of the fine forest of Chantilly.

The city is famous for the Gothic spire of its cathedral, 256 feet high.

Beauvais, to the West of Senlis, is famous for its manufacture of carpets.

On the edge of the park of Chantilly, off the beaten track of Sunday visitors, lie three small villages : Chaalis, Morte-Fontaine, Loisy. This is the enchanted home of Gérard de Nerval, where, as a child, he played with adorable little girls who were called Sylvie, Fanchette, and Héloïse, and for whom he cared very much. This was long before Adrienne inspired his most beautiful pages.

At Ermenonville, always on the edge of the park, lies the empty grave of J.J. Rousseau.

CHANTILLY

The last great château of the Ile de France belongs to the Institut de France to which it was willed by the Duc d'Aumale in 1886.

The memory of the Grand Condé still lingers in the chateau de Chantilly, but it is especially famous for its impressive museum, the chief treasures of which include drawings by Jean and François Clouet, and the manuscripts of an important library. Among these manuscripts is the lovely *Livre d'Heures* du Duc de Berry (Prayer Book of the Duke of Berry).

As we finally turn towards the capital, we shall find Enghien, well known to Parisians for its artificial lake, its sulphur spring and its casino.

Quite near the capital is Saint-Denis whose Gothic basilica, built in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, was formerly the resting place of French kings. Since the Revolution, however, it is nothing but a splendid collection of tombs.

We are now in the very heart of the "banlieue noire" (black suburbs),



which include Aubervilliers, Saint-Ouen, Clichy, Levallois, that have spread promiscuously, without regard to town-planning or taste.

It seems to be the fate of all suburbs to grow haphazard, amid factories and their unhealthy soot and filth. But there are reasons to expect that the day will come when a province as charming as the Ile de France will do away with seedy-looking suburbs, to make way for vast sunny gardens, with wide avenues lined with pleasant, harmonious buildings.

But these sooty, gloomy looking outskirts are not completely devoid of charm and interest, thanks to their odd and picturesque "Marché aux Puces" (Flea Market). At the Flea Markets of Bicêtre, Saint-Ouen, Bagnolet and that of the Porte de Clignancourt, which is the most important of all, ragmen, second-hand dealers in old furniture, curios and pictures, offer the most different objects to the crowds of saunterers who consider going to the Marché aux Puces a real promenade. There are, of course, many more interested spectators than buyers, but since it is not exaggerated to say that one may find almost anything in these markets, one is nearly always tempted by a "unique bargain". As it is quite the thing to haggle over the price, the most insignificant purchase leads to interminable palavers. But there are many modern buildings and places of interest around Paris: Lafayette is buried in the Picpus cemetery; the Cité Universitaire; the Parc de Sceaux; a Cancer Institute and a modern school at Villejuif; Colombes has a fine stadium; and there is a lovely garden-city at Gennevilliers. The light-house of Mont-Valérien is the most powerful in the world. There is too, the Overseas Museum (Musée de la France d'Outremer) at Vincennes; the aerodrome of Bourget, the radio-emitter station of Sainte-Assise, the Beaujon Hospital at Clichy. And dotted here and there are the hundred churches built by Cardinal Verdier, in modern style.



Some of the most striking features of the outskirts of Paris are the huge market-gardens which stretch over several miles and even come up to the very doors of the factories.

In normal times, most of the market-garden produce is sent to the Halles, which is the food centre of Paris, just as Covent Gardens is the food centre of London. The vegetables are collected during the day, loaded on to lorries or trucks in the evening, and driven through Paris at night to be sold at dawn.

From Mantes came the fruit, asparagus from Argenteuil ; beans from Soissons, chickens from Hou, dan as also a certain variety of the Brie cheese. The huge flour-mills of Corbeil supplied Paris with its daily bread, whilst the Northern regions sent sugar for its morning cup of coffee.

But apart from the country produce, various industries have been favoured by the neighbourhood of the capital. Specially worthy of mention are the porcelain manufactures of Sèvres, which produce artistic wares known the world over. The mirror-works of Saint Gobain are the largest in France. There are also the tapestry and carpet works of Beauvais. Amongst newer industries rank the paper-mills of Corbeil and Essonnes, the steel works at Creil, and finally the foundries and forges of Montataire.



GASTRONOMY IN ILE-DE-FRANCE

The culinary riches of the Ile de France are incomparable. Let us mention a few specialities among thousands of others :

- Etampes lark pie and almond cakes;
 - Beauvais comfits;
 - Melun eel-pie ;
 - Paris mushrooms as served at Carrière-sous-Bois;
 - Fried fish and matelote (fish with a wine sauce) all along the Seine, the Oise, and the Marne;
 - Coq en pâte (a cock, or chicken, baked in the oven and wrapped up in pastry);
 - Baker shoulder of mutton (cooked in an oven with potatoes all around it);
 - Saint-Germain soup (pea-soup with fried crusts);
 - Scalloped onion soup;
 - Entrecôte Bercy (with a sauce made up of butter, white wine, shallots and chopped parsley);
 - Mutton feet with poulette sauce (the sauce is composed of the cooking water of mushrooms thickened with yolks of eggs);
 - Mironton beef, which the Parisian concierges are said to make so well;
 - Bûns, waffles, cream-buns, crêpes Suzette (pancakes), and a good many more.
- Sometimes the name of a dish is quite misleading; you think it comes from one place and that is not so. Thus Béarnaise sauce was first made at the Pavillon Henri IV, at Saint-Germain, and so named in honour of Henri IV, who came from Béarn.

Lobster à l'Américaine, which everyone knows today, was invented in Paris in 1869 by the Provençal chef Fraisse, owner of the restaurant Noël Peters.

Sole normande was created in 1837 by chef Langlais, also at Paris, rue Montorgueil, in the restaurant that was then famous, called the Rocher de Cancale.

Puff potatoes were first served on the 25th of August 1837, in a restaurant on the terrace of Saint-Germain-en-Laye. It was thanks to a mishap that they were discovered. The Paris-Saint-Germain railway line was being inaugurated that day, and the officials and important persons invited to the ceremony

were late owing to the difficulties the engine had had in hauling its tender up the slope.

The chef had to take his potatoes out of the frying fat, and put them in again at the last moment, when the guests had arrived.

He was intensely surprised to see his potatoes puffing up, and thus created a new speciality without design.

Ile de France is a rich province.

Immediately on the outskirts of Paris are market gardens.

A little further away are wheat fields, cereals and sugar beet.

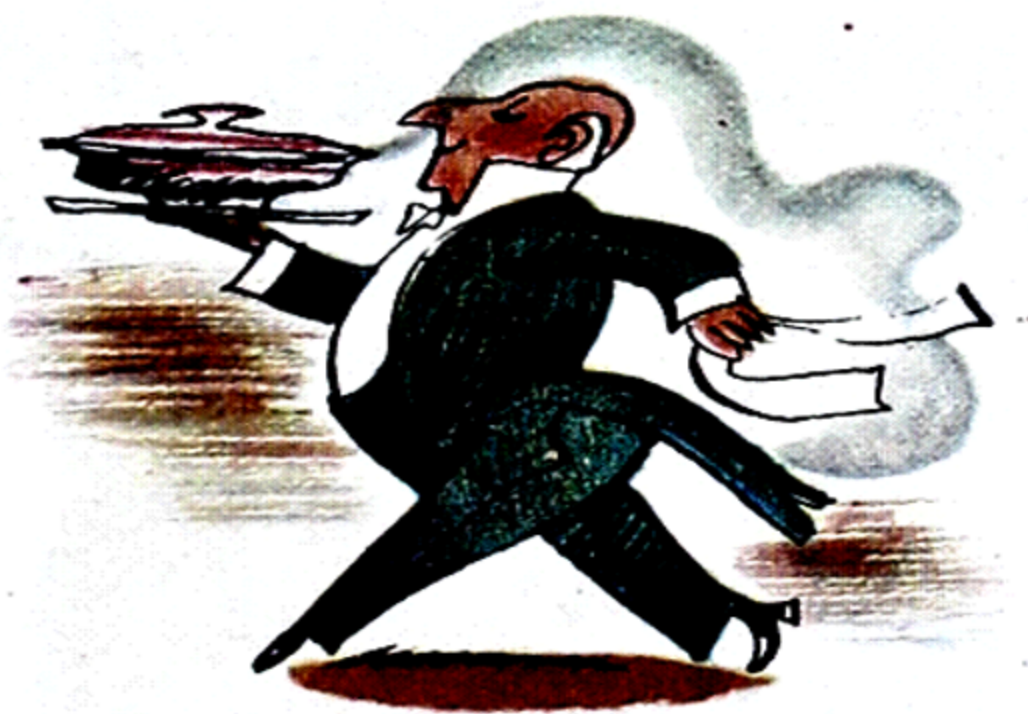
Paris is the capital of the world of gastronomy.

If you do not count the guests of famous restaurants and the host of people who live for eating, the majority of workers and office employees prefer simple dishes. Their favourite is the traditional and famous "Chateaubriand aux pommes", better known as "steak and chips".

But let us not forget that Parisians are old Provincials.

They are often grouped together by quarters or by suburbs.

And the shops that sell the produce from the "province", supplies all the capital with its specialities.



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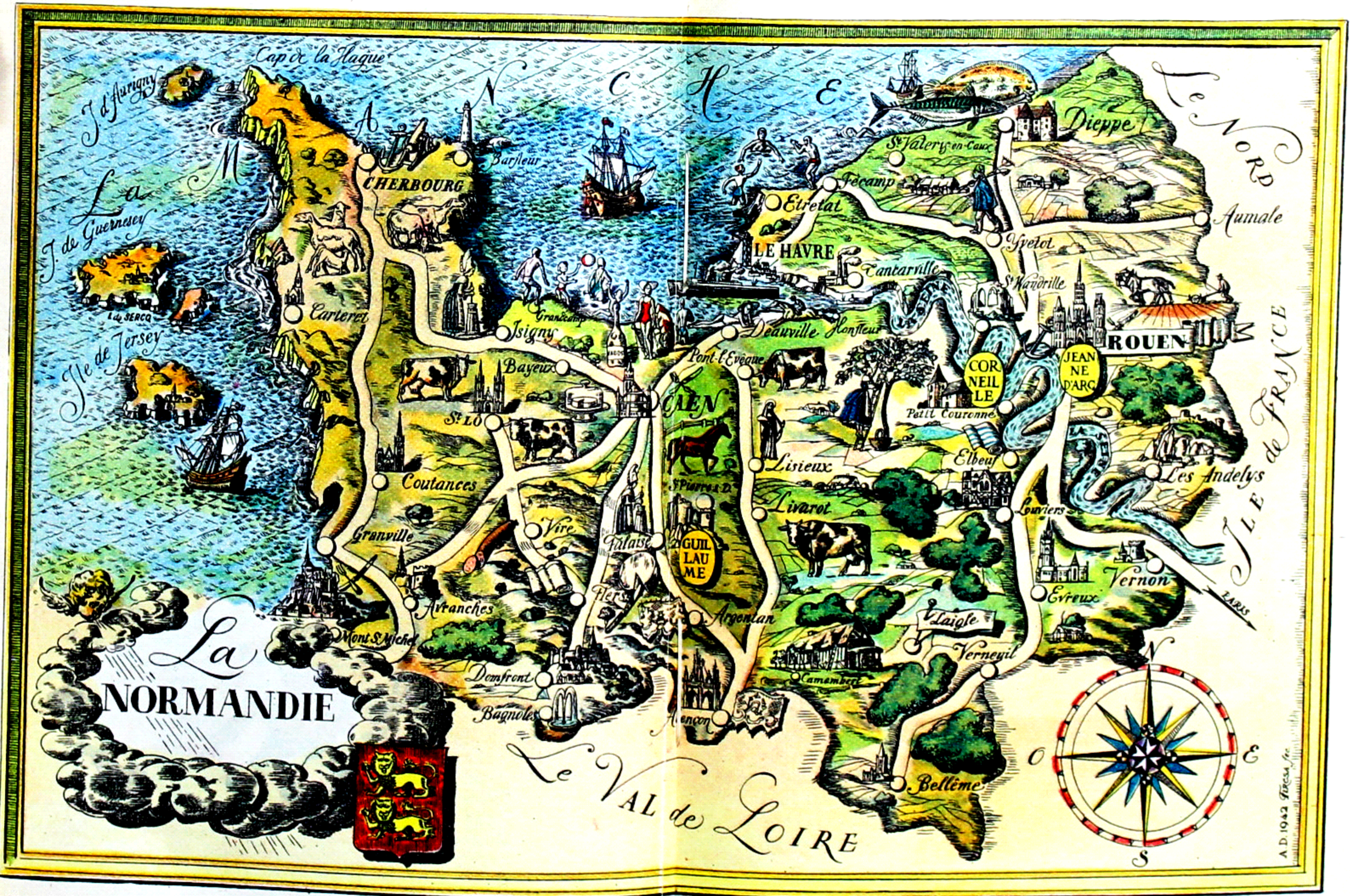
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A normand Costume



N O R M A N D Y

Normandy is symbolised by an apple-tree in blossom, in the shade of which a milch-cow is ruminating.

In this rich pastoral country, grass grows with such incredible vigour, that according to an old popular saying, a stick thrown into a meadow in the evening, cannot be found again the next morning.

For the city children, Normandy is a seashore paradise. The coast of Calvados is bordered with a regular string of seaside resorts all joyously animated in Summer. The Seine Valley, the Caux country, the Bessin, the Calvados, and the Cotentin afford an equal attraction for the tourist who is fascinated by beautiful chateaux revealed by every bend of the road, high Gothic churches, old manors and abbeys. Rouen, called the museum-city, is the capital and the Mont Saint-Michel its most precious work of art.

For the sailors, this province is above all a familiar coast-line. The transatlantic port of Havre, the naval base of Cherbourg, and all the fishing ports from Dieppe to Granville, border a shore peopled with ship-owners, freshfish hawkers, sailors' uniforms and pleasant-looking women wearing white headdresses shaped like butterflies.



An old engraving showing the port of Rouen

THE SEINE VALLEY

To explore a province, rivers are always better than roads.

From Vernon to Havre, the Seine valley is a winding corridor where the whole history of Normandy is unfolded.

The "Nationale 182" (National Highway No. 182) runs along the gorge up to Rouen and now and then looks down upon vast panoramas through which the Seine meanders. The innumerable hoardings, petrol pumps, road signs and over-modern inns which is the inevitable price paid for heavy traffic roads, unfortunately distract the motorist's attention who takes away a more lasting recollection of these advertisements than of the scenery itself.

The most ideal way to see the country is to come down the Seine valley astern a barge, with the boat's dog at one's feet, not forgetting a pipe and a few old books on the Norman invasion and the Hundred Years' War.

You will thus pass three reaches and some fifteen odd bridges. Then aboard a tug, on the other side of Rouen, you will cut in ten or twelve ferries on the Maritime Seine, where the "mascaret" (bore) will meet you. You had better leave your boat at Tancarville because it would be too choppy at the mouth of the river which has been stemmed with a canal joining up to Havre. Standing out against a grey hazy background, riverside villages, forests, church spires, ruins and smoky chimneys stacks will escort you on your peaceful journey.

Vernon, standing out so green with its forest all about it, is the port of embarkation for our silent voyage.

The Epte flows into the Seine not far from Vernon. The small village of Saint-Clair, thirteen miles upstream, is famous through the treaty which Charles III, called Charles the Simple, signed in 911, whereby he ceded to Rollo, chief of the Northmen invaders, the country of Neustria which later was called Normandy. The treaty of Saint-Clair put an end to the pillages and devastations by Scandinavian bands who had put the Seine valley to fire and sword for a century. The country afterwards enjoyed an era of peace. With the ardour of a neophyte, Rollo, who became the first Duke of Normandy, and his successors who were converted to Catholicism, rebuilt the churches and abbeys they had once destroyed.

After Vernon, the wooded landscape continues up to Les Andelys above which rise the ruins of Château-Gaillard. This rocky spur calls to mind another historic episode, for it was there that Richard Cœur de Lion (Richard I) in 1196 built the disquieting fortress to which Philippe Auguste laid a relentless siege.

The whole rivalry between the kings of France and the kings of England, descendants of Rollo, is symbolised by this bastion which in 1204 saw the triumph of the Capetians, and the return of Normandy to the crown.

Slowly the Seine flows down to the sea, covered with innumerable isles on which cows graze. The nearer we come to its mouth, the greater the number of barges and tugs ploughing its channel.

Elbeuf, famous for the manufacture of cloth and hosiery as well as of woollens, is watered by the Seine.

The horizon is gloomy. A fine rain blurs the river banks. Factories, railway tracks and allotments indicate that we are nearing Rouen, its port and industries.

ROUEN

Rouen, "the hundred-spined town", as Victor Hugo used to call it. The great Gothic city bristles with church spires, towers and pinnacles dominated by the cathedral spire which rises 511 feet above the ground.

This church forms an immense architectural block out of proportion to the size of the city. The cathedral is of different styles. The spire itself dates from the XIXth century. A great number of architectural details, such as the Porte des Libraires and Porte de la Galende, and above all the

splendid "Tour de Beurre" (Butter Tower) would be sufficient to classify the cathedral among the most beautiful French religious edifices.

The "Butter Towers", as may be remembered, were erected throughout the country out of the contributions which the congregations volunteered to give as expiation when they had eaten butter on days of abstinence. The capital of Normandy, therefore, could do nothing less than to possess an especially remarkable butter tower.

The open-work tops of a multitude of churches rise throughout the city. Saint-Maclou, with its flamboyant five-door portal, and Saint-Ouen are the most remarkable. The confusion of narrow streets round each monument of the museum-city maps out an intricate itinerary. The "Grande Horloge" (Big Clock) the "Palais de Justice" (Law Courts) and the "Archevêché" (Archbishop's Palace) are hidden in these narrow streets. The Place du Marché, where Joan of Arc was burnt alive in 1431, is still a traditional pilgrimage.

The war has not spared Rouen and the mutilated city to-day thinks of a new city-planning, but there is a conflict of opinion between lovers of esplanades and those advocating the maintenance of local colour.

Midway between Paris and the sea, the port of Rouen, one of the country's most active ports, looks forward to heavy traffic again when conditions are once more normal.

FROM ROUEN TO HAVRE

Maritime Seine starts from the Transporter Bridge and makes three more loops before reaching its estuary, always as calm and as favourable to navigation. It waters Grand Couronne, where Corneille's house may be seen. It skirts La Bouille behind which stand out the ruins of Robert le Diable's château. Robert le Diable was Duke of Normandy from 1028 to 1035. The river widens out at the top of the Duclair loop, celebrated for its ducks and the way they are cooked. The "canard à la rouennaise" is a dish famous all over the country. The Seine then widens out further on the other side of Caudebec as it approaches the penultimate bend in its meandering course. Here we find two celebrated abbeys the Abbaye of Jumièges and the Abbaye Saint-Wandrille.

The ruins of Jumièges date from the ninth century and the splendour of the abbey befits the Dukes of Normandy. Like Jumièges, Saint-Wandrille had a most eventful past from which neither fires nor pillages were excluded.



Rouen Cathedral

Caudebec with its old Norman houses, and Villequier, the home of barge men and estuary pilots, precede Quillebœuf, the refineries of Port-Jérôme, and the village of Tancarville, surmounted by a promontary where the ruins of a chateau built by the Dukes of Normandy may still be seen.

The estuary begins here. Together with Bordeaux and Marseilles, Le Havre ranks as the biggest commercial French port. Over one-quarter of our sea-borne trade goes through Havre. It is our wool, cotton, coffee and leather port and the regular port of sail for the big transatlantic liners of the New York line.

The quai de Southampton, reserved for the small estuary coasters and steamers crossing to England, is the most picturesque district of this great port.

DIEPPE AND THE CAUX COUNTRY

At the foot of beetling cliffs, the maidens of Dieppe used to come on the beach to gather the white round shingles that were supposed to possess the power of finding a husband.

Dieppe already existed during the Gallo-Roman period. It was called "La Cité des Ivoires" (Ivory City) under François I^{er}, and the caravels which reached the unknown shores of Africa and America, had started from Dieppe.

In the Caux country, the coast is edged with narrow beaches formed by the successive slipping of cliffs, as at Etretat, Fécamp, Saint-Valéry, le Tréport.

The whole region is a vast wind-swept plateau, and is made of the same cretaceous formations as are found in Champagne. Villages, farms and kitchen-gardens are protected by embankments crowned by beech-trees.

CAEN AND THE NORMAN LANDSCAPE

The Norman countryside may be compared to a huge garden, to a limitless green lawn intersected by quickset hedges. In the spring, with its boundless fields strewn with daisies and delicate pink apple-blossom, the whole of Normandy bursts into flower. How could the Norman peasant help being amiable and merry in such a setting? Cunning, hard-working, but fond of good food, he is sure to thaw before a dainty dish. Rich food, fresh cream, pats of butter, cheese, cider and calvados appear side by side on the Norman table.

In the old days, the Great Fair of Guilbroy was the occasion for carousing throughout Normandy and the tradition was carried on at the Fair of Lessay until recent years. The Fair of Lessay is famous all over the country for its

exceptional choice of horses, salt-marsh meadow sheep, cows and fowls.

Local costumes, and particularly the beautiful head-dresses worn by the peasant women, were one of the fairs' chief attractions. The shape of these head-dresses differed with every region : high caps from Lisieux, shell-fish shaped caps from Fécamp, comet-like caps from Coutances, butterflies from Bocage, pleated caps from Falaise, and finally the huge caps from the Caux region, often requiring yards of that famous Alençon lace.

Caen in the middle of a fertile plain covered with cereals, is the capital of the Norman country. The steeples rising above the town are visible from a great distance.

Caen is a busy town. It still possesses the colossal fortress built by William the Conqueror, and Saint-Pierre's church, a beautiful Gothic construction with a marvellous serrated tower.

Each region in Normandy has its own town recognisable from a distance by the particular shape of its church tower or of its chateau.

Bayeux is the largest city in Bessin, a country rich in old manors. It is a quiet peaceful place, dominated by the towers of a cathedral which is one of the most perfect specimens of Norman art.

The city has kept the famous Queen Mathilde tapestry. This piece of canvas is 196 feet long, and is supposed to have been worked by the queen herself and her court-ladies; it depicts the episodes of the conquest of England by William the Conqueror.

William was born in 1027, in the chateau of Falaise. The legend claims that Robert le Magnifique, as he was looking out of the windows of his castle one day, became enamoured of Arlette of Falaise, who was busy washing her frock in the fountain. Guillaume le Bâtard (William the Bastard), the greatest and most warlike of all Norman dukes, was born nine months later out of this sudden passion.

Lisieux stands in the centre of a region regarded as the most fertile in Normandy, the Auge Valley and the Touques Valley. Lisieux is the home of Sainte Thérèse, and her rococo basilica attracts thousands of pilgrims every year.

Lisieux also possesses the most picturesque streets in Normandy.

The countryside round Lisieux is a cheese-producing centre of universal reputation, as may be judged by the names of such famous villages as Camembert, Pont-l'Évêque, Livarot, and Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives, better known to the world as cheeses than villages.

THE CALVADOS BEACHES

The Orne estuary divides the coast-line into two parts. On the right we find the great fashionable beaches launched by the Parisians and the English, the most famous of which are Deauville with its theatres, Trouville with its lively port, Houlgate and Cabourg with their casinos, and their big hotels built in the South American style, their golf courses, their swimming-pools and their cottages set amid the greenery. Honfleur, the picturesque old port, is crowded with artists.

On the left of the estuary are the children's beaches : Saint-Aubin, Courseulles, Arromanches, and Grandcamp, where coastal fishing was once very active.

THE "SUISSE NORMANDE", THE COTENTIN AND THE AVRANCHIN

Vire, Flers and Falaise are on the border of a very special part of Normandy called " La Suisse Normande " (Norman Switzerland). In this hilly country, the Orne has cut its deep bed through red sandstone and amid rank vegetation and small villages hidden among the green slopes.

East of granitic Vire and of industrial Flers, the centre of cloth-mills, spinning-mills and dye-works, the Alpes Mancelles hide two big villages in their foothills : Alençon and Argentan, both renowned for their fine lace.

Laigle, a little further north, is famous for the quality of the needles it manufactures.

In a woody valley, in the neighbourhood of Argentan, lies Bagnoles-de-l'Orne a watering-place for the treatment of venous troubles. With its two casinos, its lakes, and its 98 acre park, Bagnoles-de-l'Orne is a pleasant resort.

The Cotentin peninsula has a poorer soil and its climate is damper and colder than inland. The grass, swept by sea-winds, is spotted with sheep. The inland heath reminds one of adjoining Brittany. The wild character of the peninsula becomes more accentuated as we near Cherbourg and the Cap de la Hague. The rich pastures of Isigny then give way to the rugged land of Brittany, peopled with all the evil sprites and supernatural beings we find in Finistère.

Cherbourg is a big naval port, created out of the granite.

Big liners of the New York line pass swiftly by Cherbourg. Some of them call at the port.

Saint-Lô is a small town very busy with its woollen, calico, ribbon and

paper industries. It is very proud of its old church, built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Coutances has a splendid thirteenth century cathedral, which is the finest edifice of the Norman Gothic school. This little city lives mainly by selling its cattle and its butter.

Normandy ends with the Avranchin.

Avranches is its most important town, and forms a triangle with Granville and Vire.

Granville, a fishing port and middle-class resort, looks out on the Mont Saint-Michel, across the bay.

Despite the Breton jetty of Pontorson, a town which marks the boundary between the two provinces, the Mont Saint-Michel still belongs to Normandy.

The Channel islands of Jersey, Alderney, Guernsey and Sark are scattered off the Cotentin peninsula. They belong to England. They are of very hard rock which has resisted all the furious assaults of wind and sea, while the mainland has slowly been washed away.

When exiled by Napoléon III in 1851, Victor Hugo took refuge in Guernsey. There he wrote the "Travailleurs de la Mer" (The Toilers of the Deep), a novel which depicts the life of the inhabitants of that island.

THE MONT SAINT-MICHEL

The "Marvel of the West", as it is called, the rocky islet stands between Brittany and Normandy.

The sea surrounds it at high tide, but a dike makes access to it possible at all times.

At low tide, it is surrounded by dangerous quicksands.

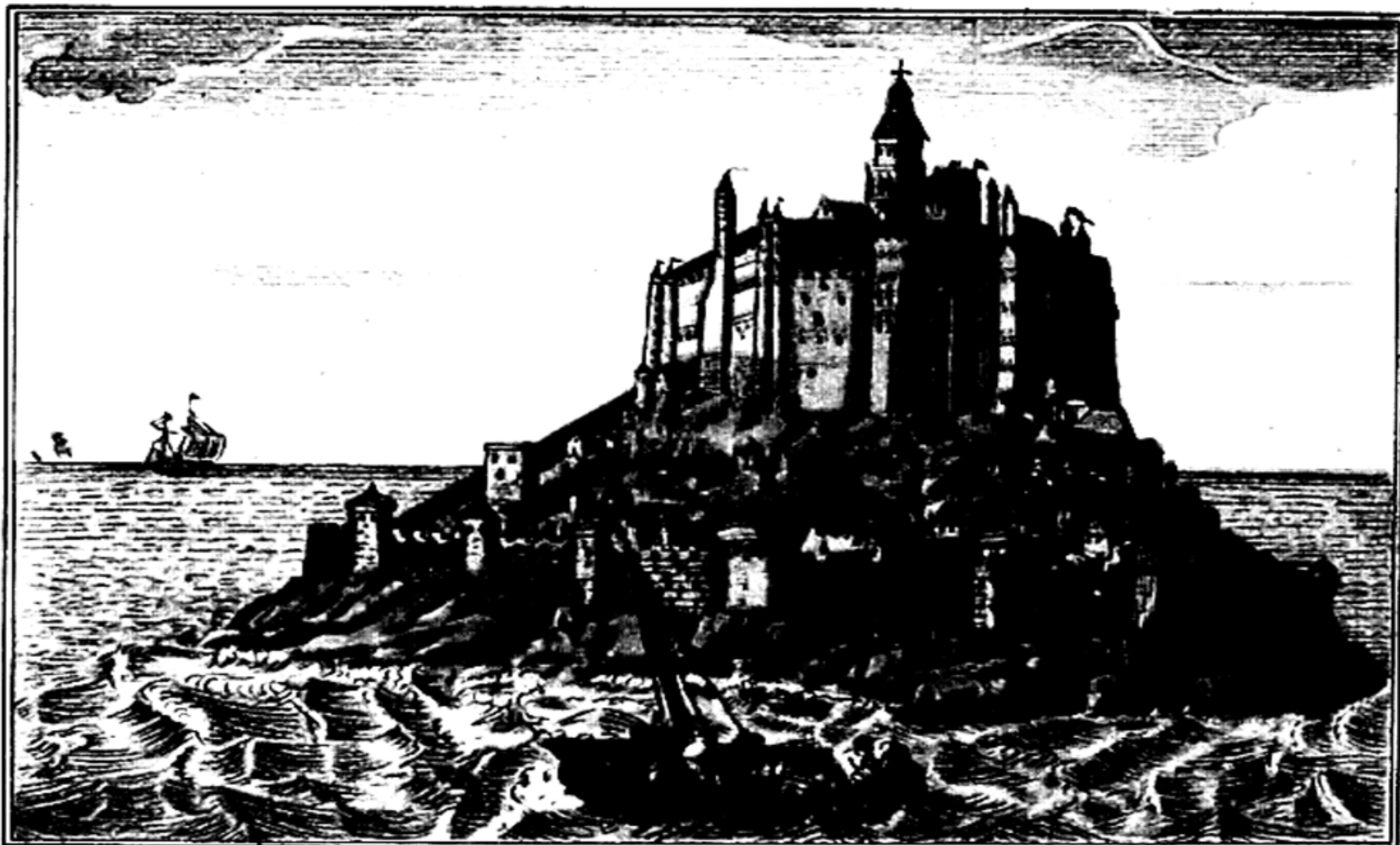
Its base is formed by a girdle of walls, 2,952 feet in circumference. A small medieval village is crowded within its walls, and a single street, lined with shops, climbs up to a remarkable abbey.

At the time of the Roman domination over Gaul, the then desert Saint-Michel became the inaccessible refuge of nine Druid priests whose mission it was to maintain the pagan faith throughout Gaul.

Saint-Aubert in the eighth century had a first chapel built on the rock which was dedicated to Saint-Michel.

Later, from 1203 to 1228, an extraordinary task was undertaken.

A marvellous Gothic abbey, composed of three superimposed stories, was built on the very summit of the rock.



Mont Saint-Michel (XIIth - XVIth cent.)

As the abbey rose, it became lighter and more fairylike.

The wine store-room supports the Salle des Chevaliers, which in turn supports the cloister itself, dominated by the church gable and its pointed archways.

The Crypte de l'Aquilon, the Aumônerie, and the Salle des Hôtes complete this harmonious example of monastic art.

The Mont Saint-Michel is probably the most popular French architectural monument, and one of the most remarkable from the point of view of military and monastic architecture.

Louis XI instituted in this very abbey in 1469 the Order of the Knights of Saint-Michael.

Like most abbeys in France, it has endured fire, lightening, wars and storms, without losing any of its beauty and charm.

Normandy is, above all, a rich province. It calls to mind rich pastures, a quiet life, and good food. These riches are not due only to its temperate climate and to its fertile soil, it is also due in a large measure to the unceasing work of its inhabitants.



The Normans are hard, rather stingy, and know which side their bread is buttered. They are said to be crafty, suspicious, and not too particular about their word of honour. A Norman says neither yea nor nay. A proverb teaches that a Norman will say and unsay. Moreover moralists frown on the Norman liking for wine and calvados, which is not without endangering the general health.

But on the other hand we must remember that these hardworking, thrifty and patient peasants have had to resist for centuries against the horrors of war. They have had continually to rebuild their devastated country, and that takes time, effort and love.

The difficulties which have assailed them have taught them prudence, and this, while keeping intact the willpower of these sons of corsairs and warriors, has considerably sharpened their native wit and intelligence.

And, though Normans are very suspicious of strangers, once you are adopted as "one of them", they will do anything for you at any time.

We must not forget that some of the greatest French writers have come from Normandy.

THE GASTRONOMY OF NORMANDY

The special features of Normandy cooking, its bases, one might almost say, are milk, butter, cream, sea-fish, fowl, cheese, eggs, cider and calvados (apple-brandy).

It has a number of recipes, and the list is by no means exhausted when you have mentioned Norman sole, canard à la Rouennaise (Rouen duck) and tripe à la mode de Caen (Caen tripe). There are many others, which help to make Normandy a heaven for gourmets.

It is impossible to forget Cotentin, the land of salt-marsh mutton and lamb; Calvados where butter is king at Isigny; and Vire where chitterlings are queens.

It would be equally unjust to pass over in silence the wonderful tripe of Ferté-Macé; Caudebec and its smelt; Cherbourg and its "Demoiselles" (deliciously cooked rock-lobsters); Dieppe, which not only owns sole Dieppoise but also excellent mackerel cooked in white wine; Duclair ducks which are known the whole world over; Falaise and its delicious little cakes and chitterlings; the trout at Arques and Gisors; the stuffed trotters and chitterlings of Rouen; Courseulles and its oysters; the camemberts of Lisieux and Vimoutiers; the chitterlings of Pont-Audemer; Le Havre and its biscuits which imitate the shingle on the beach; the shellfish of Honfleur, and the Mont Saint-Michel which would be entirely covered by all the omelettes that the guests of Mère Poulard have eaten all these years.

There are twenty-one different kinds of cheese in this province.

Norman recipes are savoury, whether you think of "matelote" of sole cooked in cider, and simmering on a slow fire, or Vallée d'Auge chicken decked with creamy sauce, or Isigny omelette, stuffed with mussels and shrimps, not to forget the golden-brown, tasty rabbit stuffed with aromatic herbs.

Apples play a great part in the various cakes and sweets the Normans are so fond of: Norman cassiolette with pippins, "bourdelots" where the apples are wrapped in pastry and put in the oven, pancakes basted with flaming calvados, not to mention hosts of delicious other things.

And you must drink cider.

Normandy can be proud of at least a dozen original growths, but very few people can distinguish them.

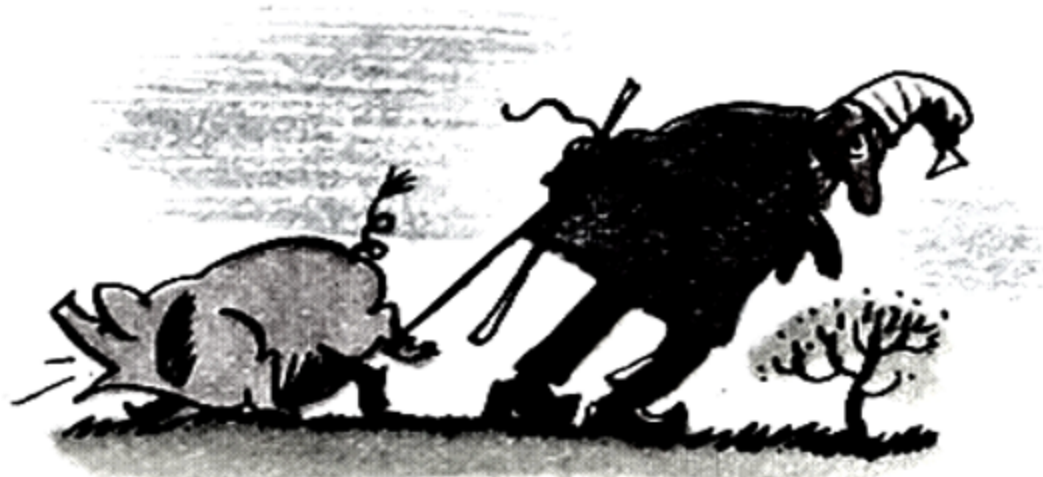
Nevertheless, even an essentially Norman meal must allow wine to be drunk with such or such a dish cider would spoil, such as game.

To crown everything, there is nothing like calvados, or cider alcohol,

slowly sipped from the cup, still warm from the coffee. It is only then you get the whole of the taste. Every calvados does not possess the same aroma, and a great gourmet once remarked :

“ Certain varieties of apples, while they borrow their perfume from the numerous ethers which develop during the fermentation of the must, have also their own aroma proper, and special to each variety. “ La Jeannetonne ” smells like violets; “ La Peau de Vache Nouvelle ” smells of bitter almonds, “ Le Bérat Rouge ”, “ Le Frequin ”, “ Le Marin Onfroy ”, “ Les Muscadets ” have a musky aroma, “ Les Fenouillettes ” smell of aniseed, “ Le Binet Doré ” has the smell of honey, and so forth ”.

All that thanks to the apples, that selfsame fruit which led to the casting out of Paradise of our ancestors. We needed a compensation : it has given us cider and calvados.



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Breton costumes



B R I T T A N Y

Arcoat... the wood. Armor... the sea.
Ocean and forests! The whole of Brittany is illustrated by these two words.

Between the ocean and the woods lie an indented coast and a wild heath on which lives a hardy and proud people.

The entire province is but a single block of granite over which sultry low-lying clouds sail by at full speed.

In a good many places near the coast the granite loses its barren nature. Mimosa, pink laurel and cauliflowers grow there on a fertile land.

Between the reefs, by the sea-side, small creeks of fine sand form hundreds of beaches.

Brittany is one of France's most picturesque provinces.

It is the home of legends. The whole province is strewn with vestiges of pagan and christian cults.

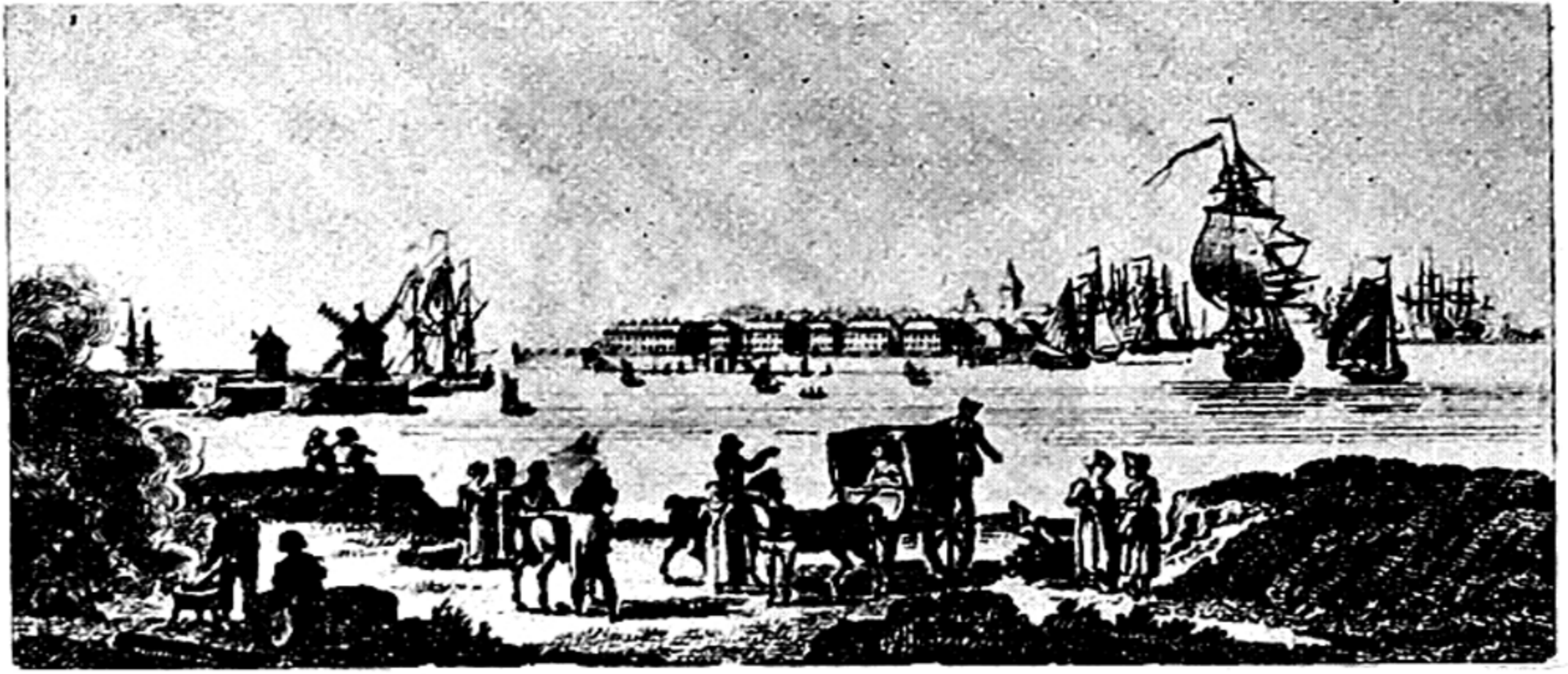
The songs of Brittany are sweet and melancholy. They tell of seamen who were lost at sea, and of the wind that sweeps over the heath.

No other race in France is as devout and superstitious as the Bretons.

There are many fishing ports in Brittany, and very few large towns.

The least hamlet possesses a church for the women and a pub for the men.

In the poorest farm, you are sure to find a wardrobe containing some old Breton costumes with the gold-embroidered jacket, the large hats trimmed with velvet ribbons, and the white caps carefully laid out flat on the piles of snowy sheets.



A view of Saint-Malo (XVIIIth century)

ARMOR... THE SEA AND THE COASTS

In February, Saint-Malo's big three-masted ships head northwards.

For eight months, the Newfoundland fishermen will be out catching cod in the icy cold and fog off the coast of Groenland. The women will wait until the coming of autumn making fishing-nets, or working in packing houses. Meanwhile the children grow.

When it is time for the men to return, mothers, wives and fiancées climb to the summit of a rock from which they can look far out to sea.

Generation after generation of women have climbed the very same rock to scan the horizon.

One day, the first sail will heave in sight.

Perhaps some ship will be missing.

In the old days, Newfoundland fishing boats only made a very short call at Saint-Malo, and were immediately off again to sell their fish in Italy or in Spain.

The corsair town was not very fond of cod.

It preferred the musty smell of spices, tobacco, furs and exotic woods to that of brine.

Every time Louis XIV went to war against England or Holland or any other maritime power, Saint-Malo was overjoyed. Ships were eagerly armed, sabres

and axes carefully sharpened. And let's chance it... the whole town would set out to privateer the enemy's merchant ships.

Hefty sailors like Dugay-Trouin, Surcouf were known by all the sea-faring nations of the world.

The technique then consisted in skilfully manœuvring, when within sight of the enemy, in order to keep clear of langrage and canon-balls, and then attempt boarding the enemy ship. Grapnels were cast. Sailors had already assailed the enemy bridge and were hitting hard and killing when the ships were still eight to ten feet apart.

It sometimes happened that two or three ships from Saint-Malo attacked convoys of twenty to thirty merchantmen, protected by war ships. A gang of toughs quick in wielding a knife would then be heaved over onto the enemy decks and left to do their job while the corsairs were proceeding to deal with another ship.

The chaplain of the corsair himself would take part in the combat, and knew how to make use of an axe or a pistol.

The merchantmen would often surrender to avoid the battle, but it also happened that our Malouins (natives of Saint-Malo) met their match. On such occasions a real carnage ensued on both sides.

Vanquished chiefs were treated with all due honours.

Jean Bart and Dugay-Trouin who had been imprisoned in England, managed to escape and returned to Brittany in tiny boats, pulling at the oars.

But when the captures had been good, it was not unusual to see our ruffians return to Saint-Malo with a real flotilla of prisoners trailing after them. The whole town then reeked of vanilla and cocoa. All the wharves were encumbered with sugar, indigo and tobacco. Bags filled with gold-dust and cases holding ingots of silver were immediately put away in safe places by the ship-owners.

The King of France who encouraged the privateering, received his share of the booty.

Fishing is to-day one of Brittany's chief resources. Coastal fishing like that of the sardine-fishers of Douarnenez, deep-sea fishing like that of the tunny-fishers of Concarneau who undertake five to ten voyages every season.

The first Breton packing-house was created in 1828. In summer, when the blue fishing nets are laid out to dry in the port, one is sure to see at least a dozen artists about, with their camp-stools and easels.

Lorient, to-day an important naval base, as well as a great fishing and

commercial port, was in the seventeenth century the home port of the famous India Company.

The land on which Brittany stands to-day was one of the first to emerge from the sea. The sea is perpetually breaking against the rocks that form its entire jagged coast. These rocks are the oldest in France.

Legends abound all along this remarkable accumulation of rocks, often covered with wrack. The most famous is that of "Le Roi d'Ys". According to the ancient Celtic tradition, Ys was a Breton city protected at the far end of the bay by a huge dyke destined to hold back the sea at high tide.

Dahut, the adorable but perverse daughter of the King of Ys, stole from her father the golden key opening the gate of the dyke, and went to meet her lover at low tide. This was in the evening. Evening became night, and the tide rose. Still Dahut lingered. The sea burst the dyke and submerged the whole city. Dahut, together with all the other inhabitants, disappeared in the waves. Ever since that time, says the legend, a siren sometimes inveigles a sailor by her songs. The siren is beautiful Dahut, and the seamen who fall under her spell never return. The roaring of the sea is none other than the deep tone of the thousand church bells that were once submerged.

This enduring Breton legend seems to corroborate the scientific theory of certain geologists, contested by other equally informed geologists, according to whom the indentation of the Breton coast was not the work of waves, but the result of a general rising of the sea level in the quaternary period. The water is supposed to have penetrated into the continent by following its relief.

The whole of Finistère is bordered with isles and reefs. These reefs constitute a permanent danger to coastal navigation. Hence the brief but sinister seamen's proverbs that warn of the inhospitability of the coast :

Qui voit Ouessant voit son sang (He who sees Ouessant sees his blood)

Qui voit Sein voit sa fin (He who sees Sein sees his own end).

Bays and promontaries bear such significant names as "Enfer de Plogoff" (Plogoff Hell) or "Baie des Trépassés" (Bay of the Dead).

Wreckers once thrived on this inhospitable coast.

In the night they haunted the deserted shore. A lantern swaying between the horns of a cow gave, from a distance, the appearance of a navigation light of some pitching and rolling ship. On dark stormy nights, real ships off the coast would fall into the trap, and, thinking the coast much further away, would head towards the light and break against the rocks. Plundering would then begin.

In the Middle Ages, wreckages of normal shipwrecks became "legitimate property" of the lord whose land bordered on the coast. Vicomte de Léon, when speaking of a reef used to say: "I have a stone more precious than any in the King's crown".

On this coast, jagged to the extreme, stupendous accumulations of granite blocks are often found as in Ploumanach. The stone blocks sometimes assume the strangest forms. We need only mention the sphinx in the île de Sein and the Man's Head in Trébeurden.

In the direction of America, the Pointe du Raz at the extreme spit of the Finistère, is the foremost point of the European continent.

The sea in this region is particularly rough, and a violent marine current drives the ships against the reefs.

The great naval base of Brest, north of the foreland (Pointe du Raz) could shelter the entire French squadron in its roads.

This tremendous unremitting battle of the rock with the wave, is only one of Brittany's manifold aspects.

Between the capes and the spits, we find a number of small, sandy and sunny creeks where townsfolk come to spend their summer holidays. Children have a passion for sand and for rock fishing. They may catch crabs, shrimps, cockles, lobsters and clams.

Dinard in the north is Brittany's most fashionable beach, the queen of seaside resorts. La Baule in the south marks the end of Brittany. It is one of France's most beautiful beaches and extends over five miles.

La Baule's pine forest, over which everybody goes into raptures, cannot compare with the immense forest that once covered the coast of Brittany. The legend says that an untracked forest, with a single path extended up to the isle of



The Folgoet (Pilgrim's Court)

Houat, now far out at sea, and some seven miles from Quiberon. This path was so dark that torches were necessary to light the way, even in broad daylight.

A fertile strip of land encircles Brittany between the coast and the granite plateau of Arcoat. In the Léon région it is very wide, and the soil is exceedingly rich. The climate is mild and wet. Thanks to the proximity of the Gulf Stream, part of this land has been turned into a real greenhouse.

Saint Pol de Léon is the capital of this favoured clime.

A fourteenth century chapel called the Creisker possesses a bell tower 242 feet high, and is considered as the most remarkable work of art in Brittany.

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION

In Brittany, there is no distinct demarcation between the two. This is well illustrated by the oft told story of the corsair, who, mortally wounded by a cannon ball, fervently kissed African amulets while being shriven by a priest.

Overhanging a precipice on three sides, Sainte Barbe's chapel in Faouet is also worthy of mention. On the point of being shipwrecked, Breton sailors would make a vow that they would attempt to go round the chapel if they escaped. Iron hanks were then fastened on to the wall to allow the fulfilment of their vow.

Priests have always had to contend with superstition, and very often to put up with it. So it was that numerous fountains to which Bretons ascribed supernatural powers were placed under the patronage of a Saint. The Catholic religion thus took the place of paganism and converted to its own use the spiritual benefit derived from the extraordinary properties of the springs.

From February on, the whole of Brittany thinks about its saints. Every Breton wants to win Heaven. It is the "Grands Pardons" (local procession) season. The crowd gathers in places of pilgrimage and goes in procession with banners and relics in order to invoke the protection of the saints.

There are many Breton saints. Some are not recognised by Rome, but what does it matter? Each saint has his own church or chapel in the region where he is most popular. Saint Gildas had expressed the wish that after his death his body should be placed in a boat and put to sea. The boat drifted for three months. The saint was buried on the very spot where the boat returned.

Saint Eloi is the patron saint of jewellers, goldsmiths, farriers, black smiths and horses. There are special "Pardons" for the horses.

Saint Nicodème is the protector of pigs : "Bonnes grâces pour les pélerins,

bonne graisse pour les cochons " (Goodwill for the pilgrims, good fat for the pigs).

Saint Nicolas is the same Saint Nicholas as in Russia. Offerings, more generally consisting of fowl, are presented to the saint. Wicker baskets are placed at the entrance of the church for the purpose.

Saint Hervé could make frogs croak wherever and whenever he pleased.

Last but not least, Saint Yves and Sainte Anne are the patron saints of Brittany.

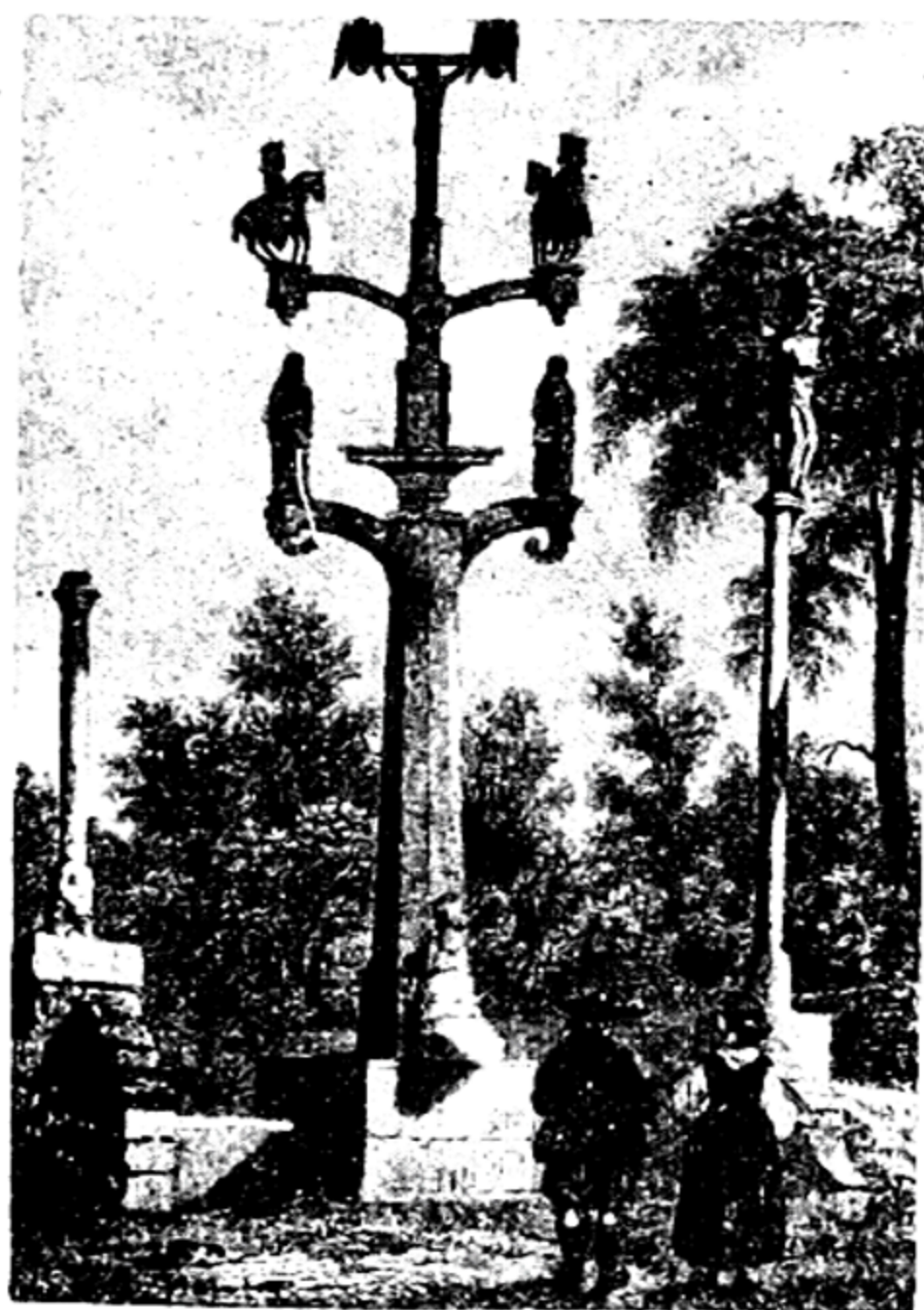
In the naive figures ornamenting the churches, each saint is represented with his or her traditional animal: Sainte Mârguerite with her dragon, Saint Kernely with his ox, Saint Corentin with his fish, Saint Eloi with his tiny horse.

The most celebrated Pardons of Brittany are those of Locronan (in July). On the occasion of the "Grande Troménie" every six years, tens of thousands of pilgrims marching in procession cover nearly eight miles going over the ground once visited by Saint Ronan and under the Saint's jurisdiction.

The pilgrimages of Sainte Anne d'Auray, Sainte Anne la Palud and the Folgoet are equally famous.

Every abbey in Brittany has its own legend and at the time of the "Pardons", the old folk like to relate them.

Saint Eflam, for instance, was touched by Divine Grace on the very day of his marriage. He fled in a boat on his wedding night, allowing the skiff to drift with the wind and tide. But the young virgin he was to marry was obstinate. A few months later, she in turn set forth in a boat equally without sails or oars. As it happens in fairy tales, she found her fiancée again. But in the meantime he had become a monk, and had just founded an abbey. For twenty long years she



The stone Calvary of Landernau



waited patiently in the hope that the ardour of Saint Eflam's faith would cool, or permit them to live a normal life together as husband and wife. Finally, when she had grown old and quite lost all hope, she in turn founded a convent. To-day, when the bells of one abbey chime, the bells of the other reply.

So mystic a race was bound to express its religious sentiments in lasting works.

The churches and calvaries of Brittany are among the most impressive, for the masons and sculptors who built them had only granite, the hardest of all stones, at their disposal.

By the wayside, in the middle of fields, or on the rocks overlooking the sea, Brittany has erected numerous Calvaries that are visited by the processions at the time of the "Grands Pardons".

The most beautiful of these naive sculptures are those of Guimiliau (dating from 1588), those of Plougastel Daoulas, of Saint Thegonnec and Plougonven.

The ossuary, the church and the calvary of Pleyben form the most remarkable architectural ensemble in Brittany.

Brittany was converted to Christianity soon after the Roman conquest, but the Breton pagan priests who had taken refuge in the Mont Saint Michel, put up a long fight.

The whole country still bristles with vestiges of its ancient faith.

Thus we come across menhirs, those upright monoliths that seem to have been set up by giants.

There are dolmens, large flat stones that were presumably used by the Druids for their mysterious ceremonies.

Archaeologists are still baffled by these colossal "plantations" of menhirs. According to radiesthesia, it would appear that each alignment of menhirs corresponds to an underground passage or to a subterranean river system.

The most beautiful alignments are to be found in Carnac, where they consist of 1,169 blocks of granite; in Erdeven (1,030 blocks); in Kermario, and in Kerlescan.



The "alignement" of Carnac

The highest known menhir is overthrown and broken. It measured more than sixty-six feet.

It is surmised that dolmens were used as altars and that some of them served for human sacrifices, probably of young virgins, or of captive enemies, or even of old people.

At any rate, they were tombs. Bones and burnt remains have been found at their base.

The crypts under these dolmens under tumuli have curious affinities with the burial chambers of the Pyramids.

There are endless legends afloat through Brittany about these strange blocks of stone.

There is the "crying stone" and the "stone that turneth away lightning"

When night comes, some of the stones go alone to drink at the fountain.

Goblins, and other evil sprites then gather round them and dance and hold their revels in the moonlight.

Breton fancy has ascribed a divining power to these masterpieces of equilibrium!

Men used to make their wives climb on them. If the stone moved, it was taken to mean that wife had been unfaithful, and deserved a sound beating.

If a virgin stood on them, the stones would not budge, but if the young

lady was not quite as chaste as she ought to have been, the stone would infallibly disclose it, and many a rash girl was thus taken aback.

Fairy tales originated after the pagan cult of the Druids had disappeared.

If you should come across three blocks of stones disposed in a triangle, you need only look for the centre of the triangle to find the hidden dowry of three fairies.

Ghosts mingle with fairies.

At nightfall, werewolves, saints, gnomes, good genii, evil genii, the Devil himself, witches, ignis fatuus, all played an important part in and about the houses, the cemeteries, the forests, inside the homes and in the doddering heads of Breton grandmothers.

In times past it would have been very difficult to induce a Breton housewife to go out of doors after nightfall, away from the protection of her home that warded from her the supernatural powers.

ARCOAT

Whereas the coast of Brittany is a wheat-growing land, the poorer soil of Arcoat only produces rye and buckwheat.

The vast granite plateaux that form the Finistère are covered with gorse and furze.

Breton peasants pound the furze together, and use it as fodder for the cattle during the winter. They also cut the ferns and bracken and use them instead of straw for the litter.

The whole country was once covered by an immense forest of oak trees.

On the summit of "Menez Hom" witches hunted for the philosopher's stone.

There are still a few stunted oak trees and a few beech and chestnut trees on the heath.

Clouds pass close to the trees, a strong wind blows over the heath, and howls through the forest, and down comes the rain.

No wonder that in such an atmosphere, pregnant with supernatural possibilities fairy tales and legends should have a place by the fireside.

Night has always somewhat terrified Brittany.

But when the Spring comes, the first rays of sun disperse all the old apprehensions.

The women are naturally merry and Breton villages would be devoid of animation if it were not for their wit and laughter.



Quimper, from an old print

The men gather in the village inn. Gillyflowers cover the heath, flocks of venerable crows abandon their lookout towers in the tops of menhirs for the cool of the forest.

Quimper is undoubtedly the capital of Arcoat or Breton-speaking Brittany. It is a picturesque old city.

The choir of its cathedral inclines to the left. It is claimed that it is to remind us of the inclination of the head of Christ.

The truth is that the ground must have settled owing to its insufficient resistance.

Quimper is the centre of the production of Breton faience.

UPPER BRITTANY

We are now getting away from the wild cliffs and the coasts, from the sunny creeks and heathy regions, and are now coming to a richer and more fertile country.

Rennes is the most important town in the whole province.

It is a middle-class town with quiet streets where well-to-do families lead a humdrum life.

The town possesses few old monuments because a blazing fire, which in 1720 lasted seven days, practically destroyed it.

The forest of Paimpont in the vicinity of Rennes reminds us of the exploits of the Knights of the Round Table in the sixth century.

King Arthur and his knights are fabulous personages whose doughty deeds are related in interminable poems known as "Le Cycle d'Arthur". Perceval, one of the knights, was the liberator of the *Crail*, the vessel containing the Saviour's blood.

According to the legend, Arthur and his gallant knights were all on equal terms and sat round the symbolic Round Table after their exploits.

Dol, Dinan, Fougères and Vitré are the four typical towns of Upper Brittany.

Like many other Breton towns, Dol was founded by a monk. It is surrounded by fertile lands which overspread a forest that was submerged in the seventh century.

Dinan is famous because of its old chateau once occupied by Anne de Bretagne. Like King Arthur, Little Duchess Anne, as the Bretons call her, is one of the province's most popular figures.

By her marriage to King Charles VIII in 1491, Anne de Bretagne brought Brittany to the French crown. The dowry was confirmed and the province only definitely annexed in 1532.

Charles VIII died in 1498 in the chateau of Amboise as a result of a knock on the head. In 1499, Anne married Louis XII his successor. She died in 1514.

Fougères possesses one of the biggest feudal chateaux in France.

Formerly an industrial town which at first manufactured cloth, Fougères in the course of centuries specialised in the manufacture of canvas, then of slippers, and finally of cheap standardised shoes.

There are few large manufactures in the town, but the work is mostly done by small artisans working at home.

The first impression upon arriving at Vitré is that of living back in the Middle Ages. Ramparts, chateaux and archaic streets give it the appearance of a medieval village frequented by tourists.

Outside the cathedral of Notre-Dame, on the façade, may be seen a pulpit.

There is nothing unusual about this in Brittany, but here, facing the pulpit on the wall of a Renaissance building, we find traces of a balcony.

History tells us that a Protestant orator at one time appeared on the balcony every time the Catholic priest began to preach to his flock.

Impassioned polemics then ensued between the two men, to the great delight of the public.

Redon and Chateaubriand south of Rennes, mark the beginning of the Loire Inférieure (Lower Loire), and that is the end of picturesque Brittany.

The visitor meets with tradition at every turn.



Brittany is an anachronistic mixture of medieval and modern.

The fisherman's cottage stands against fixed price hotels. Machine-made tiles, advertising placards, readymade articles all thrive like cockles. The country brims over with relics, souvenirs and images gathered together in the course of centuries, and this makes us overlook the commercial side of it.

Here are a few of the sights of Brittany; the bridge of Plougastel, Daoulas, the archaic jewels of Carnac, the dolmens of Locmariaquer, the walled town of Concarneau, the chateau of Josselin, the schistous plateau of Belle-Isle, the Parlement de Bretagne in Rennes, the cathedral of Saint-Brieuc, the ramparts of Saint-Malo, the pink rock of Bréhat, Paimpol's paimpolaises, the bridge of Morlaix, the crayfish pond in Roscoff, the rue du Moyen-Age in Vannes, the submerged menhirs of Quiberon.

Although too many lounge-coats, too many pedlars of curios and too many sports-skirts mingle with the inspired crowd that follows the "Pardons", poetry nevertheless always haunts Brittany. We need only imagine the Apple-tree Pardon in Fouesnan, the beggars' Pardon in Sainte-Anne-la-Palud, the Birds' Pardon in Quimperlé, to appreciate and love this simple but proud province, surrounded by waves and sea-mews.

THE GASTRONOMY OF BRITTANY

He who dotes on fish and shell fish will find Brittany a very Paradise, for on three sides its frontiers are the sea. In Finistère alone there are 360 miles of coast.

Whether it be in the tiny fishing harbour or on the most fashionable beach, you can relish oysters (of various kinds, "belon" or "Armoricaines"); rocklobster and lobster "à l'Armoricaine" or with cream; cod "à la morlaisienne" at Morlaix (the cod is placed between two pancakes together with some rocklobster, and basted with bechamel sauce), or, if you prefer it, cod "à la cancalaise" (with butter sauce) when at Cancale; or if you are at Guingamp, try cod "à la Guingampoise" (the fillets are pickled, then fried and covered with cheese). There is excellent turbot at Saint-Malo (the best way of preparing the turbot is to broil it and cover it with mushroom sauce); and the eels of Plouermel are a dream (they are roasted and served with very spiced sauce).

All along the Loire you can eat fried fish. At Nantes there are excellent salmon quenelles, lamprey "matelotes" (cooked in wine), scallop shells, and fresh sardines, though you may prefer stuffed shad.

There is a curious manner of serving lamprey "matelote" with prunes.

In the Saint-Nazaire and Nantes districts, you can eat fried "civelles" which are tiny eels.

At Douarnenez, there is a speciality of pickled porpoise, sliced and fried, which is really worth the eating.

Quimper boasts of crab dumplings. In the Ile de Sein they use the crabs for an original and tasty pie.

Almost everywhere, the "cotriade", practically a daily dish among the fishermen, is a mixture of all sorts of fish and potatoes; it is at once a soup and a substantial dish.

But Brittany has other resources than her abundant fish. Because of the mild climate, the vegetables are remarkable, and were much exported in days gone by. This mild weather, caused by the Gulf-stream, favours the early growth of Nantes green peas and cabbages; potatoes at Dinan, Pont-l'Abbé and Redon; cauliflowers, artichokes and onions at Guérande, Quimperlé and Roscoff, beans, etc.

The greatest industry in this region is the canning of fish and vegetables, for both agriculture and fishing are well developed.

If we continue our menu, we shall find chickens at Janzé; and good but simple pork-butcher, countrified and smelling sweet with herbs most of the

time; there are chitterlings both great and small, black pudding, hams, and the countless other things you can make from the obliging pork.

Those who have a sweet tooth are not forgotten. Wonderful strawberries are grown at Plougastel and there is delicious almond paste at Pont-l'Abbé, known there as "bigoudens".

The term of "Breton cake" is much used in cookery, and these pancakes, be they of wheat flour or of buckwheat, are much appreciated.

Among the pastries of different places, the "fouaces" of Vannes are worthy of mention. It is very probable that the English "pudding" came from a Breton cake called fars, or, more exactly, farsac'h.

In and about Roscoff, there is a peculiar seaweed custard tart. (This seaweed is called agar-agar, and has a very special taste.)

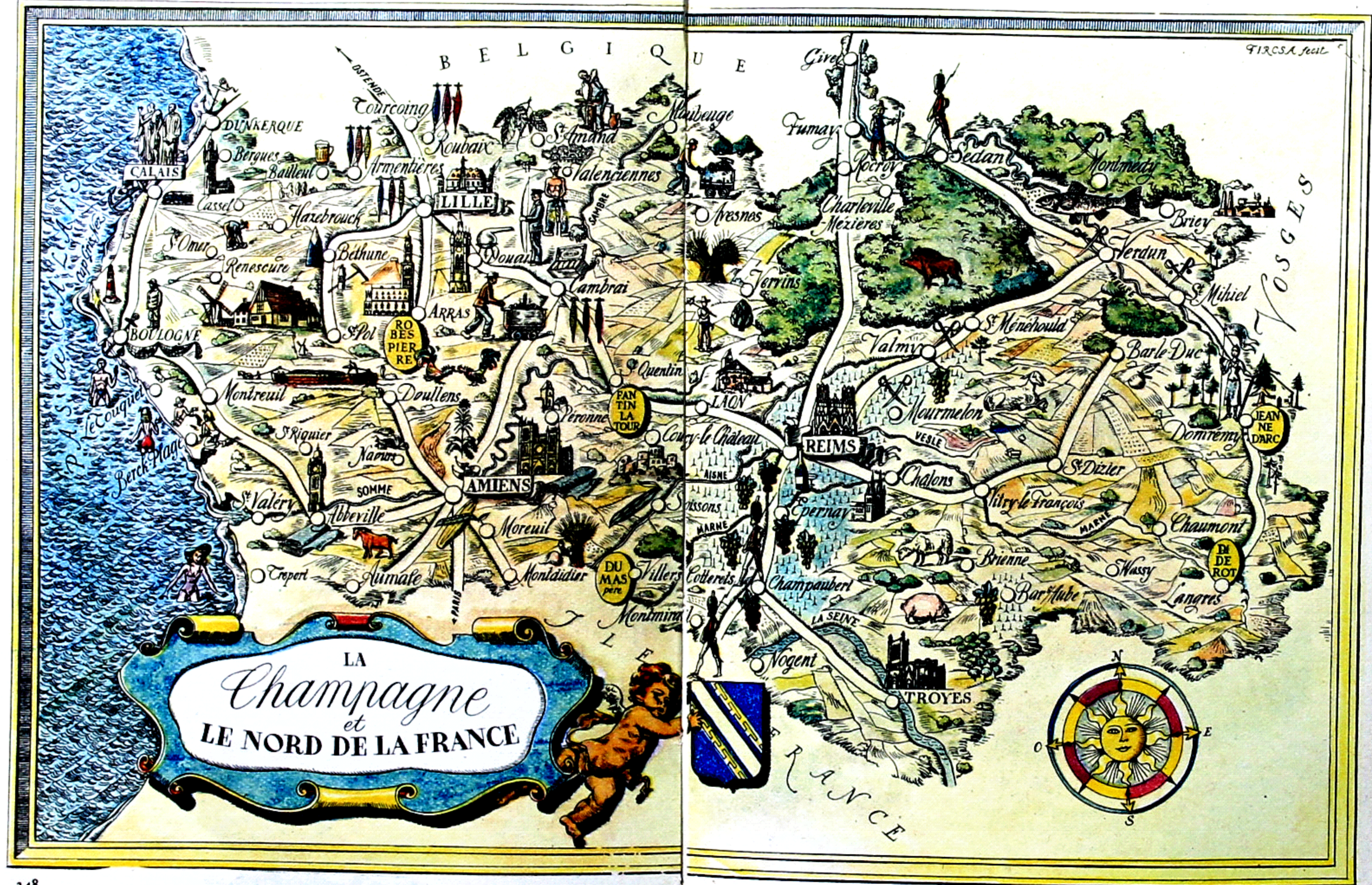
This seaweed is also used to make jellies and custards.

Wafer and biscuit making is very prosperous at Nantes. The confectioners there make cane sugar and "berlingot" (a kind of sweet).

Macaroons are delicious at Saint-Brieuc and Château-Neuf du Faou.

What is there to drink? Cider, sweet or dry, according to taste; that is traditional. But there is also a Breton wine which is cool and dry and goes perfectly with fish and shellfish; and that is the muscadet.





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A Champagne costume



C H A M P A G N E AND THE NORTH OF FRANCE

As in Lorraine, we are here in the heart of the battle-field region. Not a century has gone by in the history of France, but that one nation or another has shed her blood in these unfortunate provinces. Time and again the towns have been destroyed, and ploughs reduced to matchwood.

The soil of Artois bears the mark of all these tragic historical contests.

The people of Artois, of Flanders, of Picardy, of Lorraine and Champagne love their country notwithstanding.

After each devastation, villages have been rebuilt; after each war, ploughs have levelled the ground again, foresters have planted new trees, new and better factories have been built.

What is this powerful stamina that hides in these Northern and Eastern marches? What is this imperative need to live there; this love of the native soil that urges the peasant and the workman to stick to so uncertain a land?

They have inherited the mettle that distinguished their fathers and grandfathers who descended into the coalpit or worked in the forest, or tilled the land, or lavished care upon a universally famous vine, just as they do to-day.

For centuries these tenacious men have been accustomed to certain gestures in the same unchanging setting. Their work, their trade, runs in their blood.

They love the light skies of Champagne, their forest of Ardennes, their vast plains, their coast teeming with fish, and their big northern cities often ringing with the merry echoes of a kermesse.

CHAMPAGNE

There are words with an international value which one need only mention to conjure up very definite pictures.

The mere mention of the word "champagne" makes one think of an atmosphere of gaiety, of festivities and pleasure. No happy event anywhere in the world could be properly celebrated without the joyous explosion of a bottle of champagne.

Let us now introduce you to the regions that produce the most inspiring of French wines.

Three towns on the edge of the Ile de France, Rheims, Epernay and Champ-aubert form the backbone of the wine district.

The "Montagne de Rheims" is covered with three large red vineyards. The "Côte des Blancs", in the South, forms the fourth and last vineyard, solely composed of white grapes. The contribution of each of these four varieties of vine is necessary to make an excellent champagne.

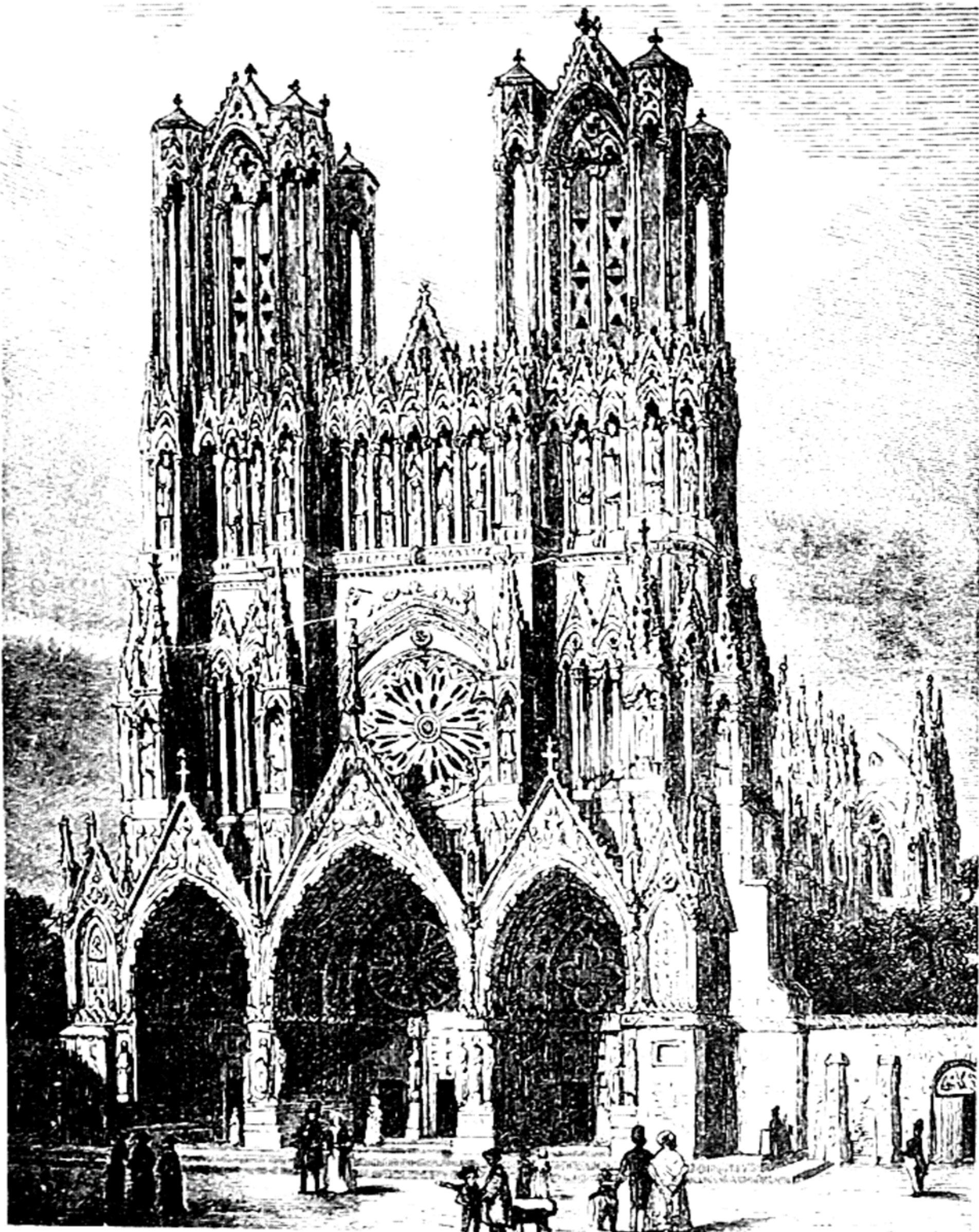
Let us now follow the fascinating process of fabrication :

When vintage time comes, local producers are all seething with excitement. Every one possesses some acres of vine in each of the four best regions : Verzy and Sillery are the most reputed localities in the first region, Bouzy and Ambonnay in the second, Ay and Mareuil in the third, and finally Avize and Gramant in the fourth, not forgetting the red vineyard of "Vertus".

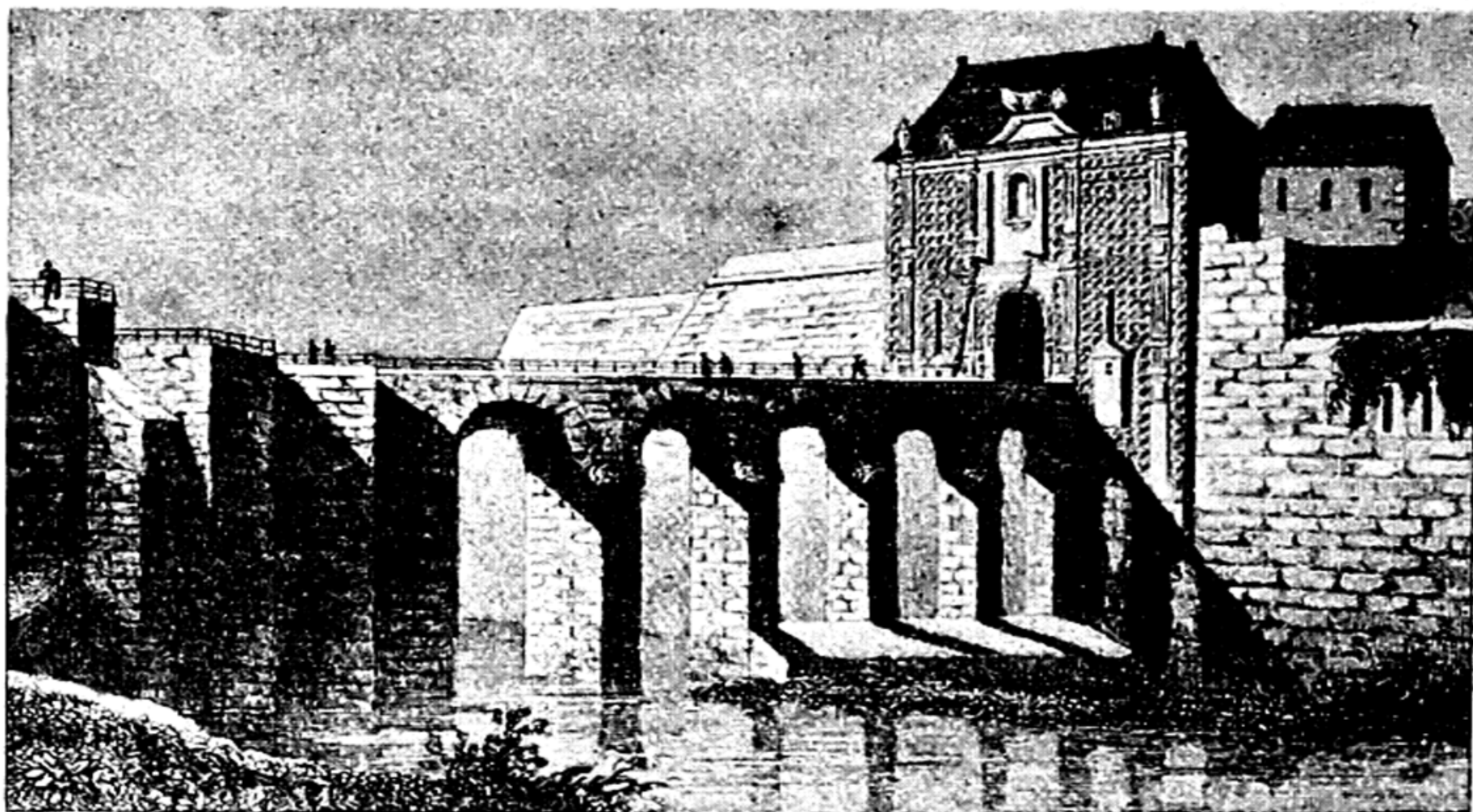
Grape-gathering is done meticulously; bunches are sorted out and bad grapes eliminated.

Pressing takes place on the spot in each individual vineyard. The must is immediately put into barrels and sent to the manufacturing centres of the big champagne firms in Rheims and Epernay. When the door of the factory has closed on the last lorry that has brought in the last barrel, the following mysterious process begins :

Each vintage first remains for several weeks in an atmosphere, the temperature of which is maintained at 18° C. (64°4 Fahr.), where it ferments to the point of running over the vats. Doors and windows are then suddenly opened. As we are by then in the depths of winter, cold air rushes in and fermentation is brought to an end. A good new limpid wine is drawn off from the vats into sterilized casks. An expert draws off a sample from every barrel, each



Rheims Cathedral



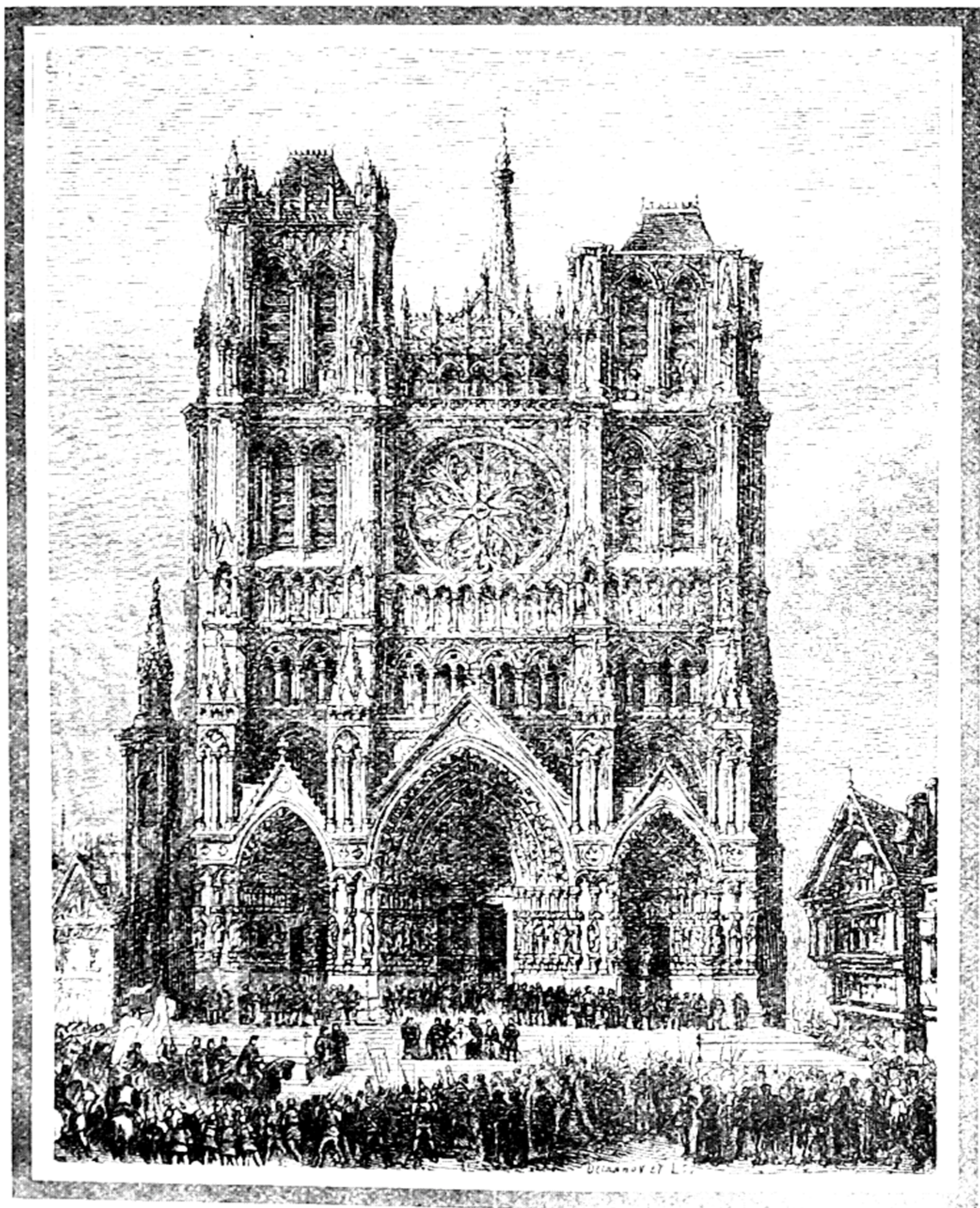
The doorway of Notre-Dame de Cambrai

containing a wine from a different vineyard. After having carefully tasted and appraised, he orders the mixture.

Vintages from the four regions already mentioned are then blended into an anonymous wine inside huge casks called "numéros d'assemblage" (blending numbers).

Wines from the preceding year, of which a few barrels are always put aside, sometimes serve to perfect the new vintage which is in turn tasted and appraised and grouped into final "cuvées" (blends). These blends herald the approach of spring. A few pinches of cane sugar are precipitated into the nectar, which is immediately bottled. The sugar provokes a second fermentation inside the bottle, which is productive of froth.

A series of manipulations and successive shakings to work the deposit down to the cork will, at the end of several years, bring the wine to the state of "champagne brut" (extra dry). The sediment-coated cork is then extracted by turning the bottle upside down. After being recorked, the champagne is fit for consumption, but an infinitesimal quantity of sugared liquor, varying according to the classification to be obtained, must still be added. We shall



thus have the three varieties of champagne "sec" (dry), "demi-sec" (semi-dry) and "doux" (sweet).

We are indebted for this complicated process of aeration to Dom Perignon, cellarer of the abbey of Hautevilliers in the XVIIth century.

The region of Champagne has been covered with vineyards from time immemorial. Pliny the Elder, in the first century A.D. already knew them. The vine was pulled out because it constituted too great a temptation for enemy tribes. Probus, in 280, employed his Roman legions to restore the vineyards. In the Middle Ages, the wines of Ay were famous.

Rheims and Epernay are celebrated for their immense cellars where, year after year, the wines of Champagne gather their explosive force. As bottled wine has to age for at least three years, the leading champagne firms have to tap the ground for miles in order to place the wine in a steady temperature. These nests contain some exceptional blends that have been waiting, head down, for over a century. The age of a bottle, however, rarely exceeds 25 years.

Rheims is not only celebrated for its champagne cellars, but as well for its magnificent Gothic cathedral. In spite of the devastation which it suffered during the World War, and subsequent restorations, the cathedral of Rheims remains, with those of Amiens and Chartres, the most beautiful Gothic religious monument in France.

Since the christening of Clovis in 496 by bishop Saint Remi, tradition demanded that the kings of France be crowned at Rheims.

Fighting her way up from the Loire, Joan of Arc in 1429 brought Charles VII to the celebrated cathedral, where he was crowned.

As one descends towards the South, one finds that this rich region of Champagne, standing against the cliffs of the Ile de France, soon changes into a vast chalky expanse called "La Champagne Pouilleuse" (Barren Champagne).

With a persistency that should be cited as an example, the peasants of these poor regions have dunged the soil and planted fir-trees. Year after year they have reclaimed miles from the moors. Their villages have grown. Low, stubby houses now extend all round the church built of that soft white pure stone, chalk.

The inhabitants of this long unproductive plateau are taller than the average Frenchman. Sheep and other domestic animals are long in the leg, and so built as to walk long distances across wide desert areas.

Even the hares are long-legged and quite capable of beating all their French colleagues in a race.

There is not a single name of a city in Champagne that is not associated with a siege, a treaty, a skirmish : Champeaubert, Montmirail, Bar-sur-Aube, Vitry-le-François, Saint-Dizier, Mourmelon, Langres. Brienne saw the rise and fall of Napoleon. As a young lieutenant, he followed a course of instruction at the artillery school ; at bay during the campaign of France in 1814, he won one of his last battles at Brienne.

Bound on the South by the plateau de Langres and on the Southwest by the forest of Othe, Champagne tapers northwards, backed by the Vosges and the banks of the Meuse. The Plateau de Langres and the Côte-d'Or form a watershed. Four rivers, the Seine, the Aube, the Marne and the Meuse, take their rise not far from one another.

The Meuse and its thousand loops has been compared to a 60-mile industrial street with alternating factories and forests. The river passes through Domrémy, the town where Joan of Arc was born. It also waters the fields where the Maid of Orléans heard celestial voices.

Instead of running towards the Rhine, like its old tributary the Moselle, the Meuse leaves Lorraine to the right not far from Toul, and enters the Argonne. This region was the seat of the fiercest battles in the war of 1914. Whole forests were levelled by showers of shells, villages were annihilated, 150,000 soldiers fell between Saint-Ménéhould and the citadel of Verdun.

The Argonne and the Ardennes share the sad privilege of having, in the course of two centuries, seen the greatest number of battles per square mile : Rocroy, Valmy, Sedan, Verdun, Saint-Mihiel, Montmédy, and so many others.

The forest of Ardenne was long famous in France. Already in the Middle Ages legends filled the forest with bears, leopards and fabulous animals of all descriptions. Among all these wild beasts the wild boar was the most popular, so much so, in fact that coins were stamped to its effigy. This traditional boar was to become the coat of arms of Gaul.

FLANDERS, ARTOIS AND PICARDY

The North of France has the appearance of a stretch of low plains intersected with canals. Heavily laden lighters peacefully pass along the reaches lined with poplars.

Foothills, mills, smokestacks and slagheaps now and then rise above a half-tint and somewhat melancholy landscape.

The least hamlet in Flanders is as clean as a new pin. This coal-field country and big industrial centre, like Artois, is the cleanest in France.

It is not only the cleanest but the gayest, though Lille, Roubaix, Tourcoing, Douai, Cambrai and Armentières may at first convey the impression of being merely so many manufacturing cities with bleak, well washed houses.

The minute he quits his work, and has earned his money, the harsh Northern worker thinks of enjoying himself. Ducasses (patronal feasts) and kermesses are the pretext for fantastic processions, parades, jumble-sales, dances and Rabelaisian gatherings.

Unlike most of the inhabitants of the other French provinces, the Northern race is by nature fond of collective entertainments. The whole of northern France clubs together in a number of societies organised exclusively for the purpose of making the best of leisure hours.

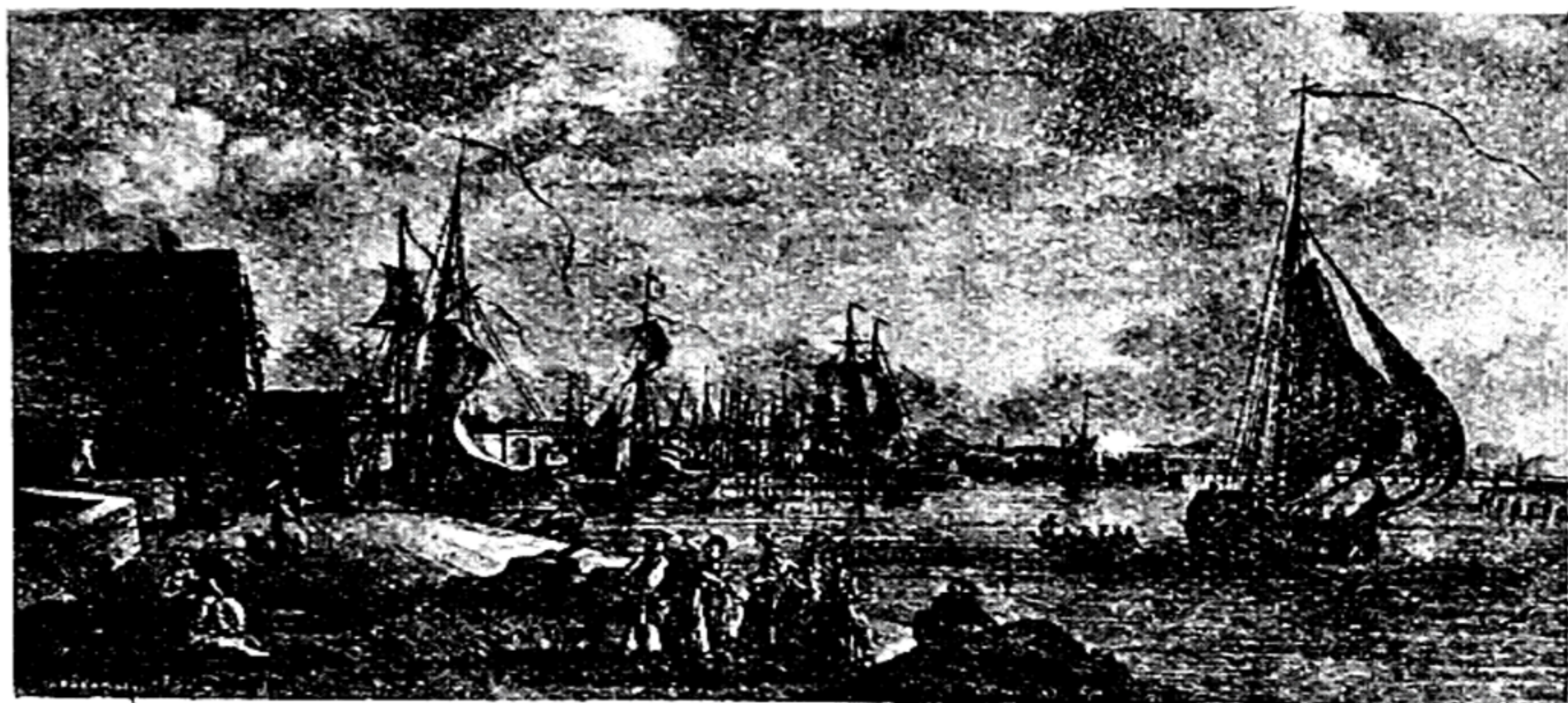
There are societies of archers, breeders of game-cocks, bird-catchers, joyous drinkers, carrier-pigeon fanciers, and so forth. On Sundays male-voice choirs and brass bands fill the air with songs and music. The smallest village possesses a band and sometimes two.

Let us introduce a typical northern family, after the Sunday dinner : The daughter hurries to her gym society, the elder son picks up his cornet and is off to join his band; the youngest boy is already cycling along the hard paved roads amid a swarm of companions. While the mother goes visiting, the master of the house takes his game-cock out of the traditional enclosure and, with his bird under his arm, strides along to join his Sunday friends. Other cocks, duly chaperoned, are awaiting him. The whole afternoon will be spent round an enclosure where vindictive beasts will fight with needles attached to their spurs. Feathers will fly for hours. Men will have lost their voices when they come home of an evening. The surviving cocks will have to grow new feathers before encountering fresh opponents, until the day when they will in turn be killed by one stronger than they, and end their agitated career by being eaten by their keepers, with all due ceremony.

Fortunately, all games are not so cruel, and some men spend their Sundays making finches sing. In the North, as money questions are always bound up with games, bets pour in from all sides.

Can you fancy those huge miners from Flanders, spending hours coaxing canaries?

Music festivals, jumble-sales, patronal feasts, processions, Giants' parades and a thousand other feasts and public rejoicings, keep up the holiday spirit



The port of Calais (About 1780)

year in, year out through Flanders, and the same gay and pleasant atmosphere also prevails on the other side of the frontier, in Belgian Flanders.

This province, extending beyond the frontier contains the Borinage, one of the vastest coal-basins in Europe.

Artois, situated at the extreme spit of the seam, deserves the name of " Pays Noir " (Black Country), even more so than Flanders. Arras is the capital of this wide monotonous hop-growing plain.

The first fire-arms were tried during the siege of Arras in 1414, under Charles VI.

These rather rudimentary guns were dangerous only for those carrying them or trying to make use of them.

Extending from the Ardennes to the sea, Picardy is the widest of the northern provinces.

Amiens its capital, lies in the middle of one of the Somme's fifteen-odd channels.

This coil of fresh water, ramified by a multitude of canalisations, gives the soil an exceptional fertility, and market-gardening is a thriving business in the outskirts of Amiens.

A narrow coast lined with sea-side resorts and ports forms the north-western boundary of the Northern provinces.

Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne, have ever enjoyed a tremendous activity. This often feverish animation, however, has not been limited to times of peace only.

The three ports have, indeed, been the stake of many a battle, and have served as bases of operations for several memorable invasions.

The French, the English, the Spanish and the Dutch, have often crossed swords in these parts to settle their differences.

Dunkirk has successively belonged to all the powers involved.

Calais, the most important harbour station of the coast and western terminus of European main railway lines, has on several occasions been the stake of struggles between the French and the English.

Edward III, King of England laid seige to Calais in 1346. Infuriated by the long resistance of the town, he decided to put all its inhabitants to the sword, but finally compromised by demanding only six.

Six of the town's leading burghers were to present themselves barefoot, with ropes round their necks, and holding in their hands the keys of the city. The Queen, taking pity on them, begged for mercy and obtained that they be spared, but incurred from the king the famous remark : " Ah... Lady, I should prefer you to be anywhere else than here ".

Boulogne is famous for the embarkation, in 800 boats, of Caesar's troops who were launched in order to invade England.

Nearer to us, and after William the Conqueror, Napoleon all but succeeded in a similar venture.

150,000 men had been assembled in a huge city made of boards and canvas. Two thousand flat-bottomed boats and nine hundred ships were awaiting zero hour. On August 15th 1804, a colossal review took place, preceding the embarkation.

But Nelson saved his country at Trafalgar by annihilating the French fleet.

The great fishing port of Boulogne lies a few mile from Cap Gris-Nez. This rocky promontory, 164 feet high, rises some nineteen odd miles from the English coast and its white cliffs.

At Sangatte, there is a beginning of the cutting of a tunnel under the Channel.

A string of small beaches, among which Berck, Le Touquet, Le Tréport, stretches from Boulogne to the Norman coast of the Caux country.

Between Guines and Ardres, the " Plaine du Camp du Drap d'Or " (the Field of the Cloth of Gold) is still being shown.



It was there that through his ostentatious displays of wealth and magnificence, and of his skill in games, François I^{er} in 1520 definitely alienated from himself the friendship of Henry VIII, King of England, who was vexed at being eclipsed by the King of France.

Here ends our short voyage through the country of kermesses and amid fishermen, coal-miners and harvesters.

Life in the North is regulated by the church-tower chimes, and the belfry clock.

At the foot of these belfries, which in some parts rise as high as 230 feet above the ground, there is a "maison commune" (common house) where tradesmen of the city used to meet in the days of Rubens. It now serves as council room for municipal officials.

War has once more upset these peaceful regions. A great many chimes are now silent, cities and ports have been destroyed.

But here and there, from amid the ruins, already rise the walls of new cities.

For the people of this province are too much attached to their soil, and praise it too fervently, to let it lie defaced for long.

Indeed, they seem literally in love with their country, and to describe it will use terms more fitting for a sweetheart than a landscape.

THE GASTRONOMY OF CHAMPAGNE AND THE NORTH

When Champagne is mentioned you immediately think of wine. But even without this precious drink, this province would, gastronomically speaking, remain a great province.

Because it is so near the Ardennes, the recipes for game and especially for wild boar are remarkable. The pig, descendant of the boar, gives the famous trotters "à la Ménéhould", where they are cooked in a broth of spiced white wine, then broiled in butter. There are also, amongst other famous dishes, galantine, pies and chitterlings from Bar-sur-Seine, Bar-sur-Aube, Pont-Sainte-Marie, and the famous pork-butcherings of Troyes.

Fish is plentiful: Aube trout, sparnassienne "matelote" at Epernay (this time cooked in blazing champagne), Champenoise eel "matelote" (cooked in Ay wine), fried gudgeons, pike braised in Champagne, etc.

The meat is excellent, and several recipes are special to Sainte-Ménéhould for the different parts of mutton, ranging from kidneys fried in Champagne to neck simmering for four hours between two bards of bacon, dipped in warm butter, rolled in breadcrumbs and slowly broiled on the grill; then there are calf and ox-tails, calf's head, and so forth.

Dandelion and bacon salad is almost a national dish in this province. It must be stirred for a long time, with the salad-bowl resting on warm ashes.

Leg of roe is a favourite dish around Château-Thierry; so is a boar and its young in the Argonne, thrushes saturated with juniper berries in the Ardennes; white blood pudding at Rethel, and hot red cabbage salad round Mourmelon.

Cheese plays no mean part in the region, as Champagne can boast of the brie of Coulommiers, of the ash-coloured cheese of the Marne, of the cheese from Langres, of the faded-looking cheese of Suippes, of the mostôffait (cottage cheese kneaded with butter and tarragon), and of the marolle (not to be confused with the Maroilles, a Northern cheese).

The biscuits and gingerbread of Rheims are famous; there are little-known, but very delicious other dainties, such as waffles, creamy pancakes called "tantimolles", croquignoles, "michots" dripping with butter and made from left-over Italian paste and baked in the oven; "tarte-au-quemeu", the recipe of which dates, at Chaumont, from the XIIIth century.

The pride of the province, Champagne wine, can be natural (that is to say, it has not undergone the process of champagnisation); or once champagnised it ranges from brut (extra-dry) to sweet, by a careful adjunction of a more or less sweet mixture composed mainly of cane-sugar.

Champagne is not the product of one vine, but a mixing of different wines and each firm jealously keeps the secrets of its mixing, which varies every year, for a wine, owing to the atmospheric conditions, is never the same from one year to another.

In the North, the cooking characteristics are simplicity and the taste for slowly simmered, stewed dishes, with carefully blended flavours.

"Flemish garnish" (carrots, turnips, lettuce and cabbage) served with veal loin, roast beef or roast mutton is an excellent and substantial dish.

A speciality of Flemish cooking (which is akin to Belgian cooking, while Picard cooking has some features in common with that of the Ile de France), is the use of beer in the soup and in the sauces (eel with beer).

Picard cooking, which is as simple as Flemish cooking, is already more refined, for duck pies and Amiens ducklings are sheer wonders, as are the duck pies of Ham and Abbeville and the lark pies of Montdidier.



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A Burgundy costume



BURGUNDY

THE JURA AND THE VOSGES

Here are three provinces bordering on one another.
The first exposes its naked hills to the sun;
the second bathes in small clear lakes rising under cascades;
the third undulates under its bristly pine forests.

The inhabitants of Burgundy are jolly ; those of the Jura hospitable ; those of the Vosges always have a smile for the tourist.

Yet the harmony of the landscape and the poise of the inhabitants are so constant, that the visitor may well journey through Burgundy with its vine-clad slopes, or through the Jura with its crests, or through the Vosges with their rounded mountain tops without being shocked by any marked difference.

That poise, that harmony, where do they come from ?

The answer lies in three glasses of wine...

A glass of Pommard, a glass of Arbois, a glass of Moselle wine.

BURGUNDY

“ Qui dit Bourgogne dit vignobles ” (He speaks of wine who speaks of Burgundy). The Côte-d’Or in Burgundy consists of a number of flinty slopes that produce the best wine in the world. There is an old Burgundian saying :
“ If our hillslope were not the richest in France, it would be the poorest ”

Burgundy has been a wine-growing country for centuries, just like the Bordelais, as we shall see later.

Wine-country, monk country. It is impossible to walk any distance on the hill-sides without coming across vine-plants having once belonged to some powerful abbey.

The most marvellous was the Abbaye des Citeaux which ruled over Burgundy. The prestige of the monastery was such that it possessed no less than 12,000 branches throughout the world. Four Popes were Cistercians.

Another local saying will help us to find our bearings in Burgundy :

*" La Bourgogne a trois côtes ou je ne suis qu'un sot,
Côte-de-Nuits, de Beaune et Côte-de-Meursault. "*

(Burgundy has three slopes or I am but a dolt,
Côte-de-Nuits, de Beaune and Côte-de-Meursault.)

Thus we have a first classification. These three " Côtes " produce the greatest wines in the world. Their fame is centuries old. This reminds us of the Duc d'Aumale who, passing by the Clos-Vougeot with his troops, ordered them to present arms to the noble wine.

The famous Saint-Georges vines ripen on the Côte-de-Nuits which also produces the Chambertin of the commune de Gevrey. This extraordinary Chambertin, which barely yields 300 barrels a year, was Napoleon's favourite drink.

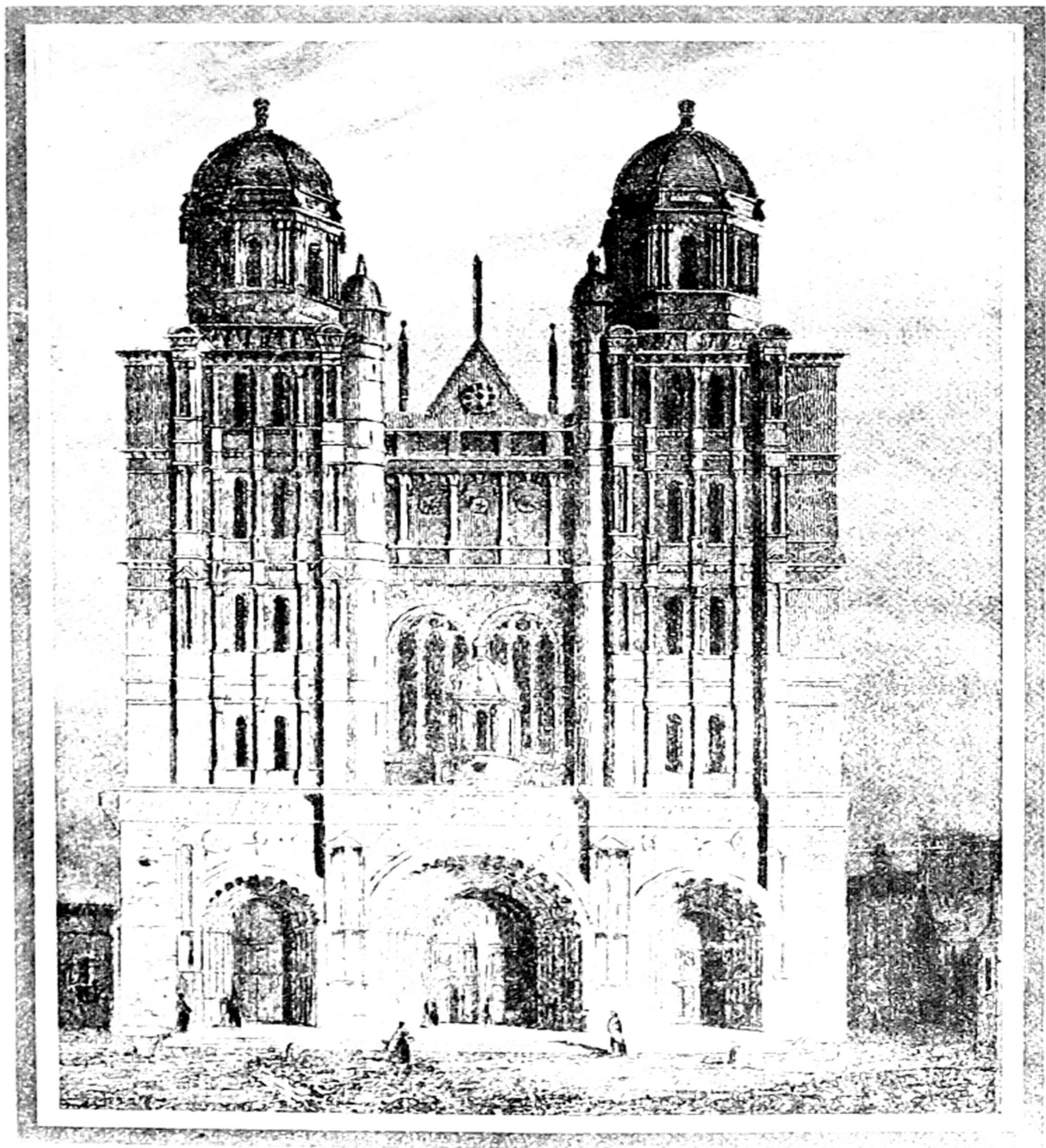
The abbey of Cluny then dominated the vineyard. The monastery was at one time the intellectual centre of the whole Christian world. Its church, to-day destroyed, was the largest in the world. It was built in Romanesque, Burgundian style, and had the shape of an episcopal star. It had two transepts, five naves and five steeples, and was 561 feet long.

In the vicinity of Cluny, the village of Milly, birthplace of Lamartine, together with the lake of Saint-Point, recall the great French poet.

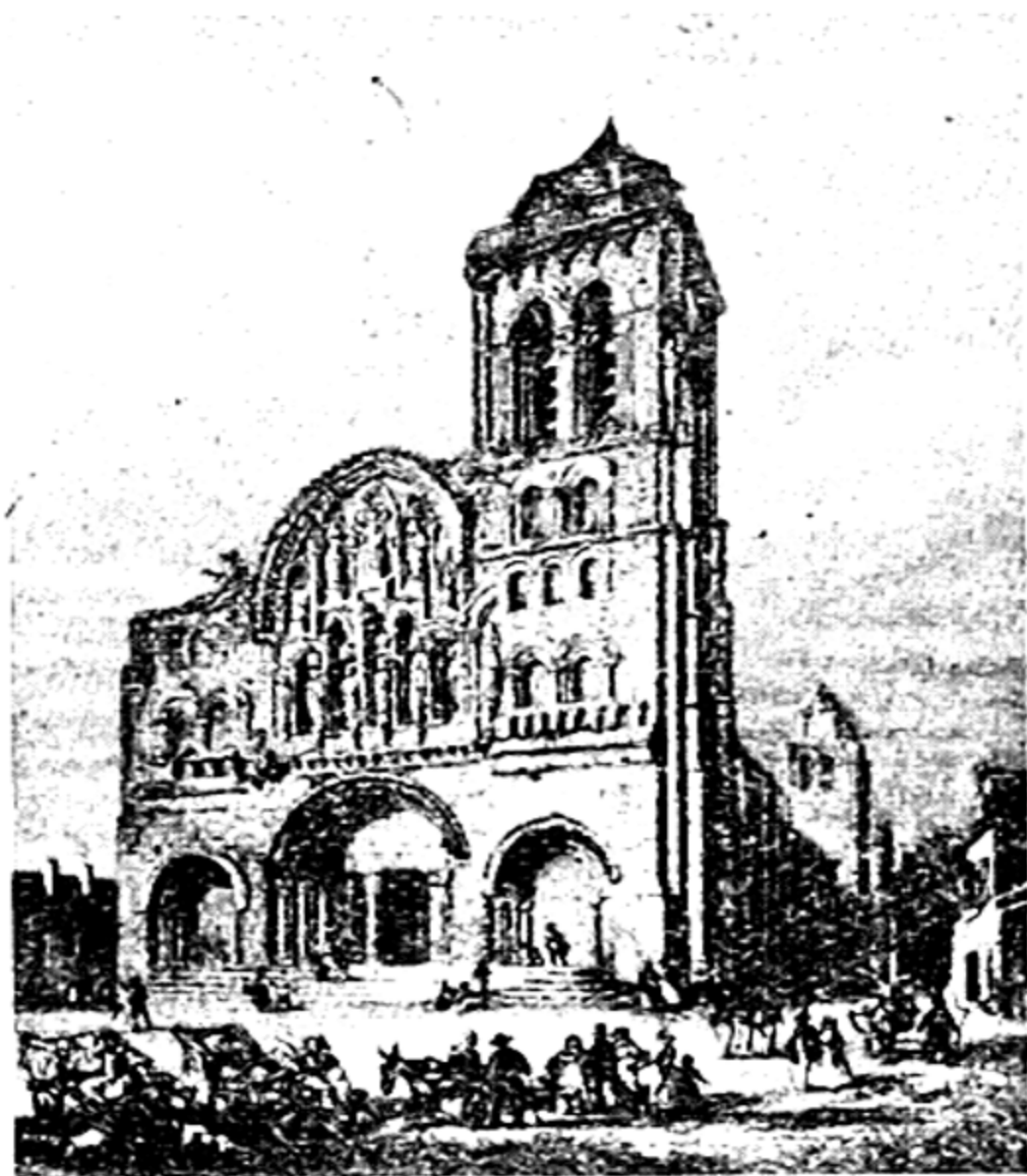
But we are getting away from our bottles...

On the Côte-de-Nuits, we further find the commune of Chambolle, all wrapped up in its Musigny. The famous Clos-Vougeot close by, is recognisable from afar by its Renaissance château.

Our stroll ends with Vosne-Romanée whose Romanée-Conti is one of the rare vineyards the plantations of which are prior to the invasion of the phylloxera.



Saint Michel's Church at Dijon



The Madeleine Church at Vezelay

Here it is no longer Napoleon the great lover of wine, but Louis XIV. The legend says that this high-class wine prolonged the life of the old king. This is not unlikely. The legendary combativeness of the old Dukes of Burgundy, often more powerful than the king of France himself, has much to say for the influence of wine in the struggle for life.

When vintage comes, every slope in Burgundy rejoices. The air rings with laughter and song. Grape-gathering for the Burgundian is like going to a party. Young men and women challenge one another from vineyard to vineyard. Between two vinestocks — two bunches of grapes — coquettish Burgundians whisper sweet nothings to a smiling maiden. Flirting

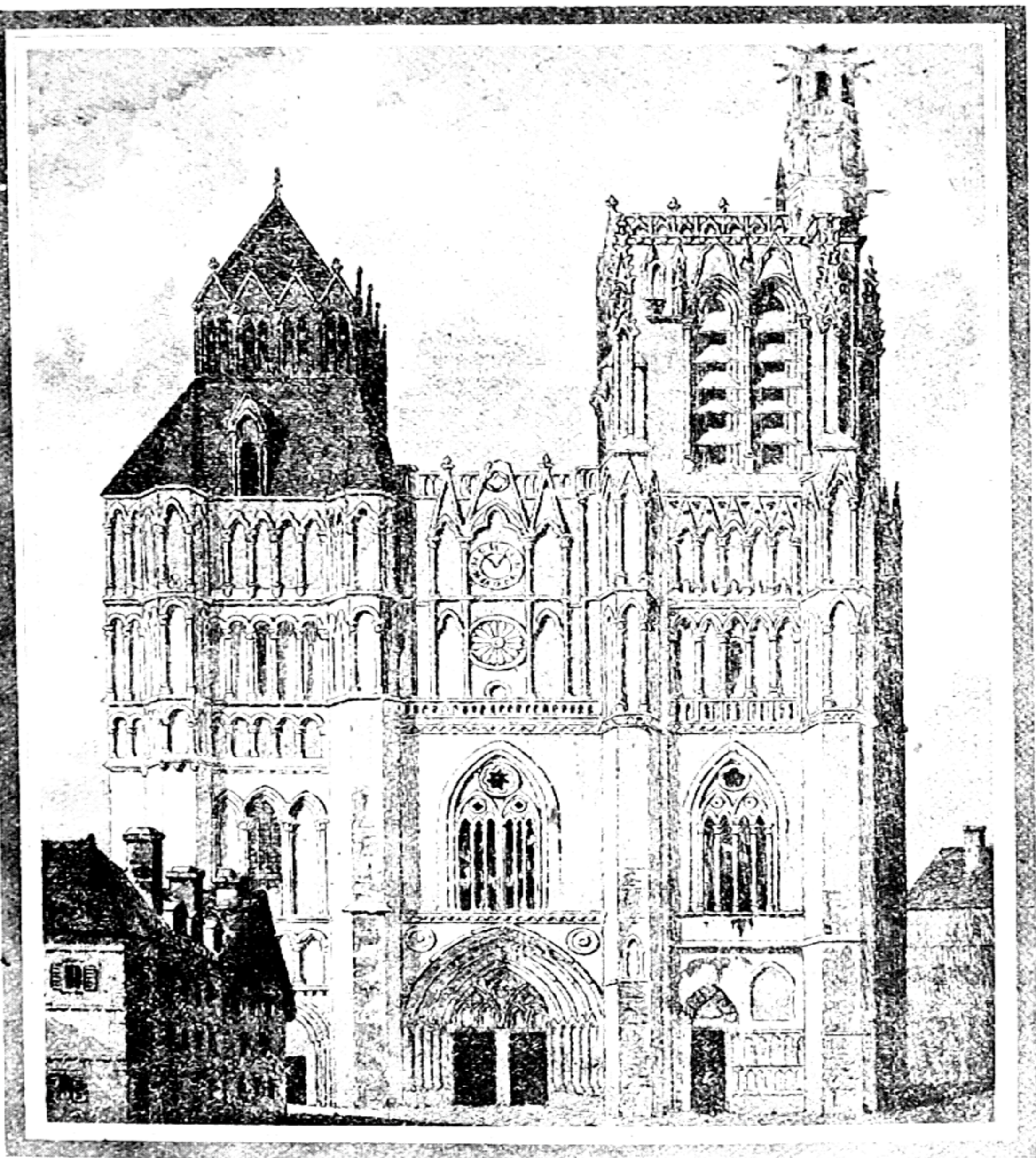
is sometimes carried a little too far, but it is all in the tradition. Remember that this is the country of Marguerite of Burgundy, and though the days of the former bacchanalia are over, the spirit nevertheless survives.

A block of stone weighing 13,000 tons, on which the young princess sat when presiding vintage festivities amid bunches of grapes, must and sturdy peasants, may still be seen at the "Pressoir des Ducs" (Dukes' Winepress) at Chenove. It is called the Grosse Margot (Big Maggy).

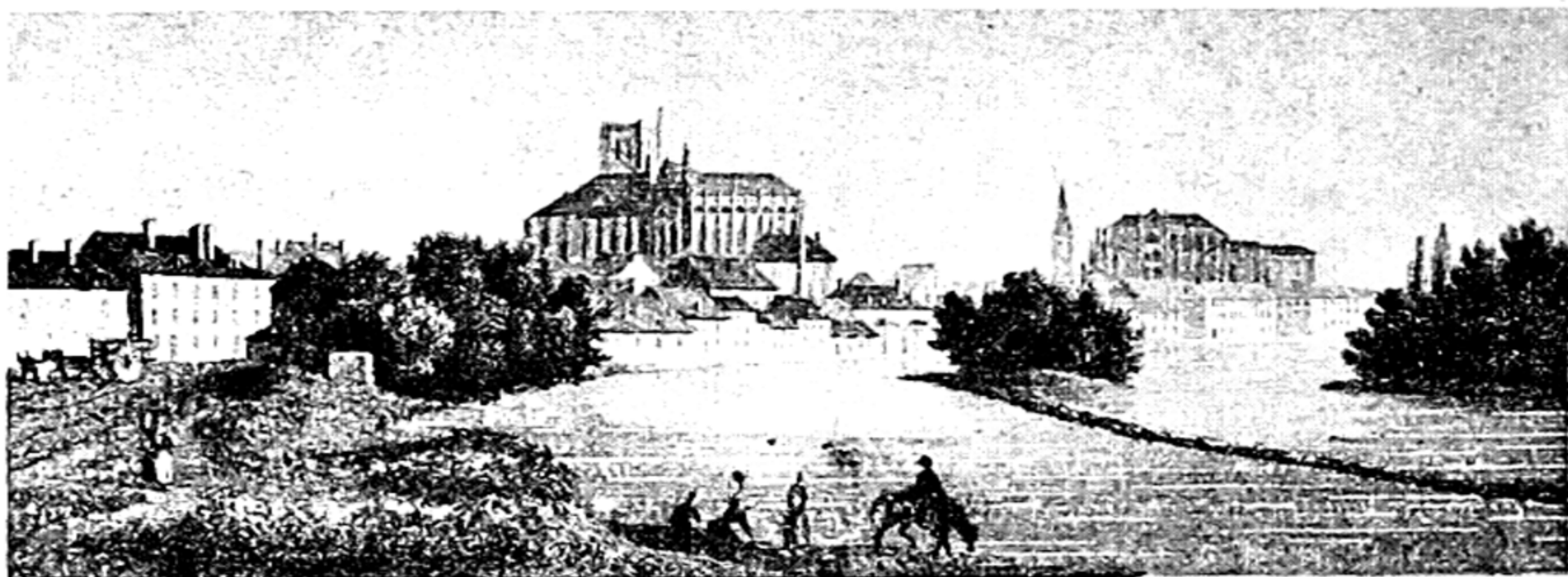
We now come to the Côte de Beaune which is no less famous than the Côte de Nuits. We have here the small mountain of Corton and the village of Aloxe, where Charlemagne had his well-kept vineyards.

The verdant valley of Fontaine-Froide near the Château of Savigny is one of the rare regions in Burgundy where the dry sun-scorched hill-sides give place to springs, trees, grass and wild flowers.

And now, two magic names : Pommard and Volnay. A minute's silence to read the old vine-growers grace : " Bénissez-nous, Seigneur, nous et tous ces



Sens Cathedral



Auxerre

dons que nous avons reçus de votre largesse et que nous goûterons bientôt " (Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts from thy bounty and which we are about to taste).

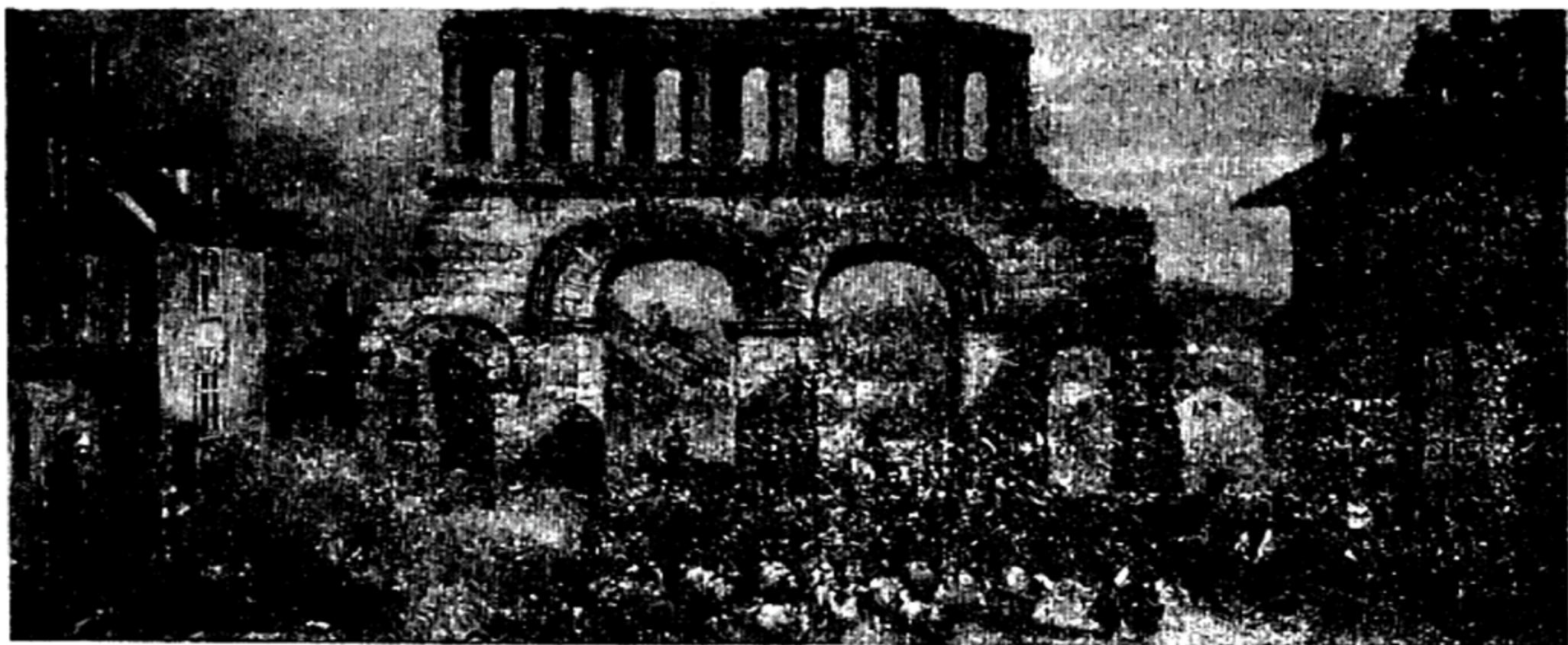
Beaune is a cooper's town and is famous for its hospitals. The Hôtel-Dieu was founded in 1443 by Rollin and the first patient entered the hospital in that year. Ever since that day, the hospital has carried on its activity in the same setting, with the same order of nuns wearing the high conical caps they wore in the XVth century.

The buildings, the beds, the utensils, all date from that period. The pharmacy with its flowers and old mortars has not changed for centuries. With its polychrome roof and wooden structure, the building itself is a typical example of Flemish art as introduced into Burgundy.

The Hôtel-Dieu of Beaune is a wealthy institution for it possesses some vineyards on the most marvellous slopes of the region... Savigny, Pommard, Volnay. The running of these vineyards is entrusted to carefully selected vinegrowers who share the profits with the hospital. The sale by auction of the wines takes place every year in the Grand Court of the hospital. The whole world comes to Beaune for the occasion.

Two great white wines are awaiting us at the end of our ramble through the Côte-d'Or : the Montrachet and the Meursault. They are both worthy of respect. The slightest play of features of a keen Burgundian, tasting his wine tells the tale more eloquently than all the speeches of the world.

The vintage season closes with the " Paulée de Meursault ", a great



The Avrour Gate at Autun

traditional feast in which all the vine-growers of the region participate. Everyone contributes a few bottles towards the banquet. Rare old vintages are lined up on the banquet table, the least bottle fit for a king.

The vineyards of the Côte-d'Or skirt the valley of the Saône and form a narrow strip nearly thirty-eight miles long. Unlike the Bordelais, where we find large continuous plantations, the land here is parcelled out. The small estates intermingle with one another. Lots that are too rocky to be good for anything else, serve as dumps for all the flints from the neighbouring plantations. Some vineyards extend very far round the famous "côte."

To the west we have the excellent white wines of Chablis. The Châlonnais, the Mâconnais and the Beaujolais in the south are covered with respectable vineyards, the most famous vintage of which is the Moulin-à-Vent of the Roche-de-Solutré. Despite its ten centuries, the mill still towers above a hillside rich in manganese.

Dijon, the capital of gastronomy, is also the capital of two of the most famous international orders... the Golden Fleece and the Tastevin (Wine-Taster).

The order of the Golden Fleece dates from the marriage of Philippe, Duke of Burgundy, with Isabella of Portugal. It is probably a reminiscence of the mythology of Jason, but it may be assumed that the gallantry of the Duke prompted the creation of this order of knighthood which was later introduced into Austria and Spain, for Isabella was both beautiful and fair.

The Order of the Tastevin derives its names from the tête-vin (plunging



siphon) used by vine-growers in sampling the degrees of fermentation of the must.

In reality, this latter order is only a pretext for gourmets to assemble round very full tables in the huge Burgundian cellars. The most reputed cellars are those of Gilly-les-Vougeot, in Gothic style, and those of Grancy-Corton, in modern style.

A laxative source was once discovered right in the very heart of Burgundy. The hydropathic establishment has long since been bankrupt. What more eloquent conclusion could be found to our rapid pano-

ramic view of the wines of Burgundy?

We cannot leave the Côte-d'Or without saying a few words on the comparative methods of exploitation prevailing in the two great wine countries : the Bordelais and Burgundy.

The large estates of Bordelais allow the exploitation of the vineyards from A to Z, that is to say from the harvest down to the sale to wine merchants, including bottling on the estates. In Burgundy, wealthy merchants buy the wine from the vine-growers and blend it if need be to ensure a uniform quality. The wine is then bottled by them under their own guarantee as merchants. The sale of the wine by these merchants is sometimes ensured with the help of large scale publicity. The " Confrérie du Tastevin " is a typical sales organisation.

Alone the most important and best reputed vintages are sold by them under their original names. The yield of exceptional vintages is often shared between several merchants.

Vineyards on the Côte-d'Or cover an area of 71,130 acres.

The Côte-d'Or is surrounded by the beautiful churches of the Morvan and of the Auxois, among which Saint-Etienne's Gothic cathedral in Auxerre (13th-14th century); another Saint-Etienne's cathedral in Sens, one of the oldest in France; Saint-Père-sous-Vezelay further south, a Gothic gem of lower Burgundy, and Vezelay's old romanesque church on the edge of a woody region lying below the forests of Morvan.

Morvan is a land of dales and forests, carpeted with heather tinting the clearings with mauve. Wood is the region's main ressource, and its



The Porte Taillee at Besançon



A grotto near Besançon

exploitation the chief industry of the country. Tree trunks are carried down to Auxerre by streams.

Château Chinon, the former capital of Morvan, lies near Autun, the bishopric of the famous Talleyrand, ecclesiast and diplomat.

The plain of Alesia in the Côte d'Or was the seat of the defeat by Caesar of Vercingétorix and of the latter's surrender.

THE JURA

The Jura is a ridge lying between France and Switzerland consisting of several parallel ranges separated by valleys and tablelands gradually increasing in height.

Its crests constitute so many natural barriers which render access very difficult for the tourist, but once the mountain has been ascended, the visitor finds himself overlooking a region of great beauty. Smiling valleys, murmuring cascades and vine-crowned hills extend for miles in all directions.

The rocky slopes produce the dry fruity wines of Arbois, the Pupillin and the Château-Châlon. The province in which the Jura lies is called the Franche-Comté. Spain ruled over Franche-Comté for two centuries. This unfortunate province was sacked and pillaged at different times.

Dôle, Besançon, Lons-le-Saunier, somewhat recall the Iberian peninsula. The Spanish influence is still manifest in some architectural details. The

treaty of Nimègue in 1678 put an end to the Spanish domination.

The plateau country of the Jura is an ideal pastoral land. The milk of different herds is common property and brought down to the village dairy where the cheese is made. When a good many cheeses are ready, they are carried down to the plain by mules.

The torrents of the Jura are full of trout, and flocks of migrating birds pass over the long plateaus twice a year.

Winter starts early in the Jura : " Eight months of snow, two months of wind, but the rest of the year is fine " says an ironical old local dictum.

Peasants go home with the first snowfall and spend the winter with their cattle, for the farmhouses and cowsheds are generally contiguous. Handicraft keep the men busy during the long winter months. We are in the country of clock and watch making, of pipes and wooden toys.

Franche-Comté is the home of Pasteur, who was born in Dole in 1822 and of Courbet, the celebrated painter, who was born at Ornans in 1819. One of his greatest works, " A Burial in Ornans " is typical of the Jura.

The mountainer between Saint-Claude and Montbéliard is a primitive man who lives on an unproductive soil, in a continental climate. His remarks and conversation, generally speaking, are not lacking in subtlety and slyness. When a Jurassian likes anyone, he carries the laws of hospitality very far.

THE VOSGES

Higher up, and continuing the Jura, the Vosges dominate the plain of Alsace, of which we shall speak in a later chapter on Alsace-Lorraine.

The Vosges mountains are as round, as uneven and undulating as those of the Jura are pointed and their crest jagged.

The chief heights of the Vosges are, in the south, the Ballon de Servance and the Ballon d'Alsace opposite one another ; the Ballon de Guebwiller which is the highest of these summits, and the Hohneck, which is the central mountain. The mountains are not called " Ballon " because they have a balloon-shaped top : Drumont, Clermont, Rothenback and Hohneck have this shape though not this name. Ballon is the French form of Belchen, for it was the Alsatians who first occupied these mountains, and they probably worshipped Belen, or the sun on those light clear summits.

This strategic road crosses the main range lengthwise. The Col de la Schlucht (Schlucht Gap) divides it into two sections. The road joins the Grand Ballon towards the south and leaves the Ballon d'Alsace to the right. It disappears

northward in search of the White Lake and the Black Lake, then discovers the Bonhomme Gap before vanishing again in the direction of Sainte-Marie.

The Vosges are calm, their climate is cool, and tourists love the small inviting villages well exposed at the base of rounded mountain tops. Amid restful scenery and silence, many invalid get well at Vittels, Contrexeville, Luxeuil, Plombières and a number of other watering places.

The Vosges are essentially a land of forests, and the wood industry is the great fortune of the Vosges. In the forests they use the schlitte, which is a sledge on which the timber is brought down to the valleys, sliding on a path made of tree-trunks. The schlitte can bring down an immense quantity of wood, but the schlitteur must be strong and constantly alert, as it is most dangerous work. If the sledge got out of control, he would be mercilessly crushed under it.

But Vosges subsoil is also very rich in iron and lead ; the first settlers were attracted by the mines especially in the Galilee vale, in the Upper valley of the Meurthe and in the vale of Plancher-les-Mines, more to the south.

The Lorrainer plateau westward brings us close to Nancy, Domrémy and the Briey basin.

Saint Nicolas, patron saint of Lorraine has given his name to a market town near the ducal city.

It is between Saint-Nicolas and Nancy that René II, together with the Swiss dispersed the army of Charles le Téméraire, January 5th 1477. History relates that a curious sight awaited René when he entered Nancy in triumph. The citizens had heaped in the central square of the city the heads of the horses, dogs, cats and rats they had been obliged to eat during the siege.

Jacques Callot, painter and engraver, was born in Nancy in 1592 and died there in 1635. This city owes its splendour to King Stanislas Leczinski, whose daughter married Louis XV, in 1725.

The Town Hall recalls Versailles and the Louvre. It is the most important building of the Place Stanislas, the lovely main square of the city designed by Héré, a Lorraine architect. This square is famous for the wonderful wrought-iron railings and gates of Jean Lamour.

Near Nancy, Domrémy has attained fame by being the birthplace of Joan of Arc. There, amidst the quiet flat landscape of the Lorrainer plateau she spent her childhood and tended her sheep, until, at the age of thirteen she heard the voices that were to send her on her glorious errand.

To the west of Epinal famous for its illustrated stories, the Monts Faucille



join up with the Langres plateau where the Meuse rises. Up to Givet, the winding river will only form a narrow valley crowded with numerous industries.

Between the valley of the Meuse and of the Moselle, large vales all patch-worked with pastures, hop-fields, forests and fields, are overtopped by birch-covered ridges. This is the high plain of the Woivre.

Finally, on the north-west border of this region begin the Ardennes of which France possesses but the southeastern edge. This plateau is deeply furrowed by valleys.

Little by little modern life encroaches on the old traditions. The real Lorraine costume is not like that still worn at times by the young girls from Metz. It was made up of a low-necked; short-sleeved blouse, covered by an embroidered shawl. The skirt, with fine stripes running down it, was made of wool, or of cotton and linen. The cap varied according to the districts. In Metz it was of lace or embroidery, but did not have the flat shape that artists so often give it. Neither was it surrounded by a black ribbon.

All the beauty and freshness of the dress was generally in the artistically embroidered shawl, in the bonnet of beautiful lace, and the gay pinafore.

THE GASTRONOMY OF BURGUNDY, JURA AND VOSGES

“Purple and gold” is a phrase that often leaps to your mind when you are speaking of Burgundy. That is because of its red and white wines, some of which are the greatest in France.

Romanée-Conti, Clos-Vougeot, Montrachet, Musigny, Volnay, Chambertin, and Nuits-Saint-Georges are wines that you speak of with respect.

In the old days, these vineyards were cultivated by monks. Several were the property of the Dukes of Bourgogne, and very proud of them they were too.

Burgundy cooking uses wine a good deal, for the quality of these raises sauce to the summits of perfection.

There are a hundred and forty regional dishes in Burgundy, and you can make most of them from what is produced in the province... Its vegetables are fresh and varied, its game abundant, its freshwater fish tasty, its cattle fine and its fruit delicious; fowl are fat and parsley ham was already, in the XVth century, a marvel of Dijon, one of the gastronomical capitals of France.

Everybody knows of the huge Bourgogne snails, stuffed with butter, a little salt, a pinch of pepper, a handful of parsley and a little garlic.

Apart from the parsley ham already mentioned, Dijon has good recipes for roasted pike, lark and woodcock pies, *pôchouse* (matelote of fish cooked in white wine), truffled trotters, famous mustard, gingerbread, and *cassissine* (sweets flavoured with black currant, for currant wine is a great speciality of the city).

Saint-Jean-de-Losne offers you its Bourgogne tench; Auxerre its chitterlings and its biscuits; Meursault and Chablis their snails, Flavigny its aniseed sweets; Beaune its carp and fillet of beef; Charolles its “*meurette de Loire*” (matelote of fish cooked in red wine), its chickens and its Charolles hot pot; Châlons-sur-Saône its sweets (called Châlons *gravières*), its blue trout and its eels “à la ravigotte”; Chablis its Chablis crayfish (cooked in the wine of that name) and its meringues; and Chagny its *gougère* (cheese cake).

Bourgogne is famous for its cheese. It has many kinds, as varied as the places they come from: Avallon, Soumaintrain (from Saint-Florent in Yonne), Abbaye de Cîteaux, Epoisses, Saint-Florentin, and a variety of goat cheeses called *petit-bourgogne*, etc.

The Jura is part of Franche-Comté, a province which is also famous for its cheeses, whether they are made in Comté, Morbier or Septmoncel. Nearby Switzerland has had an influence over certain recipes, such as those of the "ramequin" and the "fondue" (the former is gruyère cheese melted in water with a little flour, eggs, and seasoned with butter, pepper and salt; the latter is gruyère melted in white wine with the same seasoning, but with a little extra garlic); the concaillote is definitely from Franche-Comté and is made from curds.

Luxeuil and Morteau have good pork butchery. Morteau sausage is famous, served hot with potato salad; Saint-Point Lake, sung by Lamartine, has its pike; and the Ain its trout and crayfish; all the woods are full of different kinds of mushrooms; and sometimes you can meet squirrels and boars in the forests.

The "Gaude" is almost the national dish of Franche-Comté (it is thick maize soup), but so is Comtoise potée (a kind of meat soup with beef, bacon, homecured sausage, mutton bones and vegetables).

This province has two remarkable wines: the Château-Châlon, which is a very racy wine, dry and full-bodied. It is drunk cool. The other wine is white, red, or golden Arbois.

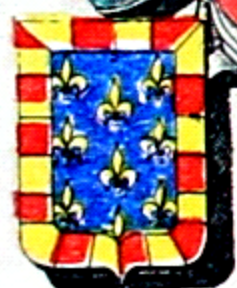
The Vosges are justly famous for their torrent trout exquisitely cooked and seasoned, their aniseed bread and their little almond-paste sweets called "cailloux des Vosges".

Here you also find "géromé" cheese, chocolat with kirsch flavour from Plombières, "nonettes" (gingerbread) and "chanoinesses" from Remiremont.

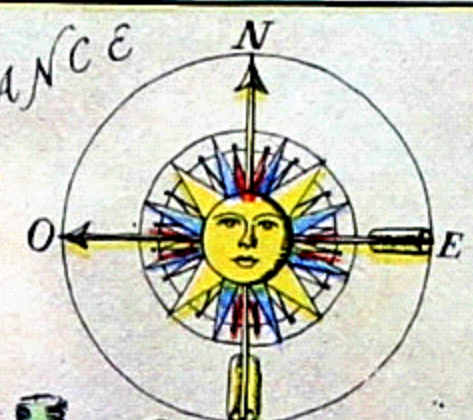
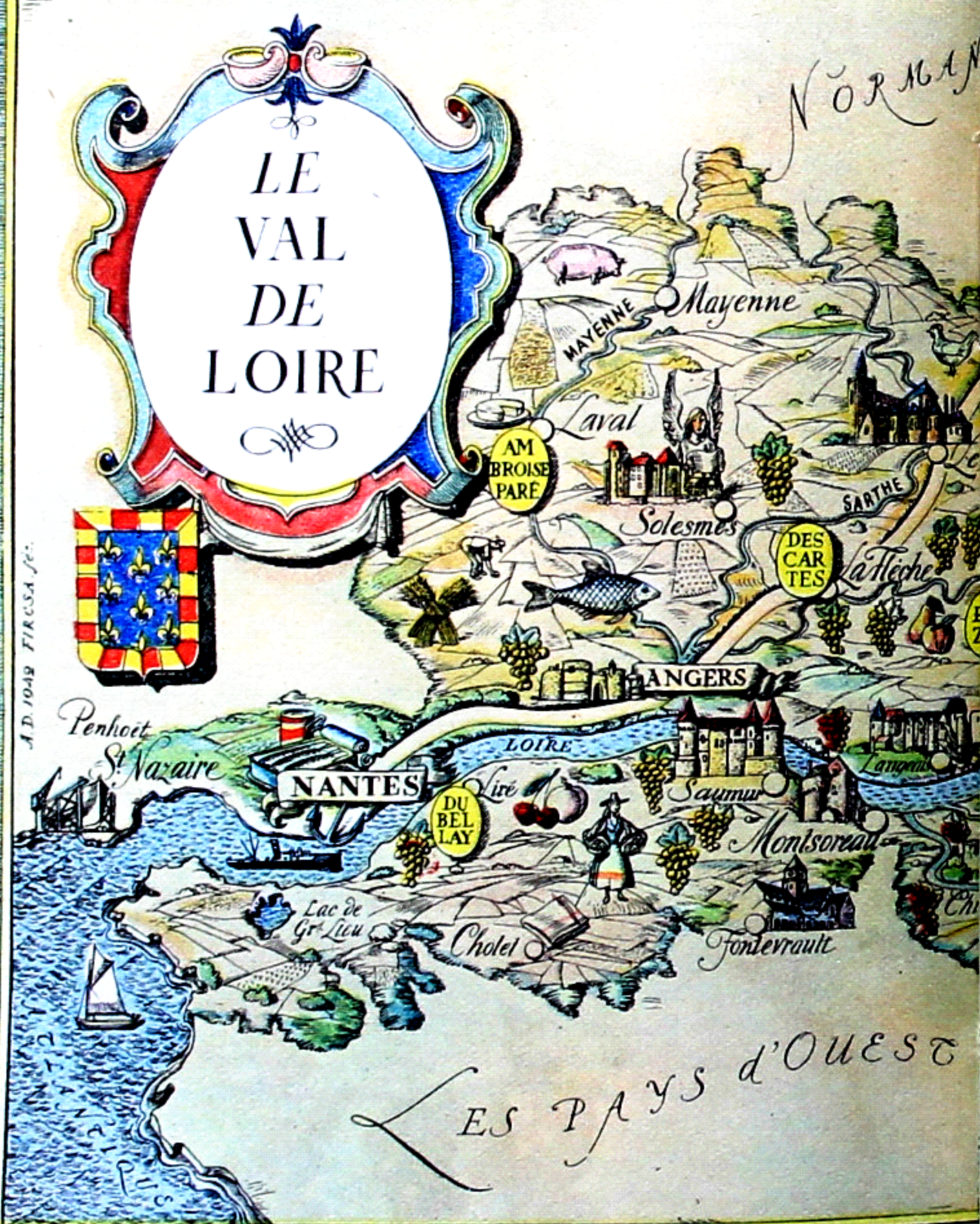
The beer is excellent, and everywhere you can smell the tantalizing Lorraine "potée".



LE VAL DE LOIRE



A.D. 1048 FIRCSA. JEC.



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A costume of the Val de Loire



THE VALE OF THE LOIRE

The Vale of the Loire, or the "Garden of France", prologue and introduction in three tableaux :

First tableau :

Midnight on a balmy summer night, in a chateau on the banks of the river, at the court of the King of France, in the XVIth century.

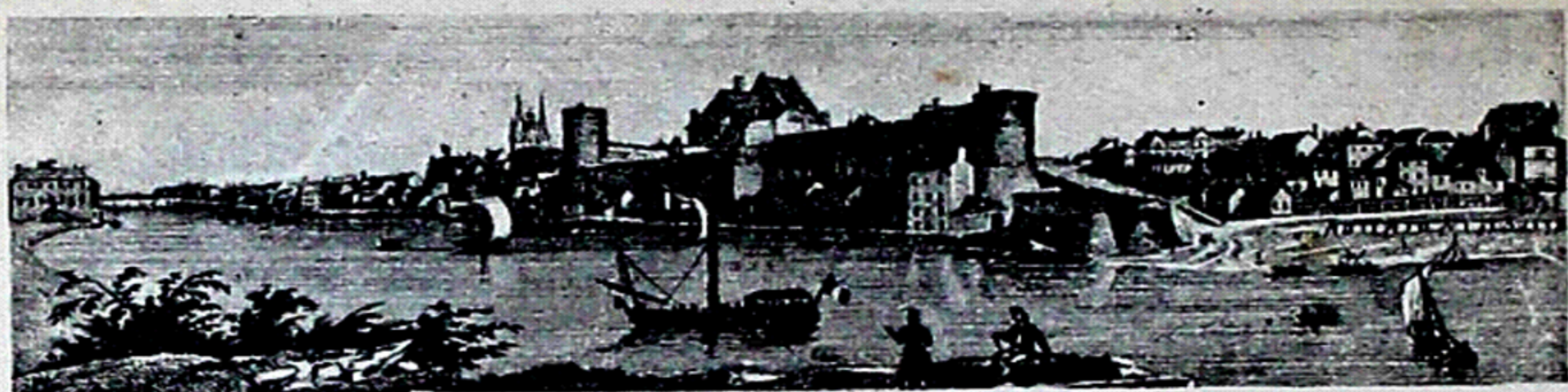
The large sombre corridors are peopled with furtive shadows. Against a large Renaissance bay-window, a graceful couple is outlined in the moonlight. A cracking is heard, is it the floor creaking, or perhaps the bedstead of a tester bed?

The whole chateau is full of whispers and reeks of rare perfumes. A distant melody and light laughter are heard in the direction of the park.

Second tableau :

October 1930, in the russet and golden hues of an evening twilight.

A mossy spongy forest, where the last melancholy note of a hunting horn seems to dwell on the top of a stately birch-tree. A few feet away a big golden ball flies off heavily, then two, then ten. Who dares disturb the pheasants in the midst of their evening meal? The game keeper has only just put their ration of ants into the small high-perched mangers.



Angers, from an engraving

At the extremity of the forest track one catches sight of a hart, or maybe of a roe.

Here is the squire's daughter, in her white attire, sprightly, and as fidgety as her horse.

Third tableau :

In the spring of 1942. A pretty buxom girl greets us perkily and lays a pitcher of white wine on the family table.

No sooner has the wine been poured into the glasses that a sunbeam falls upon the Vouvray and the limpidity of the sparkling wine leaps like a flame.

Bounded by yew trees, flowery gardens may be seen through the doorway. At the foot of the hill, the silver thread of a river glistens in the sun.

THE LOIRE VALLEY

The climate is mild, the sun envelops all things. This is a land of châteaux, wine, and love.

The indolent Loire unrolls a blue ribbon down an undulating landscape on which the provinces of Nivernais, Orléanais, Blésois, Touraine, Saumurois, Anjou, and Lower Loire are strung according to the rhythm of the dales.

Tumultuous during the rainy season, silted up in summer, the Loire has all the appearance of a pleasure stream, a mirror for châteaux.

The slight embankments cannot do much towards preventing it from overflowing.

One wonders how in the XIIIth century, the "Company of Merchants who frequented the River Loire and other Streams" managed to carry on such an active trade along its banks.

In the vicinity of Nevers, encircled by its forests, the river Allier, the Siamese twin of the Loire, makes its junction with the latter.

The Loire's sentimental journey starts here, amid the Fourchambault Works. To the right of the river lies the Morvan, a verdant hump, and to the left the Berry, a fertile plain.

The plain extends up to the river Cher and encircles Bourges, a museum city.

Bourges has more than one claim to distinction. This middle-class capital takes great pride in its cathedral and Palais Jacques Cœur, two unique monuments.

The cathedral emerges from the pretty gardens of the Archevêché, designed by Le Nôtre. From the transept, the apse and the nave look like a luminous piece of ogival lace. In spite of its sculptural riches, and five portals, the façade offers a striking contrast. It seems darker, colder, and looks down on an archaic and desert quarter.

From there, one descends to old Bourges, through quaint old streets.

The Palais Jacques Cœur is a magnificent example of XVth century civil architecture. It recalls the splendour of Charles VII's celebrated treasurer. It was in this sumptuous abode that the dynamical adventurer accumulated the ecus destined for his king, and the fur-lined coats, oriental fabrics and sets of diamonds intended for Agnès Sorel.

Later on, driven away by the ingratitude of Charles VII, Jacques Cœur left France, and spent the remainder of his life abroad, continuing a little trading activity with far lands.

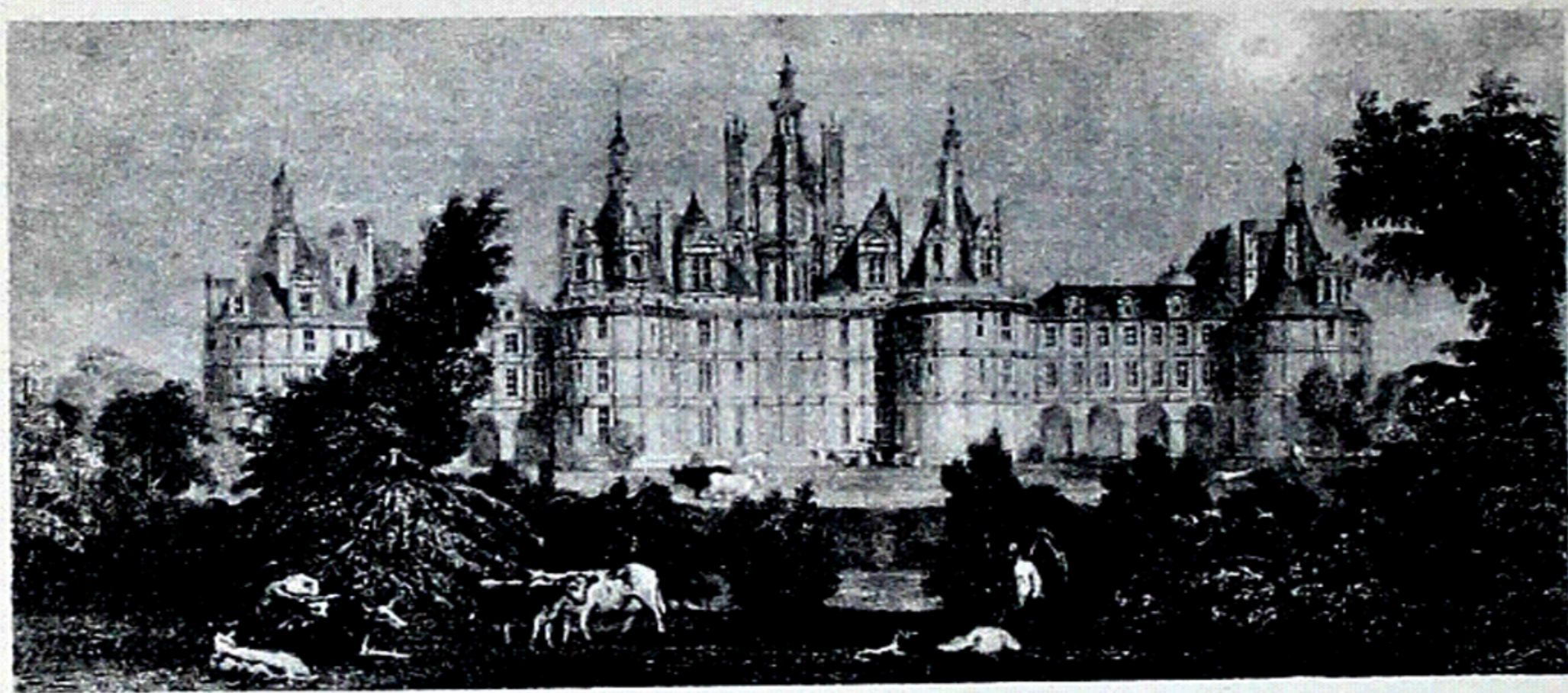
Bourges, whose activity centres round the rue Moyenne, is bordered with very fertile gardens called "le marais" (the swamp).

Let us now come back to the source of the Loire. Its lateral canal follows it like a shadow.

Its flow soon decreases considerably, its bed readily sinks into whirlpools and is bordered in places with porous soil. The rise of the river Loiret is in reality only a reappearance of the waters of the Loire, which recovers it all some seven and a half miles further on.



Joan of Arc



The Château of Chambord

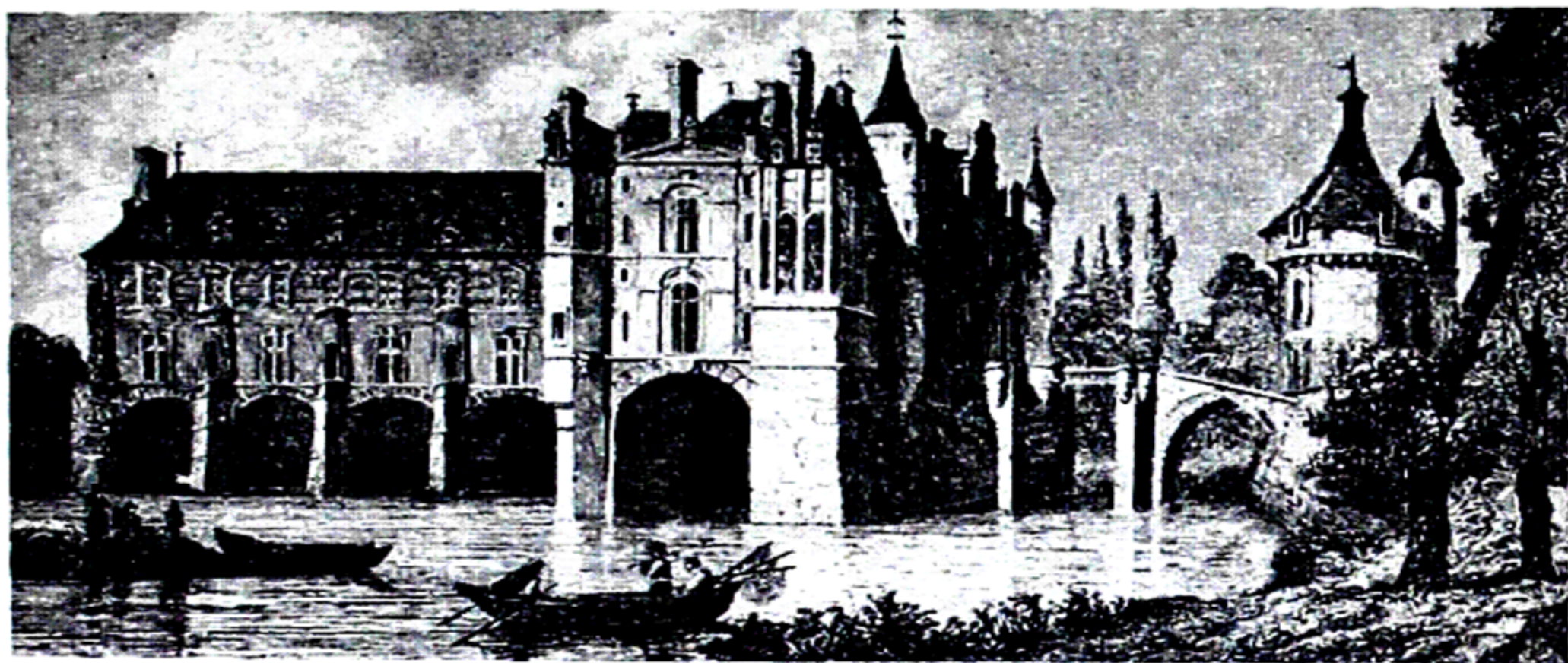
At Sully-sur-Loire, we come upon the first in a galaxy of chateaux, all full of history. With its grim towers, the chateau of Sully-sur-Loire dominates a pleasant river beach, livened up in summer by the frolics of charming Orléanaises. Sully in his day did not behold such a refreshing spectacle! In this vale, preceding Orléans, we find two celebrated churches, the Romanesque minster of Saint-Benoit-sur-Loire, containing the remains of Saint-Benoit; and the original basilica of Germigny whose square plan dates from 806.

Orléans lies at the crossing of the North-South road and the river. From the days of Joan of Arc to the last war this crossroad has had a strategic importance which has proved fatal to the town of Orléans.

The people of Orléans keep the memory of Joan of Arc very much alive. Each year in the month of May, festivities and processions commemorate the liberation of the town in 1429.

Stretching on the border of one of the richest plains covered with cereals, Orléans shares with Etampes and Corbeil the wealth of the Beauce.

In the south, the road that leads to boggy and uncultivated Sologne is hedged with the flowery nursery gardens of Olivet. All mossy, covered here and there with stunted heath and coppices, where flap-mushrooms and orange-milk agarics grow luxuriantly, the forest of Orléans already partakes of the character of Sologne.



The Château of Chenonceaux

Sologne has at all times been the hunter's paradise. The great proud châteaux erected by kings on that land were mere shooting boxes, where leave was taken of the ladies before going after the deer.

Past Orléans, Meung and Beaugency with the importance of their old stones, mark the beginning of a region endowed with a rich history and the most beautiful châteaux.

The chateau of Chambord, one of the architectural gems of the Loire Valley, is the first that comes into sight. Like Versailles, Chambord was born out of the whim of a king. That king was François I^{er}, and the construction of the chateau was begun in 1515, the year of the victory of Marignan.

A quarter of a century later, in his magnificent chateau, the old king received Charles Fifth with glorious pomp. Just try to picture the corteges, the flames dancing in the huge fire-places, the torches, the glittering tables, covered with candlesticks, cristals and all kinds of wonderful viands and delicacies.

Chambord is the masterpiece of the French Renaissance; a masterpiece of proportions. One may approach it so near as to touch it, and yet the immense edifice remains light and elegant. It is at the same time a masterpiece of fantasy. The roof is a riot of sculptured chimneys, perforated pinnacles, spires, lanterns, windows, capitals, friezes, sculptures and needles. This roof is in reality a vast platform-promenade to which access is gained by the double-revolution grand staircase, which is regarded as one of the most curious achievements of Renaissance architects.

Legend has it that the belvedere terrace of Chambord was intended as an observation post for the ladies when the court went hunting. Pierre Trinqureau, when he built the chateau, may have had this thought in mind, though it is doubtful.

The chateau is surrounded by a park extending over 13,344 acres. It would, therefore, be hardly possible to watch a stag hunt from the roof over so vast a wooded area.

A royal hunt relay, Chambord only saw its royal guests bursting in and out. It was thus that between a solitary night and the blowing of the mort François I^{er} engraved on one of the window panes his famous distich, stamped with disillusion : " Souvent femme varie, bien fol est qui s'y fie " (Women are fickle, woe betide he who trusts them).

Past Chambord, Sologne and the Loire, side by side, lead us, the former to Cheverny and the latter to Blois.

Two chateaux could not afford a more striking contrast than that afforded by Cheverny and Blois.

The first is a vast baronial hall, constructed at one stroke, without great phantasy, but unquestionably noble. It has belonged to the same family from the time of its construction to the present day. There is no memorable or minor history connected with Cheverny. Its interior decoration is intact and would alone justify its reputation.

The château de Blois, on the other hand, is a harlequinade of genius. Its historical as well as defamatory chronicles could fill a library. The vagabond kings of the XVIth century could not keep still there.

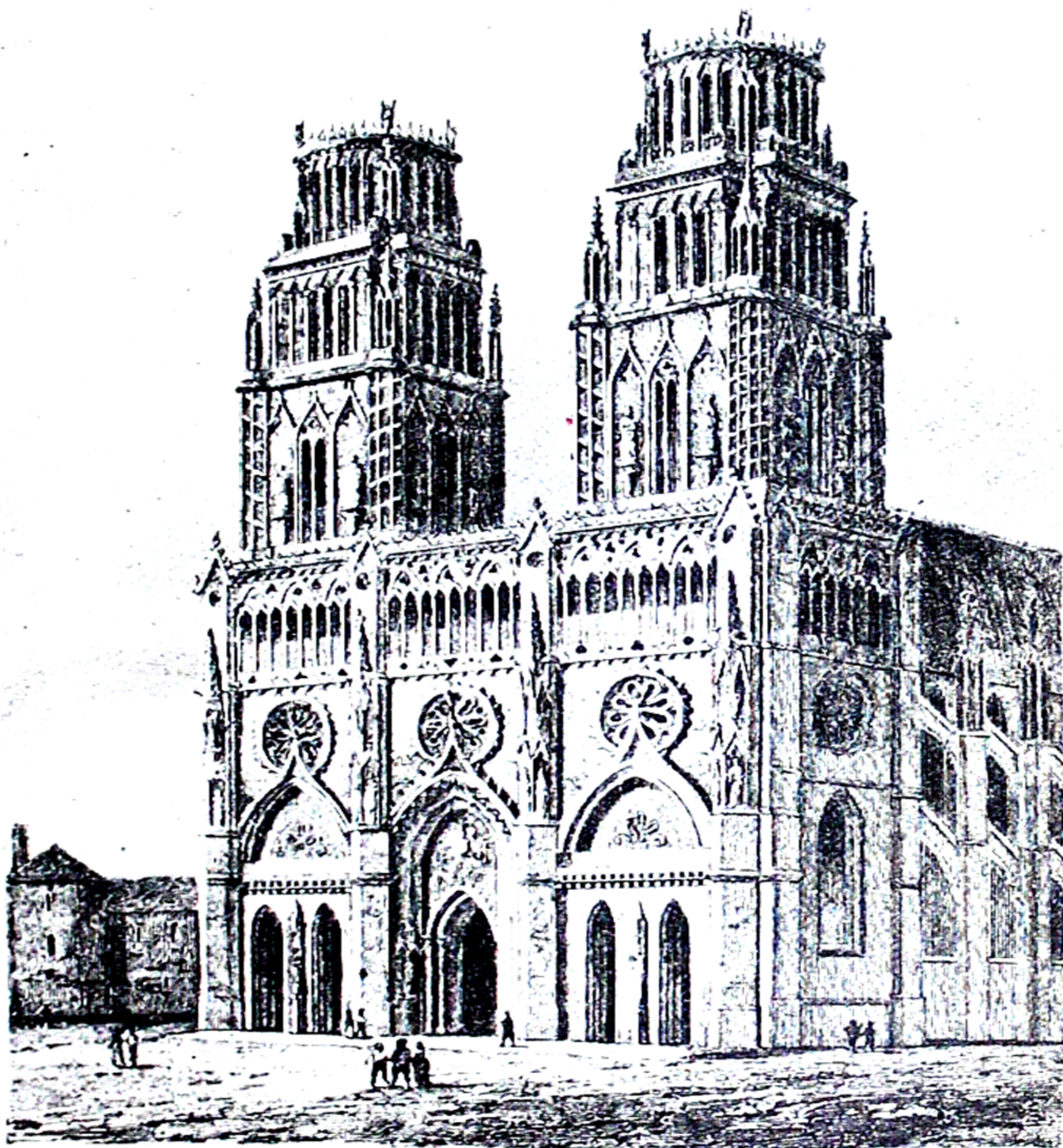
We owe to the first two and to the last that unique architecture which, from the Louis XII wing of Gothico-Italian inspiration, runs into the classic monotony of the Mansart wing. But here again the artistic imagination of François I^{er} is brought to light. A strictly Italian Renaissance street façade is contrasted with a court façade revealing the first French Renaissance.

The famous external staircase of Blois remains the masterpiece of that period.

The chateau was at first the favourite sojourn of Louis XII. This diplomat king, who had married the widow of Charles VIII, the austere and intelligent Anne de Bretagne, lest the Duchess should offer her heart and province elsewhere, felt very much at home in this forest-clad vale of Blois.

Anne de Bretagne died there in 1514, soon replaced by the tittle-tattle of François I's favourites.

It was at the château de Blois that Catherine de Medicis, Henri III and the Duc de Guise, confronted one another in the thick of the wars of religion.



Orléans Cathedral



The House of Jacques Cœur at Bourges

the accession of Henri IV to the throne.

As one leaves the Blésois and its châteaux to enter Touraine, one sets foot on a land where history and romance have an equal claim.

Tours, the capital of Touraine, lies in the heart of the province. It is a Gallo-Roman town round which the whole history of France is unfolded. It has in turn harboured all the kings of the Middle Ages, the royal hunts, the bastard courts, a restless nobility and tracked down governments.

Tours is quite an industrial city. Right in the heart of the chateau district, it manufactures fine silks, brocades, rich fabrics spangled with gold and silver, and passementerie.

Nevertheless Tours remains primarily a touring centre. The crypt of Saint-Martin, the cathedral of Saint-Gatien, the mausoleum of Anne de Bretagne and the Tower of Charlemagne are only a few of the many places of interest it has to offer.

Touraine is a rich country. Unlike other men of less fortunate

This equivocal environment was to take a dramatic turn. The Duc de Guise was assassinated by order of Henri III and Catherine de Medicis could not stand the dreadful atmosphere that ensued.

A few miles further along the Loire we come to Chaumont. In this semi-feudal, semi-renaissance chateau the imprint of Catherine de Médicis is strong. Here the queen effaces herself to give place to the woman, and reveals herself a passionate and childish woman. She will spend whole nights in the chateau with Nostradamus or Ruggieri in the hope, moreover fulfilled, of foreseeing her future. Through the green, yellow and reddish flames reflected on the window, astrologists and soothsayers predicted the deaths of her sons and

provinces, the peasants of Touraine have never suffered from destitution or starvation. There is an attractive nonchalance in their actions and manners that is not surprising on the part of people living in so pleasant a land.

The smart soft-stone houses adorned with flowers, the beautiful gardens, overhanging ridges jutting out over the river, would alone suffice to symbolise this privileged vale. Acacias, yew-trees, thujas, aristolochias grow there in the same profusion as heather elsewhere. The first impression is one of riches and comfort.

Grape-vine grows wherever it is given a chance. The wines of the Loire are famous. Touraine, Anjou and the Saumurois can boast of possessing some famous vineyards. Vouvray is the most popular, but the vineyards of Serrant are the noblest of all.

The caves or grottoes in the hills and along the dales afford excellent cellars where the wine in casks is left to mellow in an ideal uniform temperature. These caves are sometimes inhabited by the peasants themselves, modern troglodytes of Touraine.

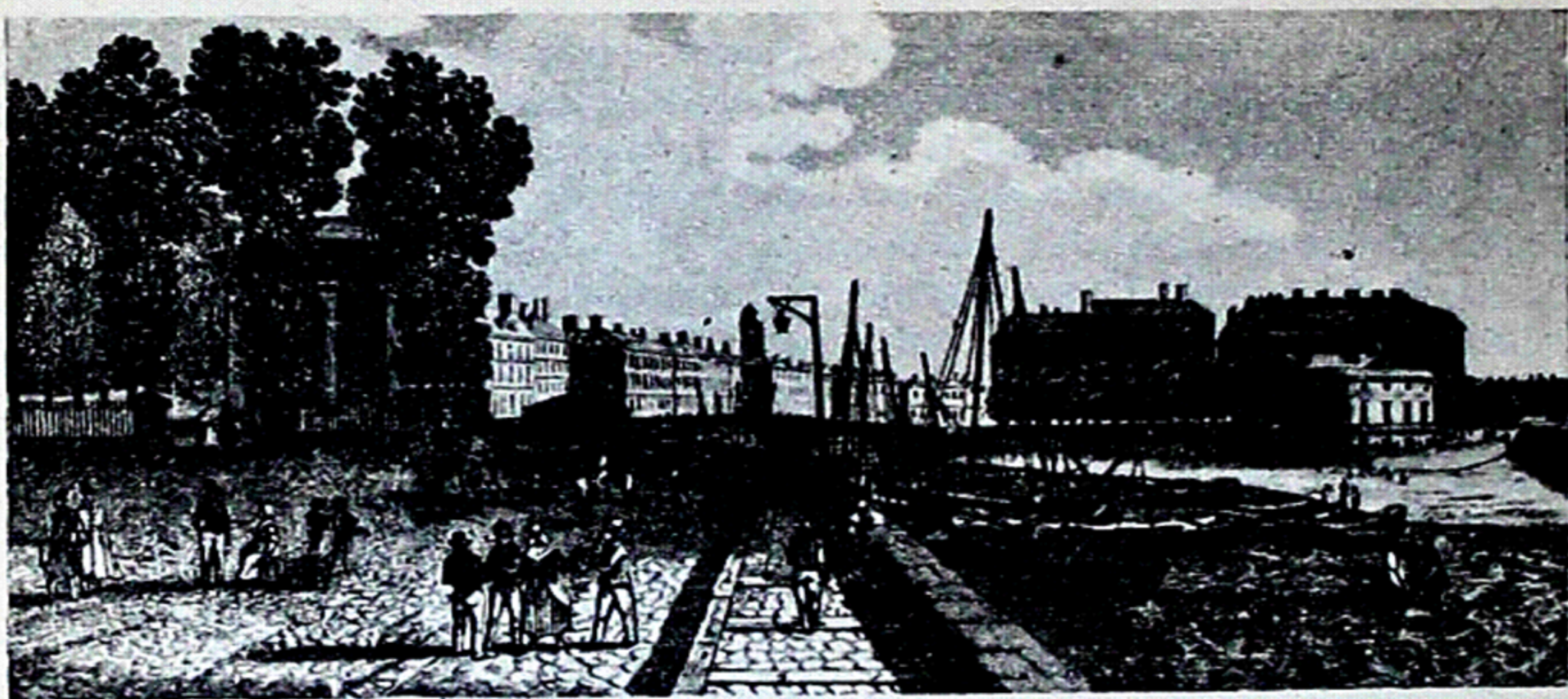
Turning to our chateaux, we find that they radiate from Tours and readily abandon the Loire for its tributaries. The whole Loire région has had its great builders ever since the beginning of the history of France. Counts and dukes, like the famous Foulques Nerra, built immense fortified castles which they afterwards besieged without mercy in order to test their strength.

The invasion of France by the English later gave the kings of France a good pretext to settle on the banks of the Loire.

Charles VII did not possess the combativeness of a Foulques Nerra. The king of Bourges considered that pinching the slender waists of ladies was a more agreeable pastime than fighting. Comfortably settled in the chateau of Chinon, and seemingly unconcerned, he just waited till the invaders drew near to resume his march towards the south.

Chinon, one of the greatest architectural ensembles of the Loire Valley, is to-day but a heap of ruins, some hundred feet above the town. But amid the stones of these ruins the visitor may visualise the room where Joan of Arc on March 8th 1429, recognised Charles VII from among his courtiers. Addressing herself to the king, Joan said: "Noble Dauphin, I have come to help you to drive out the English". But the King of Bourges tergiversates. Joan must first appear before a council, for his ministers distrust the robust country girl who is temporarily kept under close surveillance at the chateau de Coudray.

Charles VII, however, believes in the supernatural. After Joan has succeeded



Nantes

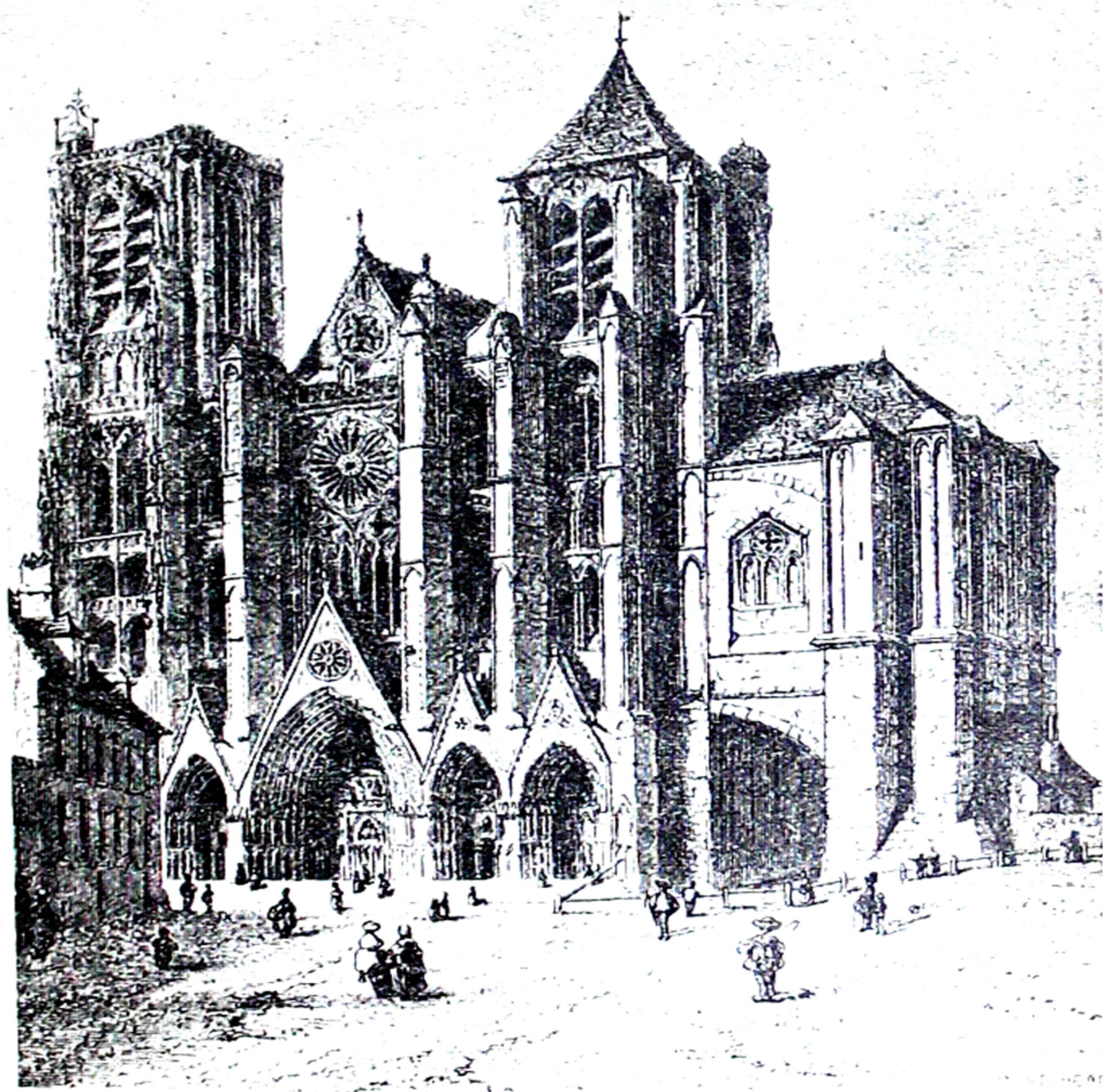
in getting food into beleaguered Orléans and freeing it with only a small army, Charles gallops away on the roads to meet Joan and embrace her.

Beautiful Agnès Sorel, to whom Fouquet owes his inspiration in painting his splendid "Vierge de Melun", has faith in Charles VII's star, and becomes attached to him. The whole region extending from Chinon to Bourges, passing through Loches and Valençay, has been the witness of their romance. How many chateaux, forests, manors, copses, underground passages, towers, groves and attics have been the witnesses of the amorous effusions of Charles and Agnès!

The beautiful favourite has her mausoleum in the Chateau of Loches. Louis XI, son and successor of Charles VII only left the most lugubrious memories in that same chateau, with his dark cells, his iron cages, his damp underground passages and oubliettes. The spirit of the cruel and devout little king, whose reign proved so important for the unity of France, still haunts his favourite chateau of Plessis-les-Tours. There Louis XI, and his two cronies, Olivier and Tristan, filled with terror a stunted court, perpetually on its guard.

Between Loches and Plessis we come to Chenonceaux, the loveliest chateau in Touraine.

Chenonceaux reminds us of Diane de Poitiers at the pinnacle of her glory.



Bourges Cathedral

During her influence, and one might say, her reign, the pretty mistress of Henri II entrusted to Philippe Delorme the construction of the famous bridge over the Cher river, which was soon surmounted with a huge gallery 195 feet long. The chateau was later ceded to Catherine de Medicis. In its park the old queen gave a succession of such licentious feasts, that chroniclers stood aghast.

The chateau of Amboise near Chenonceaux is peopled with memories: the death of Charles VIII, who accidentally knocked his head against a beam: the reception of Charles V by François I^{er} in 1539, and the barbarous repression of the famous Protestant conspiracy of Amboise under François II. Amid so much sadness, the smile of dainty Anne de Pisseleu, Duchess of Etampes and sixteen-year old mistress of François I^{er}, and the big blue eyes of Marie Stuart, wife of François II, shed a little sunshine on the old Renaissance walls.

After winding round the haughty chateau of Loches, the river Indre becomes more pleasant at Azay-le-Rideau, and obligingly undulates round the chateau, a masterpiece of the first Renaissance. There is very little history connected with Azay-le-Rideau. The whole interest centres round the chateau itself, where the grace of the Renaissance has turned feudal machicoulis into light, interminable frieze.

Langeais, on the contrary, remains haughty and gloomy. In this setting that so became her dignity, little Duchess Anne de Bretagne, clad in a gold dress, sealskins and sables, gave her hand and duchy to Charles VIII on December 6th 1491.

Two dungeons, Luynes and Cinq-Mars, together with another Renaissance chateau Villandry, bring us to the edge of the Saumurois, leaving Chinon overhanging the river Vienne on our left.

Saumur is famous for its cavalry school, founded in 1768. Its celebrated "Cadre Noir" is known throughout the military world. The chateau towering above the town harbours the most important horse museum in the world.

The Abbey of Fontevrault and the chateau of Montsoreau, in the vicinity of Saumur are both remarkable.

Between Saumur and Angers, the capricious Loire runs through a region covered with vineyards. Angers offers to our admiration a colossal fortified castle engirdled with seventeen towers. The immense slate quarries of Trélazé close by are a hundred years old.

The abbey of Solesmes in the north brings us near to Le Mans where the curious Notre-Dame-de-la-Couture may be seen. Cholet in the south is a harbinger of the Vendean country. To the west lies Nantes on the



Loire estuary and its chateau closes a long list of never-to-be-forgotten sights. Nantes offers little from a historical point of view, but the town itself is quite attractive with its picturesque Quai de la Fosse, the Transporter Bridge, the Place Graslin, and the nave of the cathedral of Saint-Pierre, not to mention the animation of the port.

Saint-Nazaire, outer harbour of Nantes, is proud of its docks, among which the "Penhoet" dock extends over 1804 acres.

Slowly the Loire silt joins outlying islands to the mainland.

This smiling valley, where the Renaissance and madrigals flourished, was also peopled with some of France's greatest poets and writers... Ronsard in Vendôme, Balzac and Grégoire, the old historian in Tours, Descartes at La Flèche, du Bellay at Petit-Liré, Rabelais in Chinon, Vigny in Loches, Charles d'Orléans in Blois, to cite only a few.

They have sung their country, and more especially their region, in tender strains, well worthy of the lovely scenery that inspired them. And in the country where Love once ruled the kings of France, Voltaire wrote for the most beautiful of favourites the following charming motto : " Je suis Agnès... Vive France et Amour "

THE GASTRONOMY OF THE VALLEY OF THE LOIRE

Georges Clemenceau used to say : "Anjou is a corner of France where France is most France". He could have added : "And where one eats the best". It was here that was invented a savoury white butter, which is not often well made in Paris (it is a sauce made of butter melted on a very slow fire with some finely chopped shalots, a little vinegar, salt and pepper. The sauce must never boil).

"Rillettes" and "rillons" from Angers, Anjou fish with stuffing, chicken fricassée, stuffed artichokes, gruyère salad, country sausage, black and white blood pudding, green pea soup, stewed hare and salmis, roasted piquet veal, "chouée" (mashed green cabbage with lots of butter and a dash of vinegar), "millière" (millet boiled in sweetened milk and served at wedding feasts in the South of Anjou), and plum pies are the principal dishes of Anjou.

The wines are very fine : Coulée de Serrant, Coteaux du Layon, Coteaux de la Loire, Saumurois wines are the delight of connaisseurs.

In Touraine cooking, there are many dishes made with Vouvray wine : — Vouvraye crayfish, Vouvray tripe, poached eggs in Vouvray jelly; young rabbit fillet with Vouvray, etc. Pork butchery is very popular : pork "rillettes" and goose "rillettes" from Tours, "rillons" or bits of pork neck browned in fat and kept in pots, Tours chitterlings, etc.

The Loire is very lavish of its fish : grilled shad, eel matelote with Vouvray wine, "marinière" carp (stuffed, and cooked in white wine), etc.

And if you add fine meat, good vegetables, Touraine fowl, "rôtie" (soup made of bread cut fine and boiled in sweet red wine; they added honey in the old days), fried bread (a South Touraine dish made up of thin slices of bread dipped in walnut oil), there you have an idea of the famous cooking of the province.

The wines are worthy of their fame, especially the white wines of Vouvray and Rochecorbon, and the red wines of Chinon and Bourgueil, not to mention the agreeable rosy wine.

At first sight, the specialities of Orléans cooking are little known because this province has no famous local dish. This does not mean to say it has no good ones.

As a matter of fact, all over Beauce, Sologne, Gâtinais, they prepare crow soup, which is an ordinary meat soup, — but with an extra crow thrown in.

Pithiviers has world-famous lark-pies, already noted in 1820 in a cookery book called the "Royal Cook"

Sologne is the paradise of hunters, and that is enough to realise that hare leverets and roe are cooked in many various ways.

Gâtinais is a land flowing with honey. It also makes lovely sausages (with potatoes and mashed cabbage fried together).

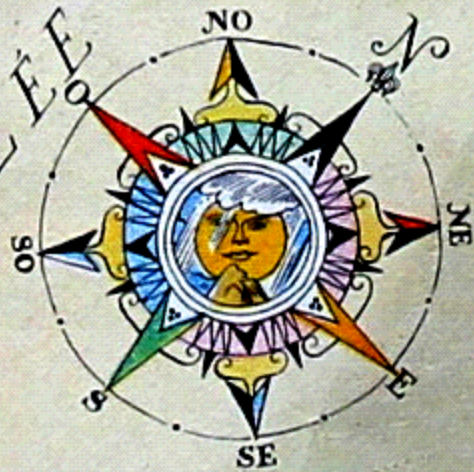
There too; you can eat hare steak (fleshy part of the young hare, flattened to give the appearance of a beefsteak, grilled like one, and served with chips).

Orléans has Cotignacs (quince paste).

You really cannot turn up your nose at the Demoiselle Tatin Tart at La Motte-Beuvron (a kind of apple tart cooked in the oven, but with the dish covered), or the exquisite pralines of Montargis, the almond cakes of Pithivier called by that name in pastry-making, or the Romorantin beans, or the pork "rillettes" of Chissay.

Although the wines are not of the most famous growths, they are agreeable, and the liqueur of the district made of sloes is called Foudraine.





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Auvergne costumes



AUVERGNE

Auvergne may be compared to a huge fortified castle standing in the middle of France, in the heart of the Massif Central, encircled by provinces that stand against it, and the bases of which join the vast plains of Aquitaine and the Paris basin.

This rugged country is the water-tower of France. The wind-driven clouds condense on the crest of the mountains, where they are quickly transformed into rivers.

The subsoil of Auvergne is of the same nature as that of Brittany, but here the granite is covered with volcanic rocks, for Auvergne was once a huge bonfire that lit up the sky by night, and drew the attention of the whole of Europe to the spot that is France to-day.

First vision of Auvergne : A low-ceilinged room just big enough to hold three tables and ten chairs. A portly moustached man sits in state behind a zinc counter. A door opens on to a tiny kitchen whence emanates the pleasant smell of cabbage soup. A second door reveals the contents of a room full of sacks of coal and firewood.

Second vision of Auvergne : The Parisian "bournat" (small coal and firewood retailer).

The bournat is the most Parisian of Auvergnats.

Despite the difficulty he experiences in pronouncing French correctly, he adapts himself extremely well to Parisian life,



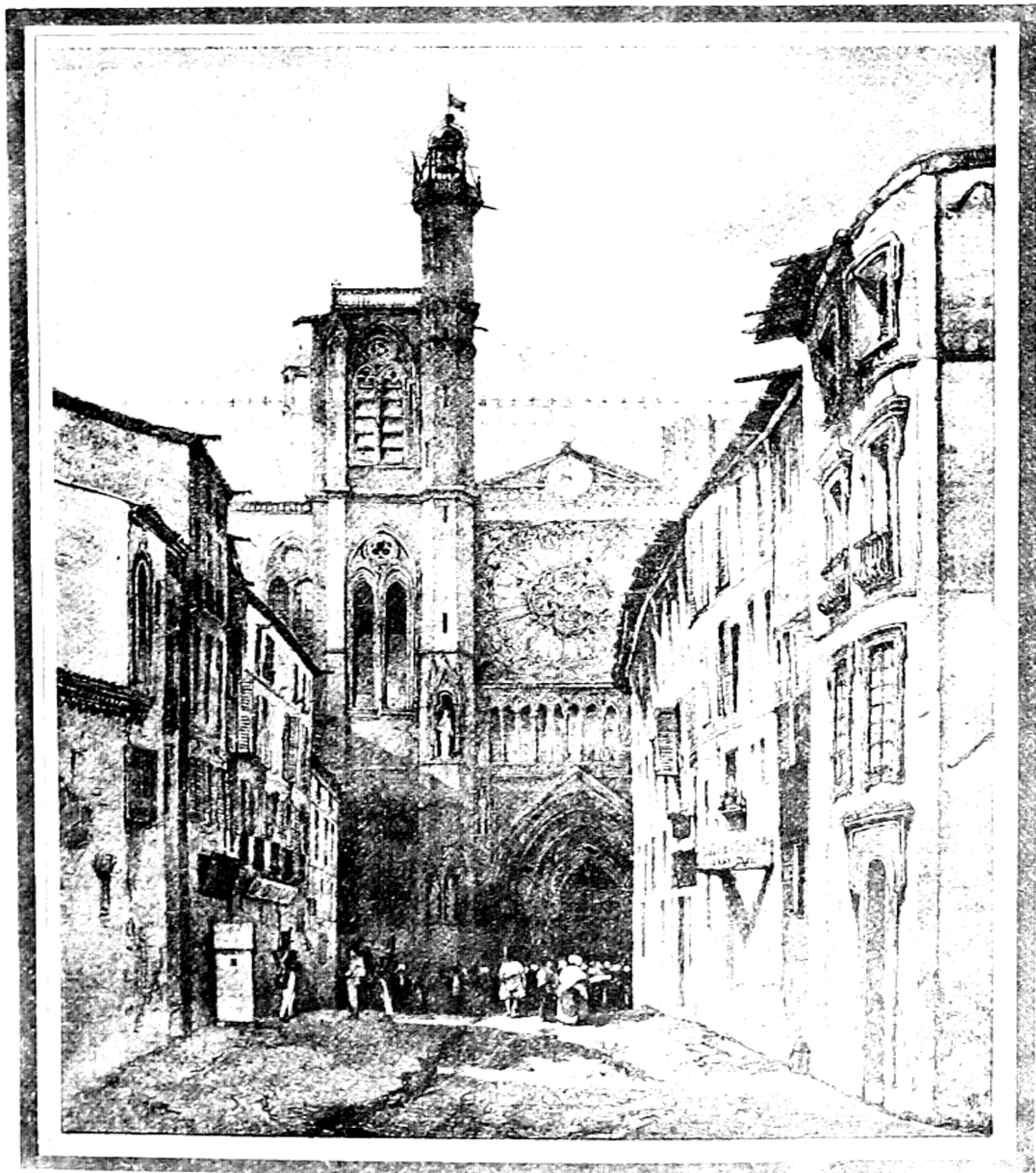
View of the ville du Puy

As he cannot hide his origin because of the defect in his pronunciation, he turns a deaf ear to the old everlasting jokes about him made by the true Parisian, and simply lives his little Auvergnat life at the back of his shop. Through a general phenomenon of auto-suggestion, all the natives of the Massif Central living in Paris (and their number by far exceeds 200,000), imagine that they are being tormented by the native Parisians; hence the creation of defence leagues against an imaginary peril. They have their own special papers, their syndicates, their associations, their friendly societies. In short, they form in Paris a republic where fellowship is no vain word.

This naturally results in a serious decline in the population of Auvergne. Villages are deserted, chestnut trees grow in once-cultivated fields, heather overruns abandoned farms.

It is quite startling to think that Paris is the only place in France where the "bourrée" is still being danced to-day by the natives of Auvergne within their associations. But in the home country, when the "Félibrige" — a society whose purpose it is keep alive the Provençal and other dialects of the south of France — organises a festival including a programme of local dances, it is always in the rush of the last few days preceding the occasion that the young are taught the figures they are to mime on the stage.

The "bourrée" is one of the peasant dances, the origin of which probably



Clermont-Ferrand Cathedral

goes back to ancient civilisation. It has been contended that there are some analogies between the "bourrée" and the old Greek Pyrrhic. It is also claimed that it draws its inspiration from the Tibetan, the Dutch, or the Kaffir jig. It is true that the three-four time comes back in most dances.

If the bourrée is no longer popular in Auvergne, the time is not so far remote when balls without hurdy-gurdy were nevertheless fresh and refreshing. A cornet, an oboe and a bass from the village band would play all the repertoire of pre-war songs. Villages balls have lost their charm ever since the accordeon and modern repertoires were introduced into the country.

The Auvergnats are the descendants of the ancient Arvernès who, with Vercingétorix, kept Caesar at bay on the plateau of Gergovie.

The race remains quite pure when the natives of Auvergne stick to their soil. They were formerly characterised by a curly beard worn in the style of a Newgate frill, a hairy chest and shaven-off moustache.

Auvergne is divided into two quite distinct regions : the Mountain, a volcanic block frequented by tourists, and the Limagne, a wide fertile plain stretching between the Loire and the Allier.

Clermont-Ferrand, the capital of Auvergne, lies between the two. It is composed of a modern town extending round the Michelin works, rubber being its chief industry, and Mont-Ferrand, a small medieval town.

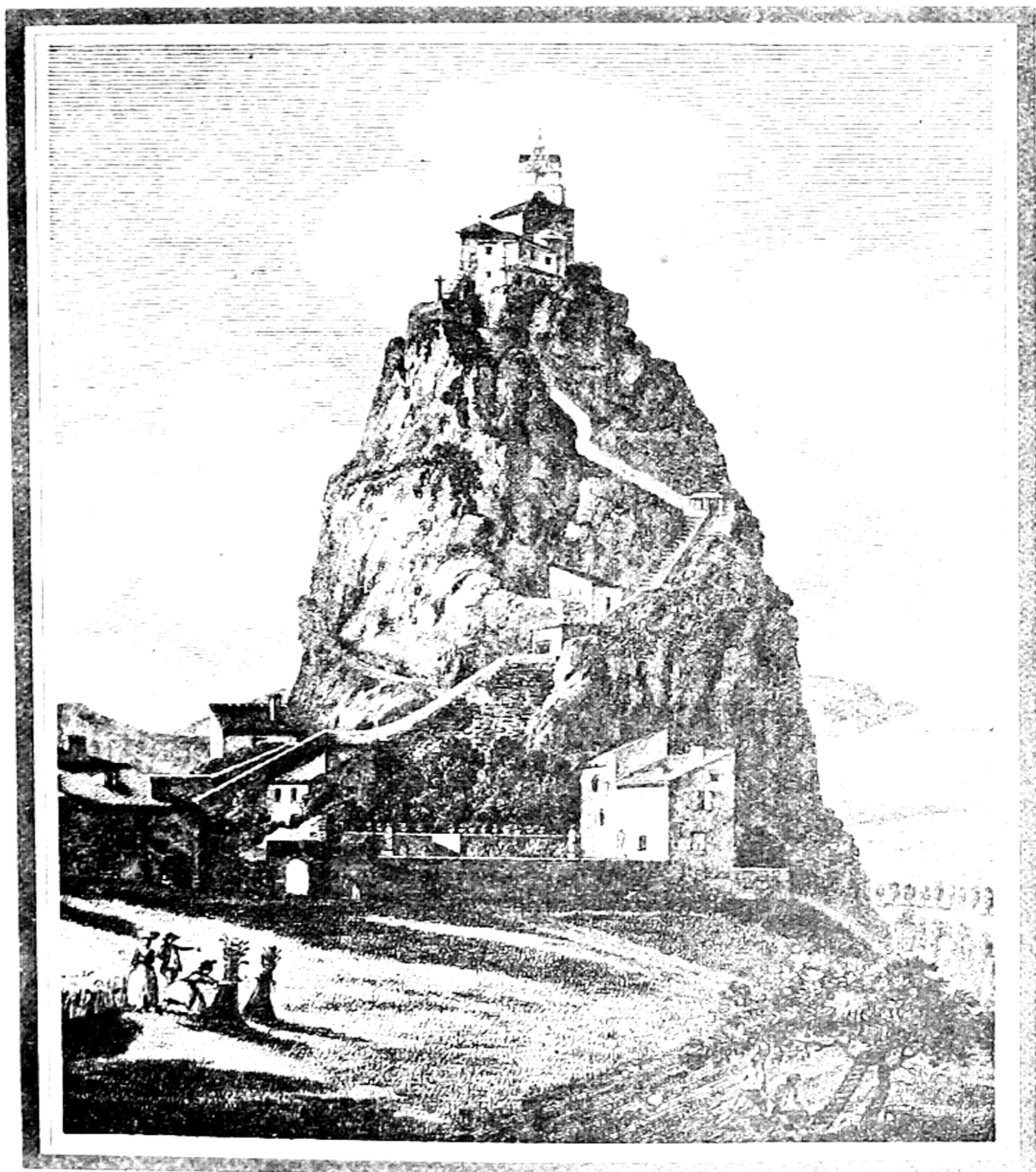
The capital of Auvergne is primarily an industrial centre.

Its markets are abundantly supplied with the produce of the rich Limagne. All through the summer the Place de Jaude is visited by throngs of tourists on their way to the mountain.

Auvergne offers no attraction for the real alpinist as the mountain is easily ascended by car. Tourists come to see the volcanoes. These long extinct volcanoes are quite safe though it is customary for the tourists to speculate concerning the possibilities of a sudden outbreak.

Let us climb the 4,806 feet that will take us to the summit of the Puy-de-Dôme. From there we discern an observatory and the vestiges of Mercury's Roman Temple.

But the real sight of Auvergne is unquestionably the panoramic view over the famous mountain range. Sixty-two volcanoes stretching from the north to the south dominate the region. The vista is equally imposing both from the plateau of Gergovie and from that of Saint-Bonnet. The cone of eruption of some of these volcanoes is still intact; others are crumbling and filling in while the crater of some others have the privilege of encompassing a bright



Saint-Michel's Rock - Le Pic

blue lake. It looks like the blue sky of the Antipodes at the bottom of a gigantic hole, once said a poet.

The Limagne stretches at the foot of the mountains. This rich plain owes the exceptional fertility of its soil to the scoriae with which it was covered at the beginning of the Quaternary period. A pastoral life animates the small villages lying between the plain and the mountain.

Every evening one may hear the cattle bells of herds descending the volcanoes with their paunches full of aromatic grass. Every morning the same herds climb slowly up the slopes and form concentric circles round the mountains, amid holly and gentian.

The Fades Viaduct, north of the Limagne, crosses the Sioule river at the stupendous height of 360 feet, and spans the chaotic and picturesque valley in the vicinity of Manzat. The course of the Sioule is encumbered with dams. It is, indeed, the home of the white coal.

Leaving Clermont via the scenic Mont-Dore route, we behold a second series of volcanoes that are older than the first, and the craters of which are for the most part filled in. With its 6,187 feet, the Puy de Sancy stands out from among them and dominates the Massif Central.

Near Sancy is the Mecca of glider planes: la Banne d'Ordanche. Further south we come across a string of mysterious lakes, the most famous of which is the Pavin lake. The legend says that every stone thrown into the lake raises a storm. The depth of the lake is tremendous and it is reputed to harbour fabulous trout. In any case, five pound specimens are not unusual, which is not bad after all.

The whole region boasts of a good many watering places and health resorts: Le Mont-Dore, la Bourboule, Saint-Nectaire. The deep narrow banks of rivers are called Gorges du Chavanon, Gorges d'Avèze, Gorges de Courgoul. These gorges are much frequented by campers.

Descending further south we come to the "Plombs" that follow the Mont-Dore. These plombs are more ancient still in the hierarchy of extinct volcanoes. At an altitude of 6,095 feet, the Plomb du Cantal in Upper Auvergne towers above the whole region. The capital of Upper Auvergne is Aurillac at the far end of the outflow of lava from the volcanoes of Cantal.

As in most French mountainous regions, the rivers of Cantal have the reputation of carrying grains of gold dust. Prospectors in the old days used to immerse in the Jordanne river the skins of freshly killed sheep, and afterwards would collect the gold that had settled in the fleece.



We have now reached the southernmost part of Auvergne. The valleys slope down from the Plomb du Cantal, along the Dordogne and the Lot, and extend into the provinces of Perigord and Quercy.

Proceeding towards the Limagne we come across 500 chateaux, among which those of Randan, Tournol and Chazeron are historical, and 200 reputed thermal springs; the towns and villages are built out of that strange lava that turns black with the years.

We come now to Saint-Flour, which Parisians consider as the very end of the world. Le Puy en Velay, one of the most curious cities of the Massif Central, probably possesses the most beautiful cathedral in Roman-Auvergnat style.

Riom is the paradise of pettifoggers and lawyers, and way up north we come to Vichy, the queen of French watering-places.

Three mountains, the Madeleine, the Forez and the Velay to the west, bound the Rhône basin and the vineyards that mark its entrance. The fourteen forests of Bourbonnais come to meet us; let us mention the famous forest of Tronçais, ten oaks of which have been classed as "historical monuments"

THE GASTRONOMY OF AUVERGNE AND BOURBONNAIS

This fine province, both noble and rough, rich in history and very proud, dominated by the spirit of Vercingétorix, the Gallic chieftain who resisted Julius Caesar, not only has fine landscapes, but also first-rate country cooking, made up of simple but masterful dishes which are, even to-day, little known.

Who will sing of the healthy strong flavour of the "Tripou" of Auvergne, made of rolled lamb tripe, mingled with spicy herbs — much lighter and more melting than beef tripe? Add a little garlic, and you have the "Trénels" of Millau.

Do you know the "Oulade", a country soup made in an "oule" or beaten copper pot in which is placed a "fritonnier" or tin full of little holes and filled with "fritons" or small pieces of bacon? Have you heard of Saint-Flour rissole, Brioude salmon pie, beef "estouffat", Brayaude leg of mutton from the high Aveyron moors, and the Auvergne Châtaigneraie tart, which gave such pleasure to Jean de Bonnefoi, even when he merely read the recipe?

Let us add in passing that the real "coq au vin" has to be cooked in one of those little-known but agreeable wines: the Chanturgues, and Saint-Nectaire.

Auvergne is a block of granite and rock — so be it; but it is also a land of green woods, smiling valleys, rivers teeming with trout or salmon, important industrial towns, high plateau pastures where graze the healthy cattle, and considerable vineyards, the wines of which: Chanturgues, Fel, Ribeyron, Bleue d'Orcet or Bleue de Cournon taste better in the neighbouring inns.

There is a traditional song, "la Youyette" which begins thus:

" Let them set on the table
Good sausage and wine,
For the boy must not pine. "

For ham, onions, and country wine can be found, not only in every inn, but even in the poorest cottage. It would not be right to forget the cheese.

The fine regional poet Raoul Toscan, who is wise enough to live in the province and work in peace and quiet at his charming verses, has thus expressed himself with heart-felt eloquence:

" You cannot cross our wonderful Nivernais without realising that this province, studded with woods and pastures, springs and sunny slopes, is a country of good cheer.

The Morvan pigs, the herd of which was formerly increased by Vauban, become savoury hams and delicious chitterlings in the careful hands of the peasants.

The snails from our vines, the trout and the crayfish from the Yonne and the Cure, the carp and the frisky gudgeon from the Loire give birth to those tasty shellfish dishes, those savoury matelotes and heart-rejoicing fried fish.

Nevers, the old city of the Dukes, pottery and painted roofs, Nevers is also a gourmet city. All kinds of sweetmeats are eaten here, and the nougatine, which has conquered the world, is queen of them all.

And everywhere along our countryside, the good old hotels, the inns wreathed in russet vine-branches, or the gay welcoming roadhouses have kept, with their wine, the secret of their grandmothers' recipes. Indeed, good cooking is one of our finest Nivernais virtues.

We could not speak of Nivernais without mentioning that its national dish is the "saupiquet", the origin of which goes back to the old verb "saupiquer" "to prick with salt"

Let us take off our hats to the Pouilly wines which have the honour of beginning the series of fine Loire wines beloved of every gourmet, and which are some of the finest gems in the wine crown of France.



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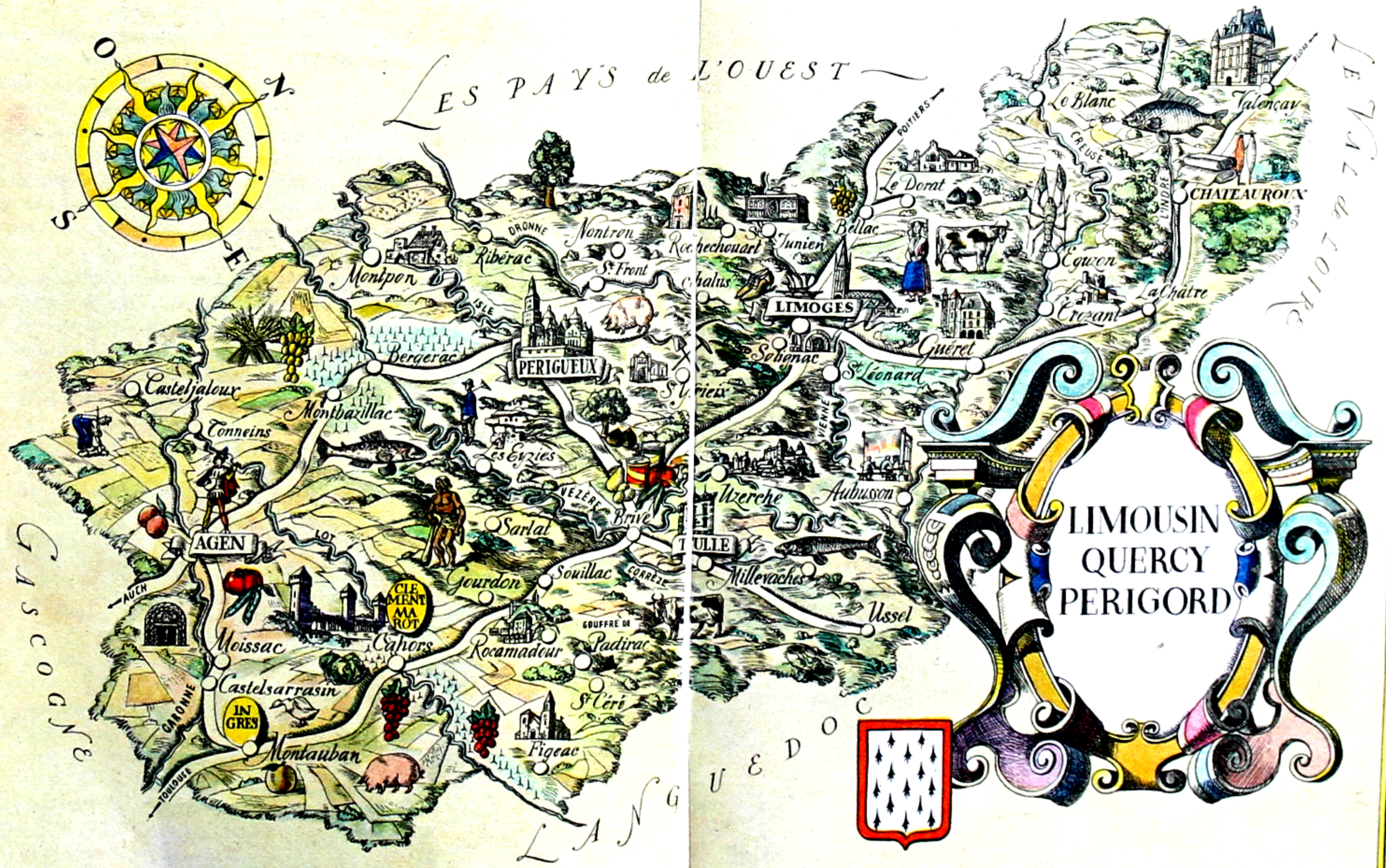
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Limousin costumes



LIMOUSIN, QUERCY, PERIGORD

The great paths of history have never crossed these lands of the Massif Central, halfway between the mountains and the plain.

The tourist who, by nature, loves the open country, has long hesitated before crossing these uncompromising regions.

Limestone plateaux and heaths through which wind verdant valleys are ill-suited to the establishment of summer resorts or glorious pilgrimages.

The natives themselves have long made it a practice of deserting their soil.

Day by day, for over a century, the lure of new horizons has invincibly attracted the younger generations.

From the granitic plateau of Millevaches to the Jurassic plateau of Quercy, passing through the chalky plateau of Perigord, one wanders in the same peaceful and undulating surroundings.

An imperceptible change in the climate is felt as one goes down towards the south. It becomes milder and less wild in the proximity of both the ocean and the Aquitaine.

Heather gives way to chestnut trees, which in turn yield to oaks. Further on cultivated land and cereal fields claim the place of oaks. Vines appear on the edge of these fields, and extend from there on.

These well-balanced provinces reveal to us in scraps the thrilling story of the origins of man. For more than 150,000 years they were, indeed, the favourite land of our ancestors.

The first foothills of the Marche and of the Limousin are surrounded on the north by the smiling lace-work chateaux of the Loire. Valançay even carries curiosity so far as to make its way into the land of heather and pastoral song.

Bourges marks the boundary where historical monuments give place to unpretentious country seats.

The short-lived resplendence of Romanesque churches, with their polychrome frescoes, ends abruptly to the west with the first chestnut groves of Limousin.

Is this central bastion standing out against Auvergne really ill-suited to historic architecture? Indeed not. The abbey of Saint-Martial in Limoges, of Saint-Léonard in Solignac, of Dorat and Grandmont, would alone constitute sufficient proof to the contrary.

But Limousin is a poor country and has not known the building craze of other provinces, calculated to arouse the admiration of a tourist. Surrounded with smart castles and well-proportioned churches, Limousin has only plain churches to offer, the towers of which are nothing more than a wall with a hole for the bell, feudal castles in ruins, haunted by literary reminiscences, and Romanesque churches born of the severe "Limousin school".

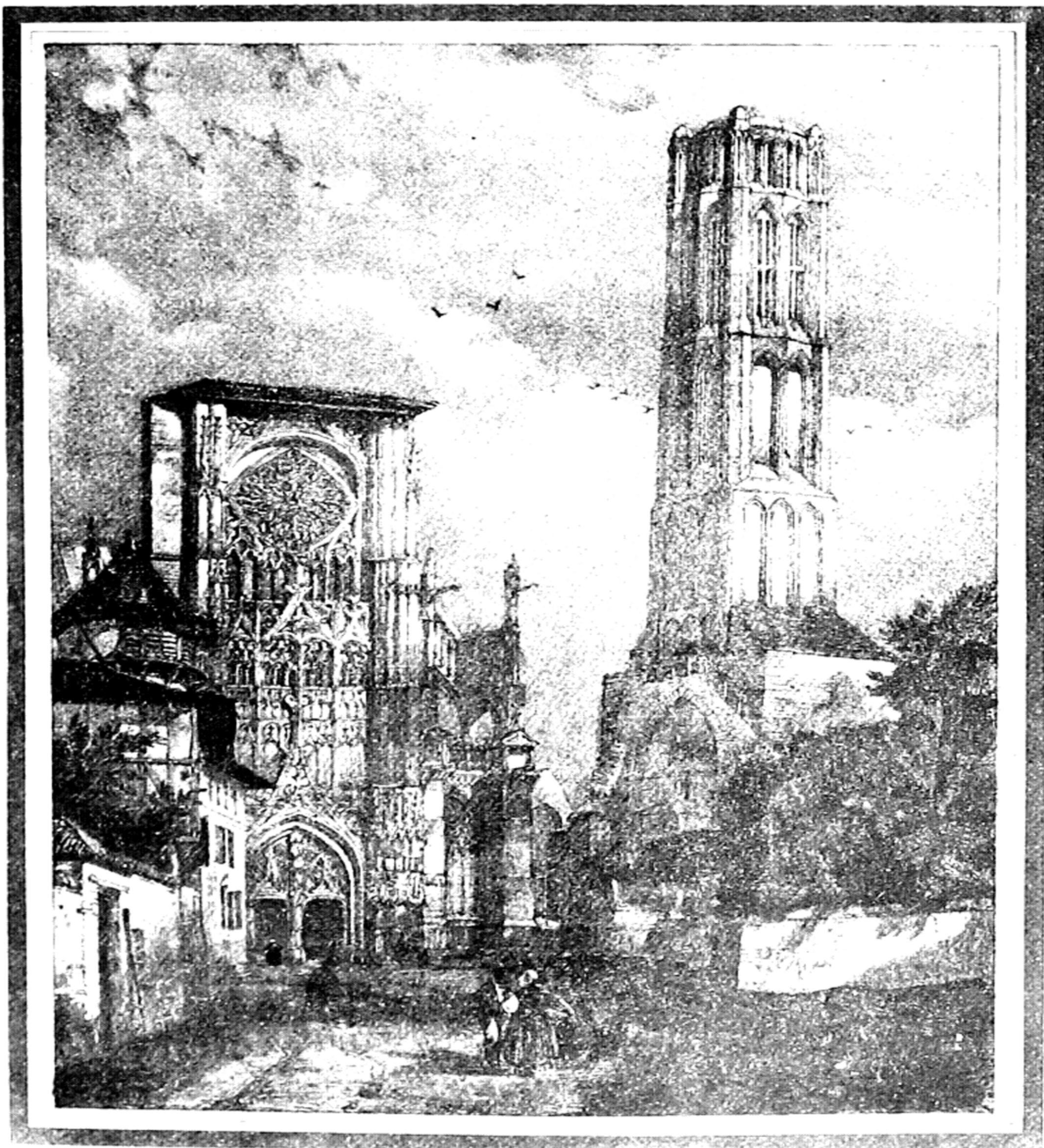
The country is divided into Upper and Lower Limousin.

Heather and chestnut trees give to Upper Limousin a barren appearance, softened by meadows in the hollow of which water scintillates. Herds of cows and goats tended by little pigtailed shepherdesses browse on the edge of thickets and coppices.

Limoges is a through traffic and industrial town. The cathedral of Saint-Etienne towers above the medieval town which crowds round it. Picturesque streets rush down on all sides. The most lively of these is the rue du Clocher, and the most curious is the rue des Bouchers, a vestige of the old trade-guild streets, where Rabelaisian meat stalls may still be seen in normal times.

Limoges is the capital of porcelain and artistic enamels.

The Adrien Dubouché museum contains a unique collection of ancient



Limoges Cathedral

porcelain. The manufacture of boots and shoes is another of its industries.

The kaolin required for the manufacture of porcelain is extracted from the beds of Saint-Yriex.

Rochechouart, Chalus, Ussel, Saint-Léonard, the big villages of Upper Limousin, border the vast plateau of Millevaches, the water-tower of the province.

Bellac and Le Dorat to the north foretell the approach of the Marche and its bright rivers embedded in granitic banks.

The course of the picturesque river Creuze, celebrated by George Sand, joins Aubusson, famous for its carpet manufacture, as well as Guéret, the ruins of Crozant, and the barrage of Erguzon.

Lower Limousin has nothing in common with the northern plateau, covered with pink heather.

Uzerches suggests a more cheerful and colourful region, richer in resources. This small archaic town, like the village of Turenne further south, makes one think of some unreal setting for an old mystery play.

Brive-la-Gaillarde is the capital of Lower Limousin. Few towns can boast of as much charm and activity as this big village surrounded by plane-trees.

Brive is kept busy sending off or tinning the local produce, early vegetables, mushrooms and fruit.

Tulle, in the vicinity of Brive, looks as if it were asleep on the banks of the river Corrèze, and visitors never fail to wonder at its old houses with their backs to the mountain. One of the strange things about these venerable houses with their painted wooden balconies, is that one must pass through the attic in order to reach the garden.

Barren in its altitude and smiling in its deep verdant valleys walled in by impressive spurs, Quercy in summer sees hosts of tourists winding their way round Rocamadour, Padirac and Saint-Céré. This is a land of chasms alternating with steep promontories which offer very little opportunity for hiking. Here the summer visitor is either climbing up or down.

Dazzled by immense panoramas and moved by numerous black miraculous virgins in their mid-air chapels, the tourist soon allows himself to slip into some romantic hole hung with multi-coloured stalactites and watered by subterranean rivers on which boats thread through a disquieting string of galleries, traps, grottoes and lakes.

Rocamadour, a place of pilgrimage from time immemorial, overhangs the gorges of Alzon. The village is a real cluster of abbeys, castles, monasteries,



Rocamadour

chapels, old houses, ramparts, and churches, round a 143 step staircase hanging in mid-air.

The Puits de Padirac is the most celebrated local chasm. It was explored in 1889 by J. A. Martel. The fitting up of modern comfort, including electricity, a lift, a restaurant and a landing-stage has turned it into an inviting fairyhouse.

Saint-Céré is the gastronomist's stopping place in Quercy. The village, made famous by Pierre Benoit, seems in normal times to live solely thanks to the emulation of its cooks.

Cahors is the capital of Quercy on the river Lot, spanned by the famous Valentré bridge. The construction of the old fortified bridge dates from the beginning of the XIVth century. Six big Gothic arches surmounted by three towers with parapets and machicoulis, stretch across the river. The defensive bond retains an exceptional lightness. Its elegance lies solely in its proportions, the height of its arches, and the sharp delicacy of its pillars.

The big medieval villages of Gourdon, Figeac, Moissac, Souillac, are real archaeological sanctuaries. The tympanum of the church in Moissac and of that in Souillac, are among the most remarkable in France. They were no

doubt inspired by the works of limner monks of the abbey of Saint-Sever.

The Périgord borders on Limousin and Quercy, but its climate is already more temperate. Rostand has sung the praises of the green sweetness of the evenings on the Dordogne. At the age of 38, Montaigne returned for good to his father's castle, to meditate at leisure.

Wooded Perigord introduces the south. Tobacco fields alternate with rye and millet. The valleys of the Drôme, of the Vezers, the Isle and the Dordogne are covered with an abundant vegetation that makes them look like verdant roads. These winding lines give to the plateaux against which they stand the appearance of uniform bare ridges.

Périgueux overhangs the Isle valley and leans against the balustrade of Tourny to behold the silver thread of the river flowing at its feet. The town contains numerous Gallo-Roman vestiges such as the tower of Vésone and the arenas hidden in small romantic parks.

The capital of Perigord lies in the heart of a region especially well adapted to the breeding of geese. The markets of Périgueux are quite as beautiful as those of Dax. During the season, piles of "foies gras" (liver of fatted geese) are heaped up on the Place de Clautre. The extraordinary fragrance of small baskets full of mushrooms draws the attention of the least expert tourist to the truffle market nearby. With a head wind, you may smell it from 700 feet.

Saint-Front and its haughty campaniles tower over the quiet city. The origin of the one and only Romano-Byzantine church in France is obscure. Archaeologists and historians are still at variance about it. It would seem that the building dates from the XIIth century, at least its Greek-cross shaped foundation and five cupolas and 197 feet bell-tower would. The Latin façade is older.

Nontron and Ribérac northwest of Périgueux indicate that we are approaching the western regions and their temperate climate, due to the proximity of the ocean. Bergerac and Sarlat in the south lie on the border of Gascony.

Montbazillac is the most famous local wine.

Agen and Montauban on the south mark the course of the Garonne. Each one of these two towns prides itself on possessing a great man and a fruit speciality.

Agen is universally known for its plums and prunes. Its great man is Jasmin, the barber-poet, the Mistral of Gascony.

Montauban, former capital of Quercy, is the home of the sweet golden Chasselas grapes. Ingres is its local glory.



Byzantine cathedrals, savoury truffles and swashbucklers serenading under balconies are not the only attractions of Périgord. This province will probably in the course of coming centuries win the title of " Home of the Prehistoric World "

The Eyzies will for ever arouse the enthusiasm of scientists from every part of the world. The whole " Paleolithic " lies in Périgord.

The " Mousterian " and his flints, the " Aurignacien " and his ivories, the " Solutrén " and his bas-reliefs, the " Magdalenien " and his reindeer and mammoth antlers have all left their imprint in these extraordinary regions.

The wonderful " reserve " constituted by the subsoil of the Eyzies region was explored for the first time in the second half of the 19th century by professors of the Museum of Natural History.

Excavations have continued ever since, but very little money has been devoted to it. Amateurs come periodically to dig, thus rendering the work of the scientists still more complex. But there is reason to think that this " Musée de l'Homme " still holds many surprises in store. The Madeleine, the Moustier, Cro-Magnon, l'Abri du Cap Blanc, les Fonts-de-Gaume, les Combarelles, La Micoque, l'Abri de Laussel, Laugerie-Basse and Laugerie-Haute will set you dreaming.

THE GASTRONOMY OF LIMOUSIN AND PERIGORD

Limousin cooking is not appreciated enough. A little survey of its specialities would repay us.

Here is the recipe of the province's national dish : the *clafoutis*, as it was given us by Monsieur Vandable :

" Take three eggs, and for the three eggs, three spoonfuls of flour and as much sugar. A pinch of salt, one and a half pints of milk. Put the flour in a basin, then the salt, then break the eggs one by one in the flour. Stir well, make it firm with a spoon, and add the milk, gently at first, then the sugar, and mix well.

Take a baking tin and in this tin place about a pound of cherries. The blacker they are, the better (do not make *clafoutis* with white-heart cherries) Over these black cherries in the tin, pour the kind of sauce made by the flour mixed with the eggs and milk, and bake in the oven for 10 to 15 minutes. Sugar before serving. "

If you have had the joy of eating Creuse trout at Aubusson, crayfish at Meyssac, stuffed mushrooms " *à la mode de Tulle* ", Limousin turkey-poult at Limoges and a few sweetmeats at the same town, you will know what good cooking means.

A gourmet scholar from that region has written :

" Let us be satisfied with herb " egg " omelette, with fried gudgeons from the Vienne or trout from Bugeat, with tiny new carrots and green peas from Objat, with a leg of mutton still redolent of (and why not?) the heather of Millevaches (and it is worth salt-meadow mutton, believe me) with Roche-chouart beans, with two or three plump chickens, but not too fat, which taste like game, they have ranged so over the heath; let us be satisfied, according to the season, with a young pheasant larded with fresh bacon, with a young guinea-fowl or a wild duck, with Romaine lettuce as crisp as the nuts on the banks of the Aurence; or with slightly bitter dandelion salad, slippery from a bath of melted fat, and served with " *gratons* " (fried scraps of bacon). After that I should suggest a little goat cheese, or one of those mountain " *coupiis* ",

which have stayed a month under a bed, and which have a "lively" rind. To crown all a plum or apple pie with a few fresh fruit... "

Already in the XVth century, the Perpignan tavern-keepers baked for their mayors or consuls the pies destined for honoured guests. Louis XV made a noble of one of these, Villereynier de la Gâtine, King's pastry-cook. And the noble chef's nephew, Lafon, despite the tragic days of the Revolution, continued to supply England and France with Périgueux pies at the rate of 12 livres the partridge.

Périgord is a province which still knows what good cooking is. Truffles dominate it. Everywhere you perceive the subtle scent. In the smallest village, the peasant eats it with gusto still hot and smoking from out of a roasted turkey, whilst he sits in front of the huge fireplace ablaze with vine-branches. At Sarlat, the rich man prefers the truffle cooked under the embers, but everywhere its scent follows you. Every Périgourdin is a gourmet and a chef by birth, for he keeps all the old family recipes.

After the "tourin", after the meat-soup made of a well-larded piece of beef and a fat chicken, garnished with stuffing wrapped in cabbage-leaves, come here "à la Royale", duck with salsify, stuffed goose neck, goose or duck liver dotted with truffles, heavily-truffled turkey, stuffed or fried mushrooms with garlic, salad with walnut-oil dressing, goat cheese. Then, whipped eggs, flavoured custards, wafers rolled and flavoured with rum, orange-flower or aniseed, and many other sweets. And all this is accompanied by the song of Monbazillac, the best growth of Dordogne, for the scent of truffles and the flavour of Bordeaux wine make a really happy union.





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Vendée costumes



THE WESTERN PROVINCES

Although the Western provinces have no real geographic unity, it is generally agreed to group them together in an easily defined perimeter, and bounded on the west by the ocean, on the north by the Valley of the Loire, on the east by the first plateaux preceding the Massif Central, and on the south by the river Gironde.

Inside this area formed by the Poitou, the Aunis, and the Saintonge, runs a natural corridor extending from Chatellerault to Bordeaux, passing through Poitiers and Angoulême. This corridor is the main north/south highway between the Massif Central on one side and the coastal marshes on the other. Road and railway follow the trail once travelled by the pilgrims of Saint-Jacques-de-Compostelle.

Enemy armies have crossed swords on the border of Poitou from time immemorial. Clovis defeated the Visigoths at Vouillé in 507. Charles Martel stopped the invasion of the Saracens at Poitiers in 732. Saint Louis drove the English back at Taillebourg in 1242.

If we leave this main road and wend our way towards the coast, we come to a boggy, but fertile region extending up to the ocean.

The departement of la Vendée to the north still wears the halo of glory won in 1793 by the courage and faith of the old adversaries of the Republic.

To the south, the sunshine settles between the salterns and the vines of

Cognac. We are nearing Gascony. The old werewolf legends are pushed to the background by the famous local yarns known throughout France as the "histoires bordelaises".

Poitou is the biggest of the western provinces. It is divided into two parts : to the right above the corridor already mentioned, and La Vendée to the left.

While the former modelled its life and thoughts on those of travellers on the move, the latter retired within itself and lived away from all outside influence.

On the eve of the Revolution. La Vendée was ardent catholic and Royalist. It could not conceive any another form of religion or government.

The execution of king Louis XVI in 1793 gave rise to a formidable insurrection. The local nobility, as was natural, took up arms. In a few days the bells of all the villages galvanised a fanatical peasantry.

Rallying to the traditional cry of the screech owl, mysterious forces gathered by night in the underwood, and coup de main after coup de main inflicted cruel losses on the Republican armies.

The "Chouans" finally had to bow to Kléber, to Marceau and to the army of Mayence. Their defeat at Cholet on October 17th 1793 together with the successive deaths of their greatest leaders, Lescure and La Rochejaquelein, together with the kindness and patience of Kléber, finally brought about a difficult pacification.

Under Napoléon the Vendéens became the most loyal subjects of the new régime despite a few acts of outrage committed by isolated factions.

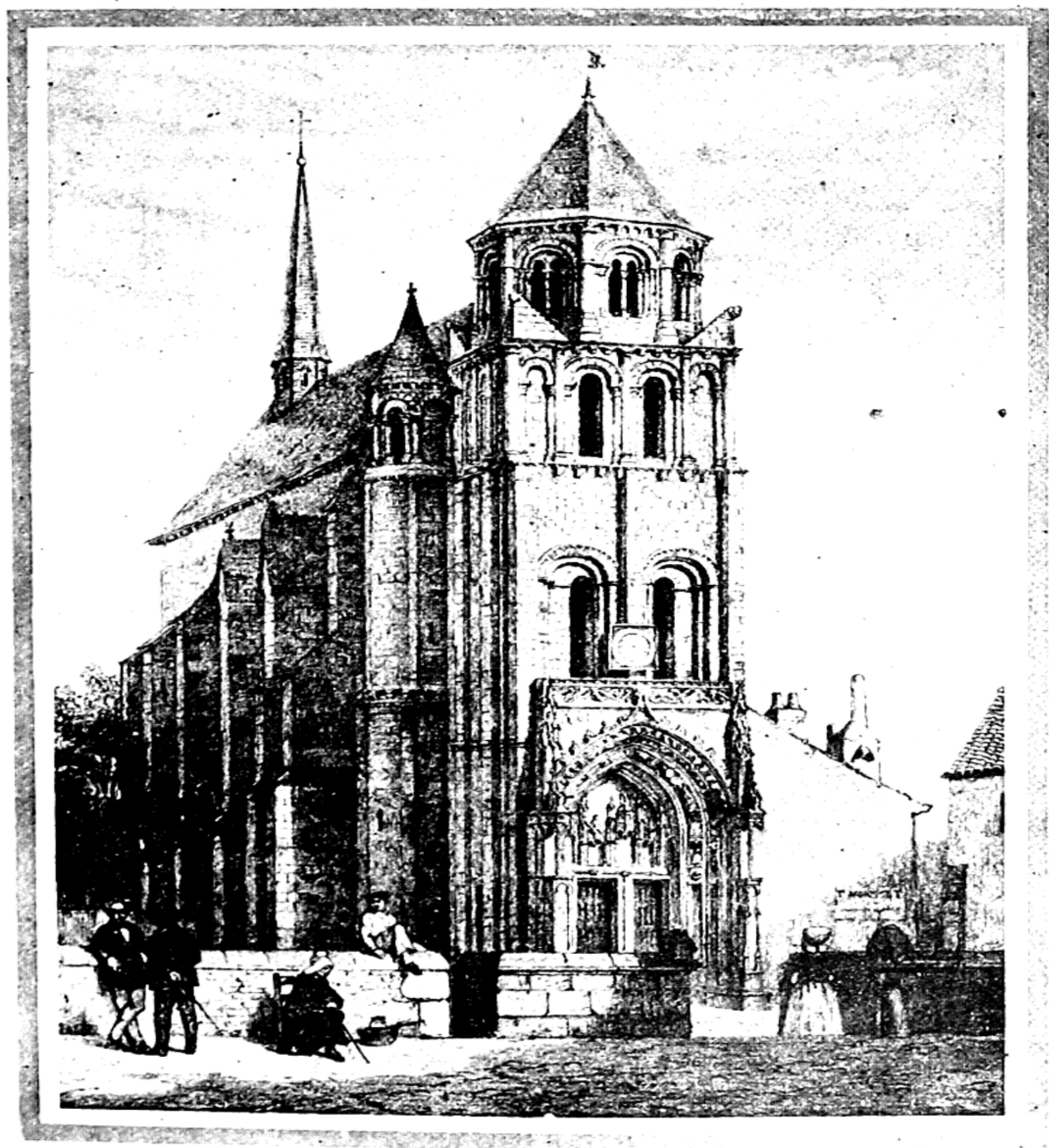
Western Poitou may be divided into three geographic zones : the Bocage, the Vendéen plain, and the Marais Poitevin. All three form a green and cool country.

The Bocage in the northwest, is one of the most curious regions of France. Just picture to yourself narrow meadows partitioned by dells, tufted with beech, elm and oak trees. Under the vaults formed by these trees, deep sunken rough roads intersected with pools and stones, encircle fields that look like islets of light. All these dark romantic paths in winter are transformed into brooks and sloughs.

These partitioned meadows of the Bocage cover more than 800,000 acres.

The Plain, on the contrary, is the realm of light. The wind is warmed by the marine current of the Gulf stream.

Farming on this land is done on a large scale, very often with the help of the most modern methods.



Sainte Radegonde's Church, at Poitiers

The Bocageon (native of Bocage), generally dark and small, contrasts with the Plainaud (native of the Plaine) more often tall and fair.

The Marais Poitevin at the southernmost end of Poitou, has been called "La Venise Verte" (Green Venice). It is formed by the former Golfe du Poitou that has been drained in the course of time since the XIIth century.

The lands irrigated by canals are called isles.

These isles were originally some portions of land that were not submerged by the sea at high tide.

Drainage was begun by the monks.

In the Ile Saint-Michel, one comes across four hillocks 49 feet high, formed by a curious accumulation of oyster shells. The local legend claims that these shells are the remnants of banquets from the monasteries.

The dried up marshes, the salt marshes, and the salterns, altogether cover 370,000 acres.

The most picturesque region is that of the wet marshes which reminds one of the Dutch polders.

All the canals are furrowed by "nioles", flat-bottomed boats on to which cattle and plough-horses unhesitatingly climb on their way to the meadows and the fields.

Dikes protect the Marshes against the sea and the canals against the tide.

"Green Venice" in winter lies under water. Isles on which the houses are grouped extend as far as the eye can see.

It is the season of wild duck and wild fowl.

The "Maraichins" (natives of the Marais) are ardent poachers and can give way to their passion in the indistinct kingdom of land and water, where the boundaries between the estates are hardly discernible.

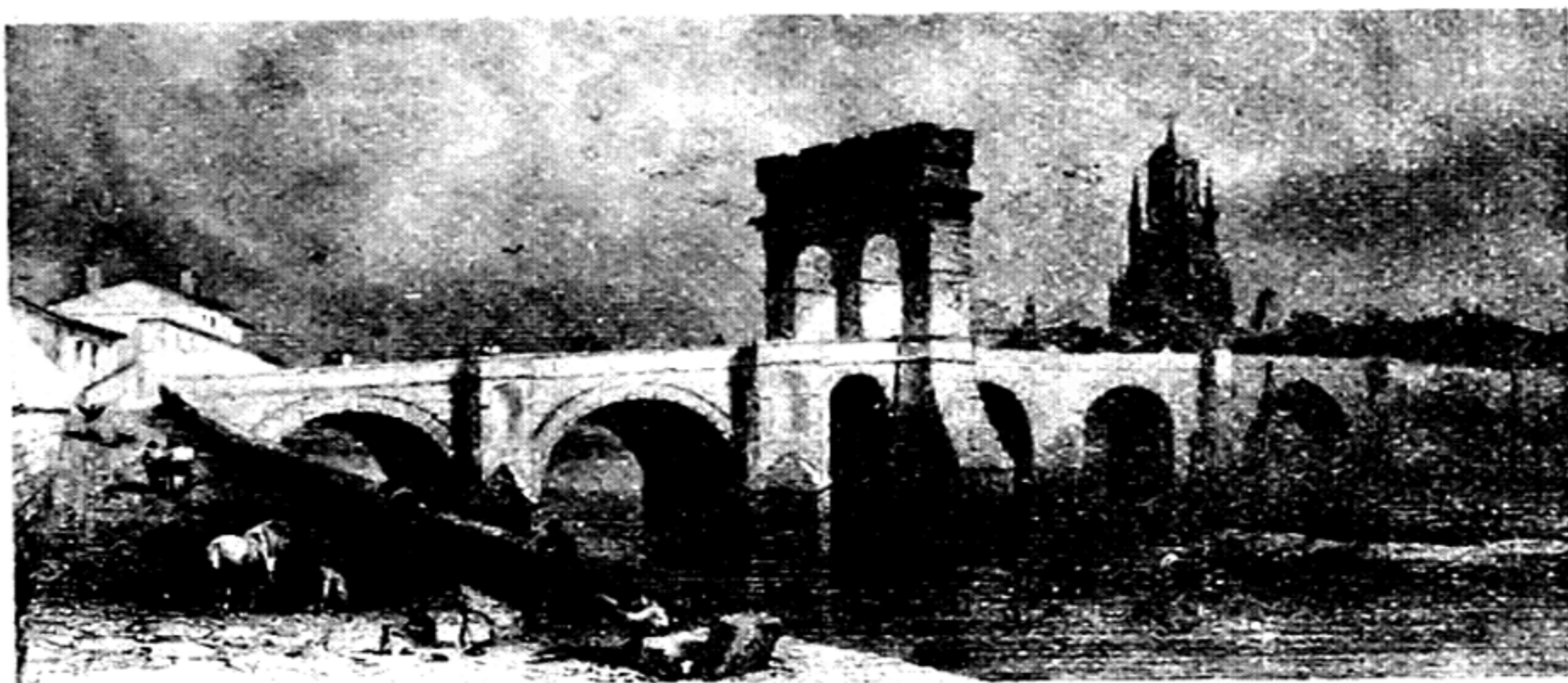
In December, legends settle by the fireside, between the child and the grandmother. They are also current all along the canals lined with alders, osiers, willows and poplars. The old werewolf is indeed very much at home here.

But in the midst of legends, meadows and marshes, what of the towns?

The city offers considerable interest, not only from a historical point of view, as we have already seen, but from an artistic point of view as well.

Poitevine architecture made great strides throughout this western region as early as the XIth century. Religious art spread quickly and widely to neighbouring provinces.

We find this art especially in the Romanesque churches of the period. The



A bridge at Saintes

most perfect example of this Romanesque art is Notre-Dame-la-Grande at Poitiers.

A sombre, inevitably massive edifice, but presenting great harmony, is always lighted up by an exceptional façade.

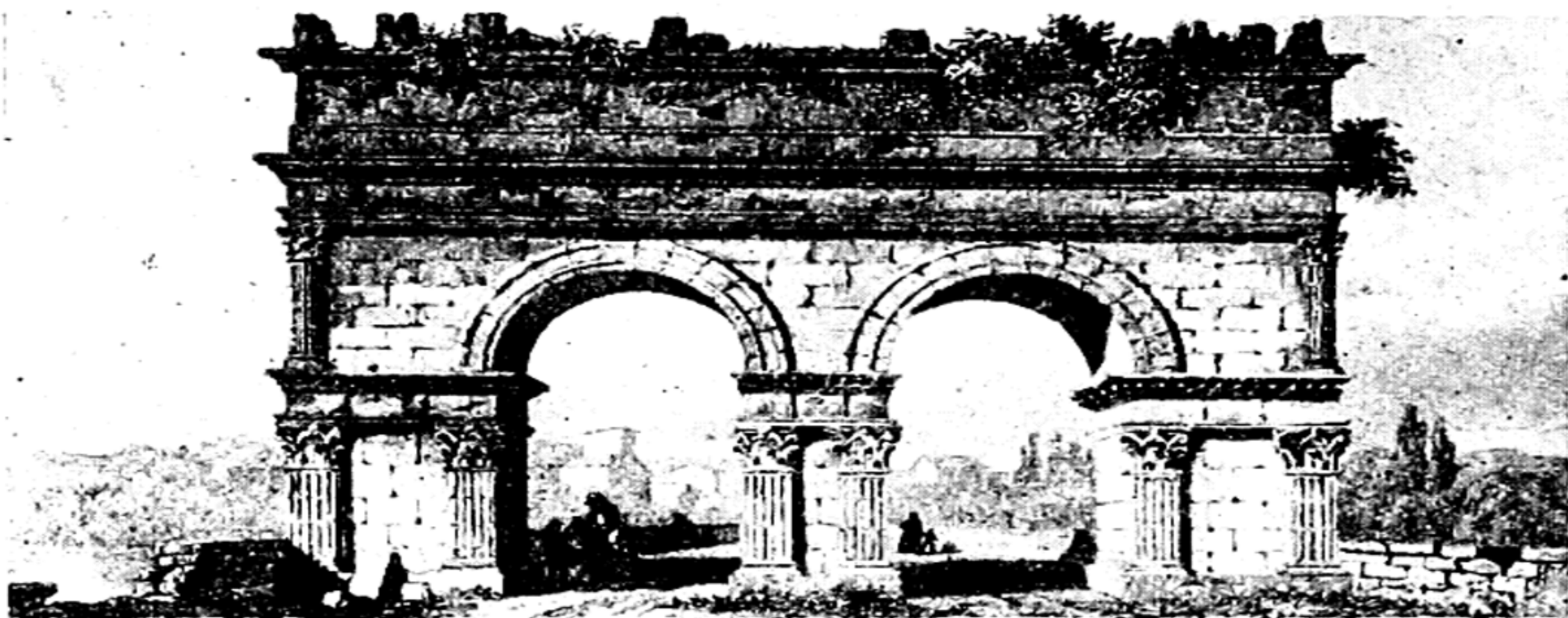
The statuary no doubt remains quite rough, but in the subtle profusion of friezes, capitals, small columns, statues, arches and perforated pinnacles, one must see a style at its highest pitch preoccupied with equilibrium, scale and beauty.

Poitiers also boasts of several other Romanesque churches such as Saint-Hilaire, of an ogival cathedral and a Gothic Arts School.

But its outstanding title to fame is to possess the Baptistère Saint-Jean, one of the most venerable Christian edifices in the world. From the IVth to the VIIth centuries, the octagonal piscine of the Baptistery was used for immersions at the ceremony of baptism.

All western France is dotted with Romanesque churches whose lace-work façades arouse the admiration of even the most indifferent traveller. Poitou can justly claim the distinction of possessing some of the most remarkable, among which Saint-Jouin-de-Marnes, Saint-Pierre-de-Chauvigny, Parthenay, and Saint-Savin-sur-Gartempe.

The church of Saint-Savin contains some XIIIth century coloured frescoes representing the Apocalypse, the Genesis and the Exodus, that are considered as the most important in the world.



Triumphal Arch at Saintes

Very likely, the majority of the churches of Poitou were formerly covered with mural decorations.

Next to Poitiers, where Rabelais studied, Fontenay-le-Comte is the most important city of Poitou. A city of tanners and drapers, this ancient capital of Lower Poitou is famous for its remarkable Gothic cathedral.

In the vicinity of Fontenay, Niort is the marketing centre for the garden produce of "Green Venice". Here a little girl, Madame de Maintenon, future favourite of Louis XIV, minded turkey-cocks along the banks of the Sèvre. The chateau of Niort dates from 1155. Its two big towers are of Plantagenet style.

The coast of Vendée is wild and monotonous. Like all the other islands of the Atlantic, Yeu and Noirmoutier off the coast, probably served as natural refuge for continental riparians at the time of the successive invasions that preceded the Christian era.

Les Sables-d'Olonne, one of the largest and most popular sea-side resorts on the Atlantic coast, came into favour when middle-class Vendéens started to come there to bathe in the surf. As Vendéen women were too prudish to exhibit their charms on the beach, they made use of horse-drawn bathing vans on casters that took them to the waves.

Many women of Vendée still cling to their local costumes. Alert and shortly dressed, they symbolise the Sablaise race which still baffles genealogists.



La Rochelle

Their lively step and slender figure reminds one of the Basque race with which we shall become acquainted later.

Saint-Vincent-sur-Jard near Les Sables-d'Olonne, a small market-town, is the home of Clemenceau.

AUNIS AND SAINTONGE

Aunis and Saintonge take us to the border of the Aquitaine basin. It is not yet the South, properly speaking, but the country landscape is already quite different.

The vine is no longer content with creeping along the walls of white-washed cottages, it claims a place in the sun on well-exposed hill-sides and spreads more and more widely as we go down south.

The vineyards of Charentes extend to the Angoumois, to the Saintonge and to the Aunis. At Ruffec and Saint-Jean-d'Angély it is already possible to form an idea of the area covered by vine-plants.

Cognac lies in the heart of the vine fields.

The visitor to Cognac, who expects to find a town mellowed by sunshine, is astonished by the greyness of some of the districts, and more particularly by those of Chais.

This greyness is due to a mould caused by alcoholic vapours. Grey walls and lustreless tiles lend themselves to the abundant growth of "torula coniacensis"

and no scraping or washing can stop it from luxuriating on the roofs.

The vineyard of "Grande Champagne" tapers up to Cognac, the birthplace of François I^{er}. Segonzac marks the centre of it. The "Petite Champagne" is bounded by Jonzac, Barbezieu and Jarnac. Beyond these single file plantations, other concentric vineyards stretch out to the horizon.

To obtain a first-class cognac it is necessary that all the different varieties of vine contribute to its distillation.

The Charentes district is universally famous not only for its alcohols, but also for its milk products and especially for its butter which is held in high repute throughout France.

On this chalky soil, the vine everywhere gives place to meadows; the breeding of cattle is carried out on a large scale.

Angoulême, the capital of Charentes, boasts a Romanesque cathedral as beautiful as Notre-Dame-la-Grande's. From its plateau, the paper manufacturing city dominates the valley of the Charente.

Let us now join the old province of Saintonge beyond which the surging ocean may be seen.

Saintes, the capital, is a Gallo-Roman town, as it has a Triumphal Arch of Germanicus, Thermal Baths of Saint-Saloine and its Arenas.

Past Saintes, copses of pine-trees indicate the proximity of the ocean. The irradiation caused by the evaporation of the water subdues the sunbeams and creates that indefinable light peculiar to the region. At the time of the equinox, the white light seems thick and compact.

The coast rolls before us, cut up into headlands and bays. It is full of bathers, sardine fishers, salt-wort burners and salt-makers.

Between the salterns, the oyster-beds, the most famous of which are those of Marennes, and the mussel-beds, you may fish clams, shrimps and lobsters.

Fragrant with wild grass and pines, bordered by salterns, and surrounded by the ochre-red sails of the fishing smacks, Ré and Oléron lie some distance off the coast.

Between these two large islands and the continent, lies the small island of Aix, where Napoleon surrendered to the English and was embarked on the Bellerophon, on July 15th, 1815.

La Rochelle is the most important fishing port of the Western provinces.

The capital of Aunis is celebrated for the memorable siege laid there by Richelieu in 1627. Louis XIII's minister had the port surrounded with walls in order to ensure a perfect blockade of the Protestant town. Buckingham's



English ships tried in vain to invest the island of Ré, and so bring supplies to La Rochelle.

Under the command of its mayor, Jean Guitou, the town put up a fierce resistance. When it surrendered, out of its 28,000 inhabitants, 23,000 had died of starvation.

Immediately after the surrender of the town, Richelieu laid out the plans of Brouage, now a village, but at one time an important port.

With its Grosse Horloge, its Hotel de Ville (Town Hall), its Bourse du Commerce (Board of Trade Building), La Rochelle offers enough points of interest to attract tourists, but its outstanding feature is unquestionably its port flanked by medieval towers, so dear to the hearts of its inhabitants. Its fishing fleet keeps a picturesque local market, as well as the greater part of western France, abundantly supplied with all varieties of inshore fish.

But La Rochelle is nowadays but a fishing port that has lost its naval importance. The great port of La Pallice, without hinterland, built in deep sea opposite the Ile de Ré has not achieved the importance that was hoped for.

The coast has its legend about Bélesbat, the submerged city near the beach of Chatellaillon.

Facing the estuary of the Gironde, Royan is the large fashionable beach for all the western coast.

THE GASTRONOMY OF THE WESTERN PROVINCES

The whole Vendée coast teems with fish, which are cooked to perfection, and very often in an original manner, such as red wine lamprey, and "chaudrée" of Sables-d'Olonne (fish soup). Fresh water fish are not despised in the Vendéen Marais (Swamps); they are cooked much the same as in Anjou. There is the same "bouillette" (made of eels cooked in red wine together with little onions, mushrooms, and slices of toast). The fried tench and pike are very tasty.

The Vendée soups are the kind of country soup called "standing ladle" (that is, they are thick enough for the ladle to stand upright). They are often made of green Montégu cabbage, smoked ham, potatoes, and a little garlic.

It is a common belief that garlic is only used in the South of France, but in Poitou and Vendée they like it just as much. Herbs are much used too: thyme, parsley, rosemary, cibol and also basil.

Vendée bocage butter is famous.

Game is plentiful: wild duck, teal, snipe, plover, and wild rabbit which makes excellent Vendée pie.

Here is a list of regional specialities: Fontenay-le-Comte mojettes (beans cooked in cream); Luçon frogs; Lusignan mélusines (biscuits shaped like a mermaid); millet porridge and gaude (flour and corn porridge popular in all the province); Vendée botireaux (pastry cut into the most fantastic shapes and fried in oil).

Vendée is also famous for its canned tunny and sardines, not to mention its canned pork butchery. It has good oysters and shellfish.

The butter and milk from the Charentes have a perfectly justified reputation.

Salt meadow mutton is very tasty so called because the sheep graze in meadows swept by the sea breeze laden with iodine and salt; oysters are at home there, especially the kinds "portugaises de Claire de la Tremblade" and "Marennes", as well as mussels and other shellfish.

The oysters are fattened in thousands of parks and acquire remarkable qualities here.

They are generally eaten plain, but some people serve them with hot little sausages or young black mustard plants (which grow freely along the ditches in the swamps of the province).

Mussels are eaten stuffed or with cream (the latter dish is called mouclade or else there is mussel "eglade" (as eaten in the market of Rochefort and in the Ile d'Oléron. They are placed on a little board full of holes, and grilled over a pea-shell or dried bean-stalk fire).

There are exquisite dishes in this province : fried crayfish, pike bread, and ray pie at La Rochelle; truffled pâtés de foie gras, pickled goose, meat pies and goat cheese at Ruffey, Angoulême and Barbézieux.

Angoulême, the centre of the cognac industry has cognac-flavoured chocolate, as well as delicious cognac sweets that go by the lovely names of "duchesses" and "marguerites"

There is good meat and pickled goose at Confolens.

Marans mojettes are the finest white beans of France.

You can eat delicious angelica cakes at Saint-Jean-d'Angély.

Throughout Aunis you can find caillebotte (curds with seasoning, often served on rushes (joncs) and so often called "jonchée").

Charentes is the land of fresh and salt sardines. The real Charentes way is to eat them raw after only two or three days salting, seasoned with country butter, and to drink an amusing little white wine from the islands, which tastes of iodine and seaweed.

From all time, Saintonge has exported north its salt, called "fleur-de-sel", and considered as a rarity by Northern countries.

Whatever the people from Poitou may say about it, the "gigourit" is a famous Charentes recipe, made with or without the head of the pig called "goret"

Gigourit with head. Your head (or rather, the pig's head) is ready, that is, you have removed the tongue, the ears, the brain and the snout with which you will make different dishes, all as delightful as possible.

The head will then be dipped in boiling water, scraped, and blanched so that you can easily remove the bones.

You take the skin off the head, then the meat, and you chop it all up, but not too fine. After that you then add to it, if you wish to, a little more rind and a little blood.

Before that you will have chopped up together very finely shalots, garlic and parsley, with a little thyme and some bay-leaves (but not too much).

Mix this with the chopped up head, and mix very well. Salt and pepper freely with a dash of nutmeg.

The hardest part is over.

Put everything into a caldron, or better, in an earthenware pot, and add good dry white wine (or red wine, according to taste, and whether you have or not added blood to your dish).

Put on the fire, but see that it is a moderate fire.

When your mixture starts to boil, put it to one side, so that it cooks very, very slowly.

Six or eight hours are needed to make it perfect. The *gigourit* must not burn. Add a little more white wine or gravy if need be.

When it is half-cooked, add a small glass of old cognac.

And you will simply enjoy it.

If you are only two or three at home, invite some friends.

Gigourit without head. *Gigourit* without head is made in the same way, only with rind, pork liver and lights.

These are the proportions : half rind, a quarter liver, a quarter lights, all chopped up together.

Same seasoning as in the first recipe.

It is best to use white wine, — Charentes white wine, naturally. And don't forget the cognac!

These recipes come from the "Charente Gastronomique".

If Charente wines are not the very best growths, when they are distilled, they produce the world-famous cognac. It was already made in the XVth century, but was only used by apothecaries and perfumers.

Cognac brandy is of about 70° when it comes from the still.

It matures and evaporates in barrels made from Limousin oak, for the wood becomes saturated with it, and gives it its golden colour, as the brandy is white at first.

Brandy never matures in bottles but in casks, and the fact of keeping it a long time in glass bottles is no proof of its improving.

Charentes vineyards which constitute the limited region of Cognac have seven principal growths, which are the following, in order of merit :

La Grande Champagne, made up of twelve communes of the arrondissement of Cognac and of which Segonzac is the heart.

La Petite Champagne, the area of which makes an almost complete belt round the Grande Champagne area.

Les Borderies, placed to the North of Grande Champagne.

Les Fins Bois, extending round the three preceding areas, and much larger than these.

When you leave the Fins Bois and go towards the Atlantic, you cross the areas of *Bons Bois*, *Bois Ordinaires* and *Bois à Terroir*.

If you could classify Charentes brandies as you would Bordeaux wines, you could say that les Champagnes and les Borderies are great growths, the Fins Bois middle-class growths, and the other Bois ordinary growths, though still excellent.

Outside this limited area there may be brandies, but there are no more cognacs.



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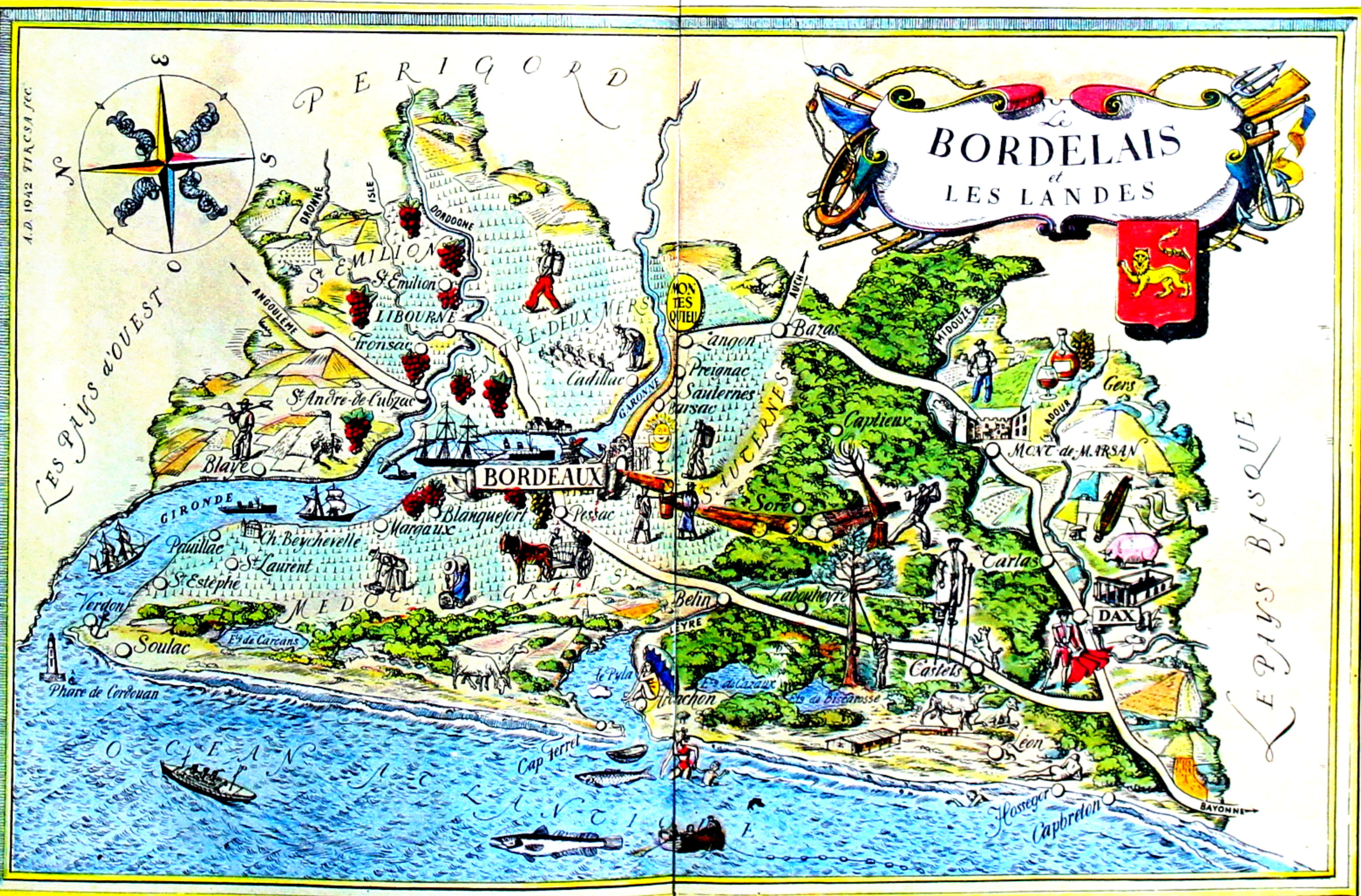
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Bordelais costume



BORDELAIS AND THE LANDES OF GASCONY

Bordelais and the Landes are both symbolised by a barrel : A barrel of Saint-Emilion to represent the wine-growing Bordelais, and a barrel of resin for the pine-covered Landes.

The plaine of Aquitaine is at its best as it ends in Bordelais amidst grapevines and flap-mushrooms. On the coast, its sandy sweeps, covered with pines, extend from Casteljaloux to Bayonne.

Bordeaux commands the whole region, patronises the wines. All the timber produced by the forest of the Landes, flows into its port.

The port of Arcachon, on a rectilinear and inhospitable coast combed by the ocean, alone permits the coming alongside of trawlers.

Like all other single-culture regions, Bordelais and Landes have been taxed with monotony, and this has saved them from being polluted by tourists.

Before the war, motorists would race along the roads of the Landes at eighty miles an hour. If they happened to slow down on the roads of Bordelais, it was only to stop for a glass of wine at one of the innumerable "chalets-dégustation" (wine tasting stands) that dot the country side.

September in Bordelais. The sun gilds the clusters of ripe grapes.



The port of Bordeaux (about 1780)

Grape-gatherers arrive and settle where they can, in the hay or in the inns. A joyous animation spreads like wildfire over the 350,000 acres covered by the vineyards of Gironde. Scissors and baskets join in.

With the exception of Sauternais, the harvest will be put into vats within a few days.

Wine-presses are housed in large premises, with exceptionally thick walls, that are called "cuviers". Fermentation takes place in tubs, which, when full, will generate carbonic acid. The period of fermentation, which always varies, is fixed with great accuracy by the owner of the harvest.

The wine is afterwards decanted from the tubs into barrels. This latter operation is called "écoulage" (draining).

During the first year a certain quantity of wine will have to be added to the barrels each week, in order to make good the evaporation; this is called "ouillage" (ullaging).

The wine, which becomes clearer and clearer, is then racked off into new barrels and whisked with the whites of eggs.

At the end of a period of two to three years for the red wine, and three to four years for the white wine, it is finally bottled.

The standard bottle of Bordeaux of Frontignan, which contains 75 centilitres, is light and cylindrical. Larger bottles are used at the famous chateaux for wines of exceptional quality, these are called magnum, jeroboam and imperials, containing six litres.

Bordelais has been the Wine country ever since the remotest antiquity.

Seven roads already radiated from Bordeaux during the Roman supremacy.

In the IVth century, Ausone, the Latin poet and tutor of the Emperor Gratian, possessed a vineyard in Bordelais. The most famous vintage of Saint-Emilion is labelled after his name.

In 1372 Froissard saw 200 ships in the port of Bordeaux. These were part of the wine fleet. The sailing of the wine fleet was then the greatest event of the year in Bordelais. The English, who ruled over the country for such a long time, were able to drink a good many remarkable vintages.

In 1671, Seignelay reports 700 to 800 ships, both French and foreign, calling yearly at Bordeaux to fetch the wine.

The Dutch were great lovers of wine. When the vintage season was over, their ships, laden to the point of sinking, would hurry home before their home-ports were ice-bound. The casks were then broached till the following season.

Phylloxera caused considerable destruction to the vineyards of Bordelais, but they have recovered their former splendour. A quick tour of the region will moreover reassure us.

How is one to recognise the different varieties of vine amidst the vineyards extending to the horizon?

The begin with, let us make a distinction between the wines of Graves and those of Palus, that is to say between those growing on a gravelly soil — which are the most ancient of Bordelais — and those growing in the alluvial plains of a lesser repute like those of Entre-deux-Mers, between the Garonne and the Dordogne.

The wines from the gravelly region include the Médoc and Graves.

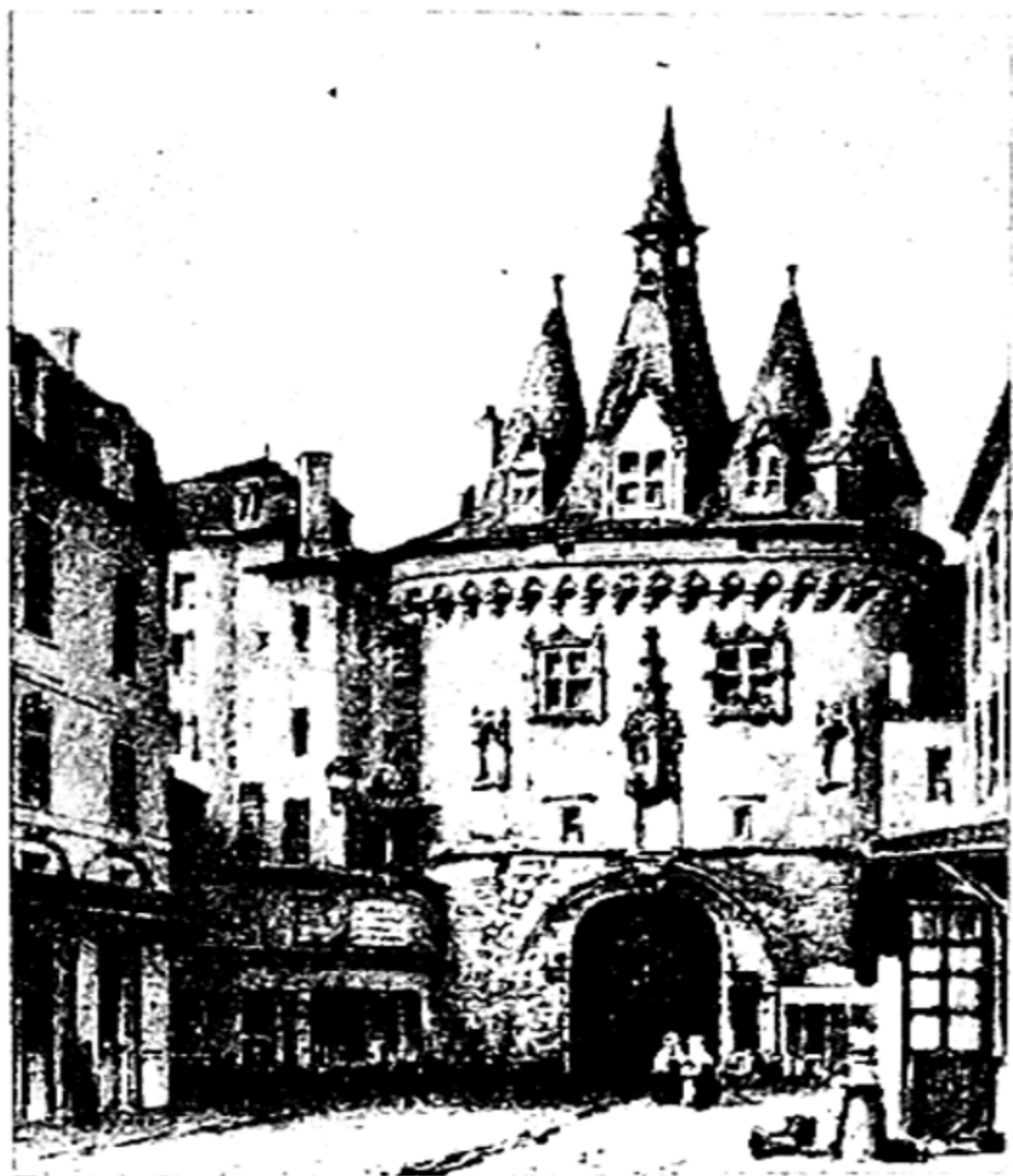
GRAVES

The Graves encircle Bordeaux to the point of being overrun by its ever-expanding suburbs. They are the most venerable vineyards of Bordelais and were already reputed under the Roman Empire.

The Château-Haut-Brion at Pressac, a very high class vintage, produces every year one hundred barrels of an exceptional wine, the savour and aroma of which are comparable with those of the wines of Médoc.

Graves may be either red or white.

The Château de la Brède in the very heart of the vineyard, brings back the



The Gateway of the Palais at Bordeaux

memory of Montesquieu, the precursory author of the Revolution. The witty author of the "Lettres Persanes" was a vine-grower and wrote "L'Esprit des Lois" at La Brède.

MÉDOC

The vineyards of Médoc are prolific along the river Gironde, from Blanquefort to Soulac. They attend on the incoming and outgoing mail steamers from and to Africa and South America.

The region is divided into Upper Médoc and Lower Médoc. The most sumptuous vintages lie in Upper Médoc, where we find the celebrated communes of Margaux, Saint-Julien, Beychevelle, Pauillac, Saint-Estèphe and Saint-Laurent.

Château Lafite, Château Latour and Château Margaux are the three

highest class vintages of Médoc.

In 1934 the "Fêtes de la Longévit" (longevity festivals) were enacted in Saint-Julien in honour of the 407 couples, totalling each 60 to 70 years of married life, and recruited in the 54 communes of Médoc.

The wine of Médoc, the old claret so appreciated by the English, seems to possess the greatest therapeutic proprieties.

It is a light unadulterated wine, of the colour of ruby, that gives a sensation of well-being. The alcoholic strength of this "elixir of life" is never mentioned, for its quality is not subordinate to a question of degrees.

The outer harbour of Verdon and its mole at the Pointe de Grave, permit the largest transatlantic liners to come alongside it.

Off Verdon, the enormous lighthouse of Cordouan, which is 236 feet high and 115 feet in diameter, was originally built by Louis de Foix in 1600. It then stood on the side of a chapel where a hermit used to keep a fire burning.

SAUTERNES

It is yet too early to leave the left bank of the Garonne and the Gironde. Encompassed in the Bazadais, the region of Sauternes above Bordeaux and following Les Graves, forms a narrow plateau that overhangs the river.

The Sauternais is the favourite ground of the "botrycis acinorum", commonly called "la pourriture noble" (the noble rot).

Grape-gathering in these exceptional plantations sometimes takes place by stages. The bunches are cut according to their degree of ripeness. The finest are the worst in appearance. They are mouldy and coated with verdis gris. Their juice is very sweet.

The must coming out of the wine-press is immediately put into barrels. At the end of three year's rest, during which time the barrels have undergone frequent ullaging, the sweet white wine is ready to be bottled.

The white wine of Sauterne is the world's leading wine. It looks like liquid sunshine and someone once said that it was a "sunbeam condensed in a glass".

Of all the wines of Sauternes, the Château Yquem is the most worthy of prestige.

The front-rank communes of Sauternes, Barsac, Preignac, Fargues and Bommes are surrounded by satellites of the plateau of Sauternes such as the communes of Sainte-Croix-du-Mont, Loupiac and Cérons.

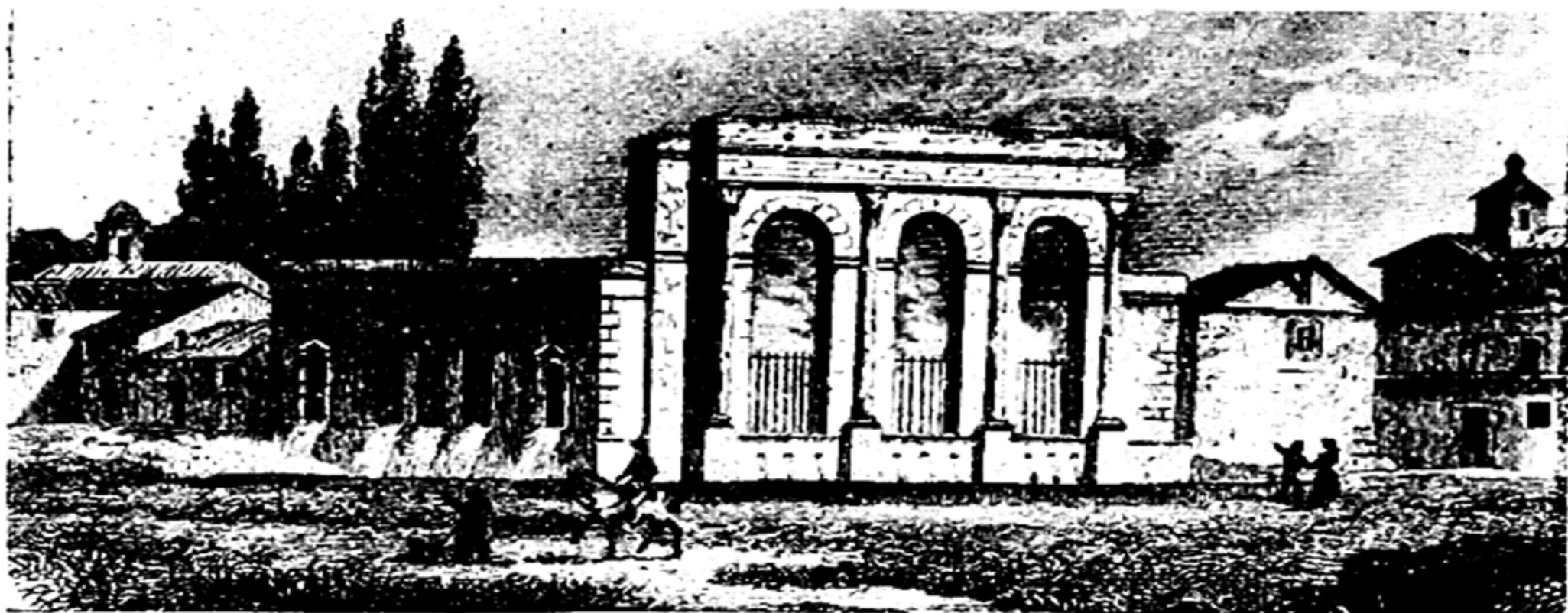
SAINT-ÉMILION

We are now on the right bank of the Garonne, having crossed the river at Cadillac, at the foot of the castle of the Dukes of Epemnon. The "Premières Côtes" and the Entre-Deux-Mers first stood between us and the region of Saint-Emilion. The small town of Saint-Emilion offers considerable interest from a point of view of archeology.

It has given its name to a very special vintage of Bordeaux that is related to the wines of Burgundy.

Landes shepherds





Fountain at Dax

The nature of its soil is perceptibly the same as that of the region where the best Burgundy vines grow.

Château Ausone is regarded as the most exquisite local vintage.

In the vicinity of Saint-Emilion Libourne dominates a whole series of famous vineyards which include those of Pomerol and Fronsac.

Saint-André-de-Cubzac lies on the border of the Bourgeais and the Blayais.

BORDEAUX

Bordeaux lies in the centre of all this joyous viticultural activity. Long before the Christian era, in the days of the Phœnicians, the wharves of Bordeaux were covered with riches brought by Phœnician ships from the East ; including glassware, painted materials, wrought metals, pearls, incense, purple dye, and cinnamon. Outward bound ships would in turn carry ham from the Landes, iron from Perigord, grains of gold dust from the Pyrenean streams.

But it was during the English occupation that the activity of the port of Bordeaux made great strides.

Wine is no longer the magnet that attracts ocean freighters. The wine trade has given place to the lumber trade. Before the war of 1939 the quays were lined with pitprops and barrels of resin, the wine barrels were in the background. Incoming ships brought phosphate, chemical products, pyrites, sulphur peanuts, sugar and rum.

Bordeaux, chief city of the south-west, is proud of its Quinconces, of its Cours de l'Intendance, of its port, where the whistles of multi-coloured coasters thrill the hearts of would-be adventurous young people.

The busiest sections of Bordeaux lie between the Jardin Public and the place Gambetta, from Tourny to the Intendance, and along rue Sainte-Catherine.

The Grand Theatre and the new modern and monumental stadium are the two places that attract Sunday crowds.

Bordeaux reminds us of Montaigne, the famous author of the "Essais" who was Mayor of the town from 1581 to 1585.

THE LANDES OF GASCONY

The Landes form a vast plateau about 300 feet high, and almost horizontal.

It is made up of a layer of fine sand, lying on a layer of quite waterproof ferruginous sand, and all bound together by plant debris.

The Landes were long considered as the poorest region of France, as a boggy and monotonous country, peopled with shepherds on high stilts, knitting socks to while away the time.

In winter, the rain accumulates in stagnant pools; in summer, the heat leaves but a burning and arid desert.

However in 1785 Brémontier conceived the ingenious idea of holding back the shifting sands of the coast by creating artificial dunes along the coast, planting rushes, and edging them with pines.

Chambrelant undertook the systematic drainage of the country. Supported by Napoléon III who "practised what he preached" on his own estate of Solférino, Chambrelant laid out the "Pignadar", the vast forest of the Landes that covers to-day nearly 2,000,000 acres. This forest is an inexhaustible source of resin. Large quantities of chemical products are extracted from turpentine and its associated product resin.

The exploitation of the pine land, with all the industries associated with it : stilling, charring, carpentry, joinery, manufacture of sleepers, pit-props, posts of all sorts, wood pulp, are the Landes' chief source of wealth.

It would be unfair to think of this huge artificial forest only as a commercial enterprise, devoid of beauty and poetry. Romance lingers round its huge lakes and all along the innumerable cycle paths created for the resin collectors, that cut across a forest broken up by dunes that suggest a scenic railway.

A coast that seems to extend to infinity, connects Soulac and the Basque



Mont-de-Marsan

country. The waves of the Atlantic ocean comb a sandy beach stretching over more than 185 miles. The "rolls" formed by these gigantic waves along the shores suggest the South Seas.

Two ports, Arcachon in the north and Capbreton in the south, manage to survive amid the sand, for sand is king of this shore.

Arcachon, a seaside resort and fishing port, is primarily a winter resort. Its Pyla beach stands out against the highest dunes of Europe.

The Arcachon basin, a pond that communicates with the ocean, has salt water, its sand is used as an oyster park.

Capbreton is celebrated for its ancient whalers who, in the XIVth century, accidentally discovered America.

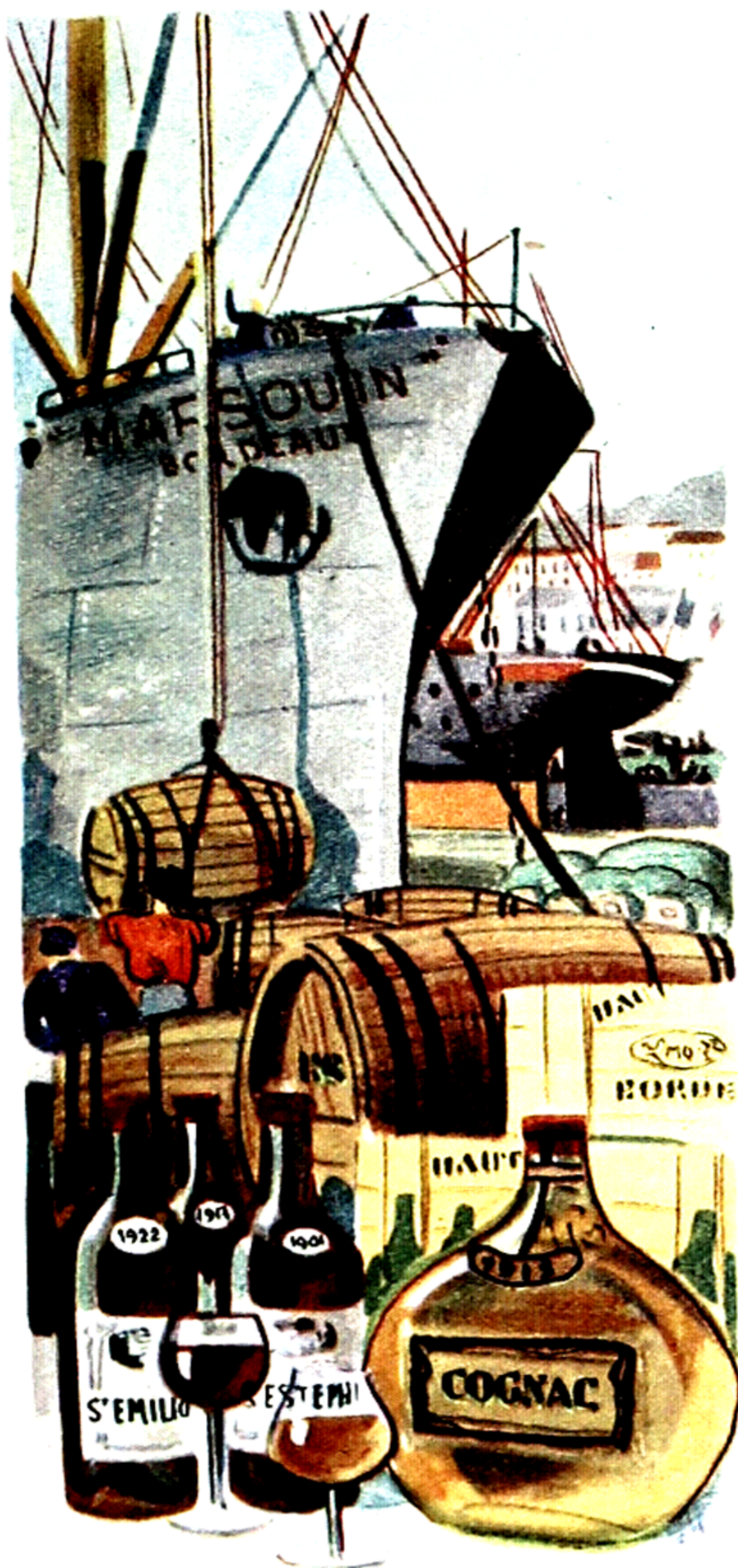
A small number of tiny coastal villages lying between Arcachon and Capbreton make one think of gold-diggers' settlements.

The Landes are a country of long lines formed by the sea, the dunes, and the forest.

A westerly wind often blows in squalls over the shore, and the four cardinal points are easily recognisable by the aspect of the houses.

Migrations of larks, woodpigeons and other small birds, skim over the dunes. When the ducks pass high overhead in triangular flights, when the small, almost imperceptible clouds of wild geese fly down towards the south, the unfortunate boarders of the poultry yard flutter their wings, and if one could understand their language it would no doubt reveal that they wished they could signal to their comrades to come down and show them the way to freedom.

Dax is the most important town of the Landes on the border of Chalosse, a fertile region producing corn, wine, cereals, geese, pigs and vegetables.



This great watering-place stretching on the banks of the river Adour, is probably the southwestern town that is most passionately fond of Spanish corridas and "Courses Landaises" (cow baiting displays).

Mont-de-Marsan, chief town of the department, is quiet and asleep on the banks of the river Midouze, near the celebrated vineyards of Gers, that produce the world famous Armagnac.

Every village of the Landes has its arena encircled by plane-trees, where "écarteurs" (baiters) and cows vie in skill with one another. This game entails no killing and no effusion of blood. It is only a dangerous sport in which man and beast confront each other, but where the hero had better make sure to dodge the menacing horns in time.

Although there is no cruelty here as in the Spanish bull-fights, there are thrills galore, and the audience get extremely worked up; they would not miss the baiting for anything.

On bright Sundays, groups of smiling Landaises may be seen cycling briskly along the flat straight roads on their way to their favourite show.

As in Provence, they are accompanied all the way by the song of the cicadas.

THE GASTRONOMY OF BORDEAUX

The Bordeaux region is essentially devoted to wine. But, the curious thing is that though cheese is the food which most brings out the flavour of the wine, the Bordeaux region makes no cheese.

In Champagne and Burgundy, the provinces have given their names to the wine: you say Champagne and Burgundy wines.

In the Bordeaux region, one town, Bordeaux has given its name to the whole wine crop of Guyenne.

Were Bordeaux to boast only of its wine and its women (the best-shaped in France, according to some, and with the loveliest eyes that look at you boldly and mockingly), that would be enough for its universal fame. But its cooking is also well worth the journey.

If Bordeaux cooking has not the greatest number of regional dishes, yet it is refined and rich, with a little well-bred "raffishness" that is never vulgar. All its dishes are carefully and tastily prepared; each with a particular dominating taste different from the nondescript flavour of too many grand hotels.

Pauillac is famous for its extra-tender lambs; Agen is a first-rate vegetable centre and its plums are relished everywhere, whether fresh or dried, and called pruneaux. At Arcachon you have oysters and fish soup; at Bazas, pâtés de foie gras, woodcock and geese; at Lesparre, Médoc tripe, snails and the little cakes called croquettes; at Saint-Emilion, cooked in the wine of the same name you find lampreys from the Dordogne, and goose "confit" with green peas, excellent macaroons and millas (sweetmeats made of milk, pounded bitter almonds, flour, sugar and eggs).

In Bordeaux itself, as in all the Gironde department, the traditional soup is "tourin" (with pork fat, onions and yolks of eggs), but it would not be fair to forget this stimulating winegatherer's soup (a sort of meat-soup with garlic, many vegetables, white wine and tomato sauce). Bordelais mushrooms are famous everywhere, first fried in hot oil, "tops" down, and seasoned with shalots, parsley and garlic. Niniches Bordelaises are adorable (a kind of soft caramel made of sugar, chocolat, butter, honey and milk).

Game, fruit and vegetables are plentiful, and the rivers teem with fish. Therefore it is normal to have any amount of goose and duck "confits" at Villeneuve-sur-Lot; green peas with white onions at La Réole; grapes at Moissac; shad soup at Aiguillon; fowl and crayfish at Caussade.

To return to the capital, Bordeaux has created Bordelaise entrecôte.

Parisian sauce, "marchand de vins" so-called is a deformation of it. The real Bordelaise sauce is made of shalots, good claret, butter, beef marrow, tomato sauce, thyme, salt, pepper and a little nutmeg.

This cooking with its oriental note of nutmeg and ginger reminds us that Bordeaux is a port where all the boats of the world unload.

From the point of view of spirits, Bordelais is a privileged district, for Marmande brandy is wonderful, as is Bordeaux anisette, and at Cenon abbey, the "Vieille Cure" not only makes brandy of that name, but a whole range of digestifs for the gourmets to choose from.

Many centuries ago, Bertrand de Got, Cardinal and Archbishop of Bordeaux, owned a country house surrounded by vineyards at Pessac. He became Pope, and was known as Clement V. His memory is still kept green by the bottles of Château Pape Clément.

In the IVth century, the great poet Ausone was tutor of the Roman emperor Gratien. But he was also a wine grower in Bordelais, and this last title has served him best since Château Ausone is actually the first great growth of Saint-Emilion region.

The Duc de Richelieu, governor of Guyenne, drank claret, and especially Saint-Emilion to restore his feeble health. He apparently succeeded as he lived to be 92. His friend Voltaire, who shared his taste for this wine died when he was 84.

You can divide the province into different "wines", Médoc, Graves, Sauternais, Entre-Deux-Mers, Saint-Emilionnais, Pomerol, Bourgeais and Blayais; then come the Palus, wine from the lands bordering the Garonne the Gironde and the Isle, the soil of which is constituted of alluvium from these rivers.

Château Haut-Brion belonged to Talleyrand the celebrated diplomat, and Maréchal de Richelieu used to say of this wine: "If drinking were forbidden, would God have made this wine so good?"

At La Brède, in the midst of its vineyards, lingers the memory of Montesquieu, and a little further on, there is the first great growth of Sauternes: Château-Eyquem, now Chateau Yquem, which once belonged to Michel Eyquem de Montaigne.

There are not only great growths in Bordelais. There are also middle-class growths which must not be despised by gourmets, because some of them have real qualities which make them compare at times with their classified and ranked "compatriotes".

There are two ways of choosing a meal : making the wines fit in with the dishes, or choosing the dishes to go with the wines served.

The Bordeaux host generally uses the latter way. Louis Veuillot knew it well when he wrote :

“ A jeweller sets his precious stones; a Bordelais sets his wines; the meal is the setting. ”

These aristocrats, the clarets, are worthy of the respect which surrounds them, and with which they are drunk. Château Yquem, Château Margaux, Mouton Rothschild, Château Lafite, Château Latour... All wonderful names, wonderful labels assembling in one year a unique flavour, that is our reason of being proud, and loving a country which so generously produces one of the greatest joys of life.

Claret is the wine of dilettantes, artists, diplomats, and good souls; it is the wine of tender lovers and gentlemen; it is a wine which gives you all the strength of the earth by its body and its fruitiness; it is a wine which, if examined in a pure cristal glass will flash its purple and gold, and, so they say, by the clearness and depths of these two colours reflect the soul of a whole race.



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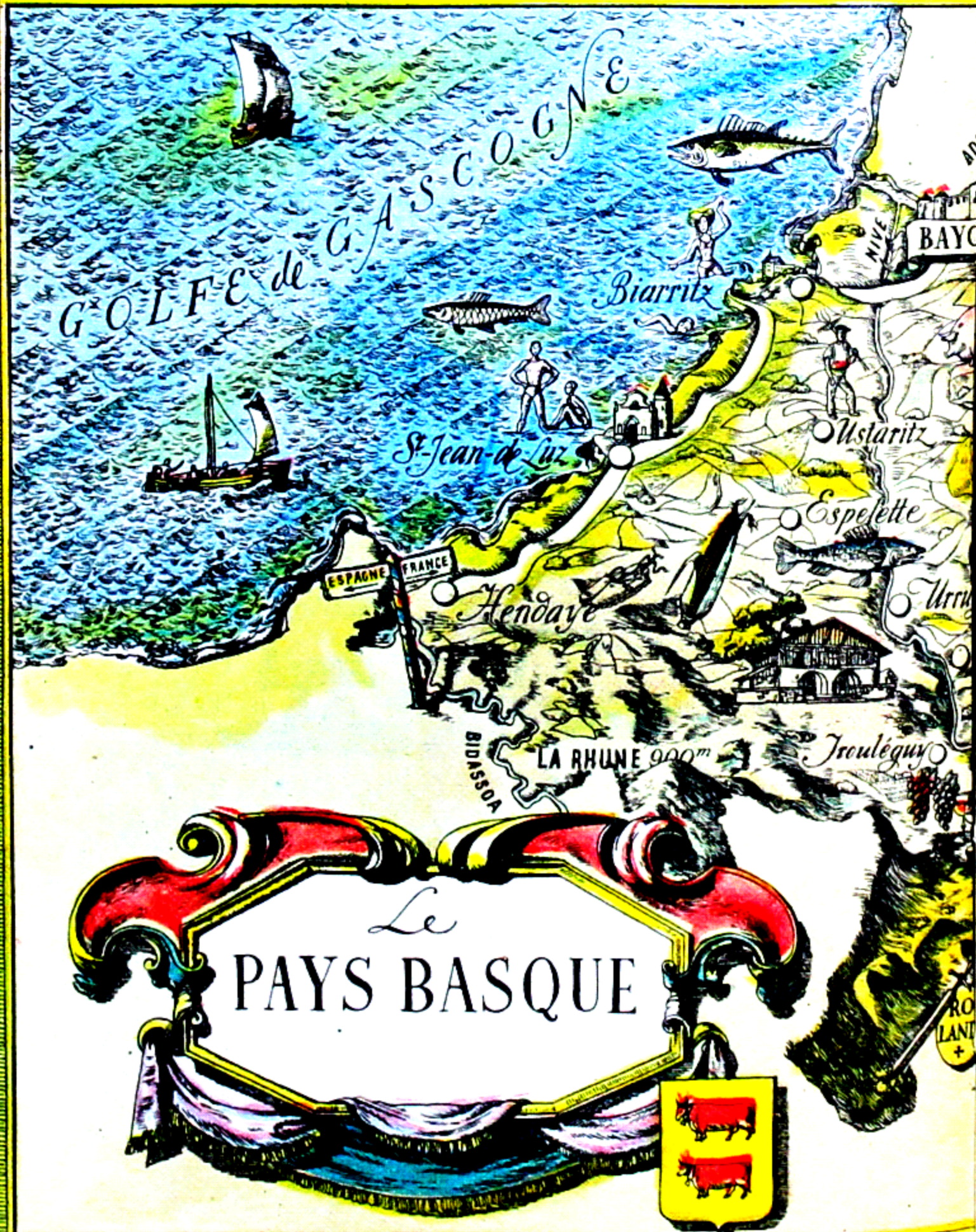
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Basque costumes



THE BASQUE COUNTRY OR ESKUAL-HERRIA

No one seems to know where the Basque people come from. They have no old stones, no epics to bear testimony to their past, nothing except their language which baffles philologists.

A few chapels in the country, some fortified houses in Saint-Jean-de-Luz, the three-spired churches found in Soule, all posterior to the year one thousand, are the only things that make up the archaeological record of the Basque country.

The most conflicting theses are put forward as to the origin of the race... Russia, Atlantis, Africa, South America?

The fact that the Basques are represented by two different types, one tall, dark, and slender, and the other fair-haired and stout, does not simplify matters. Their dances and oral legends have their roots in many countries of Europe.

The Basque region lies astride between France and Spain. Of its seven provinces, three are on the French side of the Western Pyrenees : Labourd, Lower Navarre and Soule. The four on the Spanish side are : Navarre, Alava, Guipuzcoa and Biscaye.

The Basques are a strange people. They have become acclimatised to the mountain, the plain and the Atlantic coast. They readily emigrate, and yet



none are so profoundly attached to their homes as they.

Bayonne, the official capital of the Basque country is itself hardly Basque. Alone a few houses on the embankment of the river Nive, and especially the charming rue du Port-Neuf, actually recall Eskual-Herria.

The tea-rooms and reputed chocolate-shops hidden under the arcades of the rue du Port-Neuf, are the rendez-vous of all the pretty women of Bayonne.

The restored spires of the cathedral, the Gothic style of which recalls those of

Champagne, rise above the town. A beautiful XIIIth century cloister stands under the cathedral.

In clear weather the Pyrenees may be seen in the distance. Palm-trees, of which we had already had a glimpse here and there in the Landes, here show the mildness of the climate.

Bayonne possesses two exceptional museums : the Musée Bonnat, one of the richest in France, contains canvasses and drawings by Ingres, Rubens, Rembrandt, Veronese, El Greco, Murillo, Ribera, Reynolds, Lawrence, Goya, Durer, Raphaël, Vinci, Titian, Michelangelo, Watteau, Tintoretto, Van Dyck, Perugino, Lacroix, Courbet, Corot, and many others.

The second museum is the Basque Museum, where the traditions of the seven enigmatical provinces are preserved.

Bayonne at the confluence of the river Nive and the Adour, maintains in the latter a navigable channel up to the sea. Cargo-boats can come alongside in its port, but the " Barre de l'Adour " forms a barrier of sand at water level in the estuary of the river that renders the pass impracticable for heavy-draught ships.

Only a few miles away we behold Biarritz bathed by the ocean.

The great fashionable beach was created at the instance of the Empress Eugénie, wife of Napoléon III. The baroque style of the period is, moreover, easily recognisable by the architecture of the villas.

The ocean, so boisterous in the Landes, becomes gentler along the shores of Biarritz. Warm waves take the place of cold ones. All through the summer, Bayonnais and visitors may be seen basking in the sun all the way from the Grande Place to the Plage des Basques.



A view of Bayonne

The lighthouse, the Rocher de la Vierge (Rock of the Virgin) and the Port Vieux (Old Port), add to the attractiveness of the promenade along the shore.

The real Basque country only begins on the other side of Biarritz.

The coastal road on the crest of the schistous cliffs, joins Saint-Jean-de-Luz. A fishing port and an elegant seaside resort in one, Saint-Jean-de-Luz has ever been a very active and enterprising little town. In the old days, Saint-Jean was a famous whaling port. Its sailing ships often accompanied the three masters from Capbreton as far as America.

The quaintest old Basque houses are found in Saint-Jean-de-Luz and two of them have a historic past. Young Louis XIV and his fiancée Marie-Thérèse daughter of the king of Spain, stayed at the Mocorenea and the Joanoenia on the occasion of their marriage.

The religious ceremony took place in the church of Saint-Jean-de-Luz.

The edifice has since then undergone many transformations. With its gilded altar-screen and three-storied galleries reserved for men, it is to-day the most beautiful example of Basque religious architecture.

Facing the Spanish town of Fontarabia, Hendaye marks the frontier along the Bidassoa.

The Ile des Faisans (Pheasants' Island) up-stream in the direction of Béhobie, is celebrated for the Treaty of the Pyrenees that was signed there in 1659, and which led up to the marriage of Louis XIV.

Let us now turn away from the coast. The imposing hump of the Rhune rises 3,000 feet above sea level and dominates the province of Labourd.

We shall still see a great many modern wealthy villas as we penetrate inland. We finally come upon the coloured visible beams of the white Basque farm houses, where a pastoral and agricultural race lives.

The first ridges of the Pyrenees are covered with fern. Pastures and oak forests occupy the bottom of the small valleys and climb up to join the fields of fern. The peasants use fern as stable litter.

Every village has so much charm that you would suspect them of being designed for the delight of tourists. Handicraftsmen skilled in the various local trades are kept busy making sandals, wooden shoes, baskets, cloth, and so on.

The manufacture of Basque tennis balls and "chisteras", a kind of long wicker basket that is fastened to the fist when playing pelota, is held in high honour in the Basque country. Some specialists still manufacture the famous national cane called "makhila". Leaded and flexible, this cane used to constitute a deadly weapon. Some of these sticks are richly ornamented.

There is surely not a single Basque who has never longed to engage in the fascinating profession of smuggler. The Bidassoa and its banks, the higher part of the mountain where pastures give way to brushwood and flinty ground, are the smuggler's mysterious kingdom; but the nocturnal transit is no doubt much more legendary than actually heavy.

Basques readily emigrate to America. The youngest of the family goes away to try his luck in distant lands, where he very often succeeds. His fiancée waits for him. The eldest stays at home and tills the soil, but in most cases only to the extent that will support him and his family, and leave him enough spare time to play his favourite game of pelota.

Basque women are beautiful and sprightly. They are generally given to mockery and their gallants, better at dancing than in an argument, are frequently cowed in their presence. A few glasses of Irouléguy or Jurançon is all they require, however, to recover their voice and their wit and to launch out into poetic improvisations.

Pelota, dancing and poetic improvisations are the three games that symbolise the French Basque country. "Labourdins pelotarís. Bas Navarrais versolarís, Souletins danseurs", says an old local proverb.

Situated as it is on the coast, the province of Labourd is above all frequented by tourists. During the summer months streams of summer visitors may be



seen rambling about the charming villages of Sare, Espelette, Ainhoa, Hasparren, Urrugne, Ustaritz made famous by Pierre Loti and Francis Jammes.

The capital of Lower Navarre is Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port not far from Roncevaux, where it is probable that Charlemagne was attacked by the Vascones, the ancestors of the Basques.

Saint-Jean, in the small valley of the Nive is famous for its old Basque houses overhanging the river.

Even abroad lower Navarre is reputed for its rivers teeming with salmon.

The Soule marks the beginning of the high mountains. The peak of Orhy is 6616 feet high and the Cacoueta gorges more than 850 ft. deep.

The whole Soule region is characterised by forests above which rise church steeples formed by three pinnacles joined together.

Soule is a land where "pastorales" recall the mysteries of the Middle Ages, where extraordinary local dances are performed by natives clad in grotesque or sumptuous traditional costumes. Soule is perhaps the purest of the Basque provinces.

Mauleon is the biggest village of Soule. It is dominated by the ruins of a XVth century chateau.

The snow-capped Pyrenees may be seen from the borders of the Béarn.

THE GASTRONOMY OF BEARN AND THE BASQUE COUNTRY

Béarn and the Basque country are such close neighbours that we can speak of either cooking indifferently. In the Basque country, for Christmas and during part of the winter, they serve fresh oysters with sausages of the district called loukinkas. These are very spiced. The height of gastronomic enjoyment is to eat a burning-hot sausage, then to swallow a fresh oyster.

Hendaye has its matelote of eels from the Bidassoa (the river which separates France from Spain); fried onion "paillettes", and, as at Biarritz, the "touron" (almond paste cakes of different colours).

At Saint-Jean-de-Luz you can eat shell-fish, shrimps, anchovy, red mullet, chipirones (shell-fish also known as encornet); fish is very good with pimento. At Bayonne, Orthez and Saint-Jean-de-Luz, there are excellent macaroons and almond biscuits called rousquilles, or crouquants.

Saint-Etienne-de-Baigorry prepares good blue trout (with red wine); Oleron has good crayfish; and Laruns, Bielle cheese; whilst you can eat guétharienne octopus at Guéthary and at Benejacq there is hot hors-d'œuvre called sanguète or demandade (veal blood cooked with tripe, spleen and cheek, seasoned with onion, garlic and parsley, and a few gherkins).

There is excellent brandy in the Pyrenees, and everybody knows the Basque liqueur called Izarra.

In Béarn and the Basque country, there is moreover an ordinary wine called Herro Arnoa, and growths such as Itxassou, Louhossoa and Bidarray. The best known is doubtless red or white Irouleguy which can be kept for a very long time.

In Vic-Bilh, to the north of Pau, we can mention Lambaye and Garlin wines, Monein to the west and Jurançonnais to the South.

There is both red and white wine, and as P. J. Toulet, the poet, writes :
" Together, we have drunk the amber Jurançon under the arbour, when the white heat of a summer day wearies the country. "

Just a few words on Armagnac, the brandy we cannot ignore, though it is produced outside of the geographical limits of Béarn and the Basque country.

Armagnac brandy is the result of the distillation of wines gathered in a district limited by a decree of May 1909. It includes three big divisions which are " Bas-Armagnac ", with the cantons of Cazaubon, Nogaro, Eauze, and a

part of the cantons of Gabarret, Roquefort, Villeneuve and Aire; " Tenarèze " including the cantons of Condom, Valence, Montréal, Vic Fezensac, Aignan and a part of the cantons of Nérac and Francescas; " Haut-Armagnac " including the cantons of Auch, Jegun, Lectourne, Fleurance, Masseube, Miélan, Mirande, Montesquiou, Plaisance, and a part of the cantons of Risle, Lavardac and La Plume.

The vine is of the same plant as in Charente, but the name varies. In " Armagnac " it is called " piquepout " whilst in Charentes, it is called " folle-blanche ".

In Charente, it is the chalky soil which produces the vine that gives the best wines to distil Cognac from, whilst in the Gers department, the soil is silicious sand, clay and chalky land.

The brandy made in Armagnac is collected in big casks made of oak from the district, containing 400 litres. The cooper himself carefully chooses the staves, hand-carved from the very heart of the wood.

The King of Navarre, Henri IV, his mother Jeanne d'Albret, and Queen Margot often came to Nérac, and it is said they liked Armagnac very much indeed as did their courtiers. Which explains that it was quickly drunk at the Court of France, for many of the courtiers were Gascons.

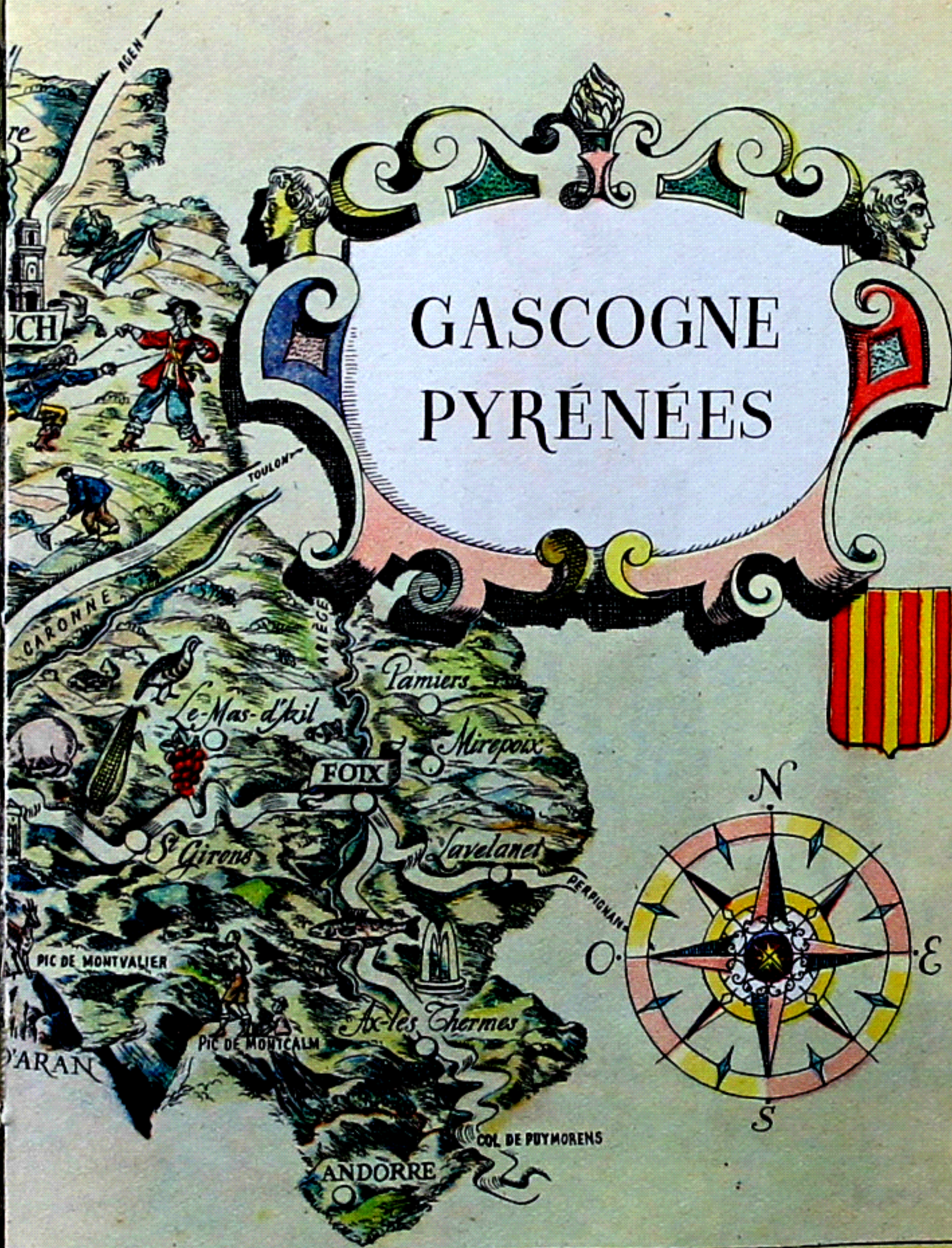


LE BORDÉLAIS

LE PAYS BASQUE



GASCOGNE PYRÉNÉES



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Pyrenées costumes



GASCONY AND THE PYRENEES

Thin, spare, dark, dexterous and pugnacious, such are the distinguishing characteristics of the Gascon. Henri IV, d'Artagnan, Foch, were typical Gascons.

Gascony is a poor country. We shall explore it later.

Let us first climb the peaks of the Pyrenees, by way of Béarn and Bigorre, and emerge above the clouds that break on the mountain tips. When we have reached our goal, we shall behold sun and sky. There will be no more Gascony, no more France, no more land. We shall look upon a fleecy and immaterial sea. Now and then a fleeting gap will reveal a glittering lake at the bottom of a valley. But for the occasional muffled noise of a detonation, to remind us that izard hunters still indulge in their cruel sport, we might feel the strange sensation of being in a noiseless world.

If a confusion exists in many minds as to the actual boundaries of Gascony, Edmond Rostand is to blame. Had he not so lightly ascribed the Gascon nationality to his hero Cyrano de Bergerac, thousands of Frenchmen would not be under the impression that Perigord belongs to the province of Gascony.

In reality, Gascony lies a long way from Dordogne. Bordelais is not even included in it. Strictly speaking, part of the Lot-et-Garonne, together with Casteljaloux, might be included.



A view of the Château of Pau

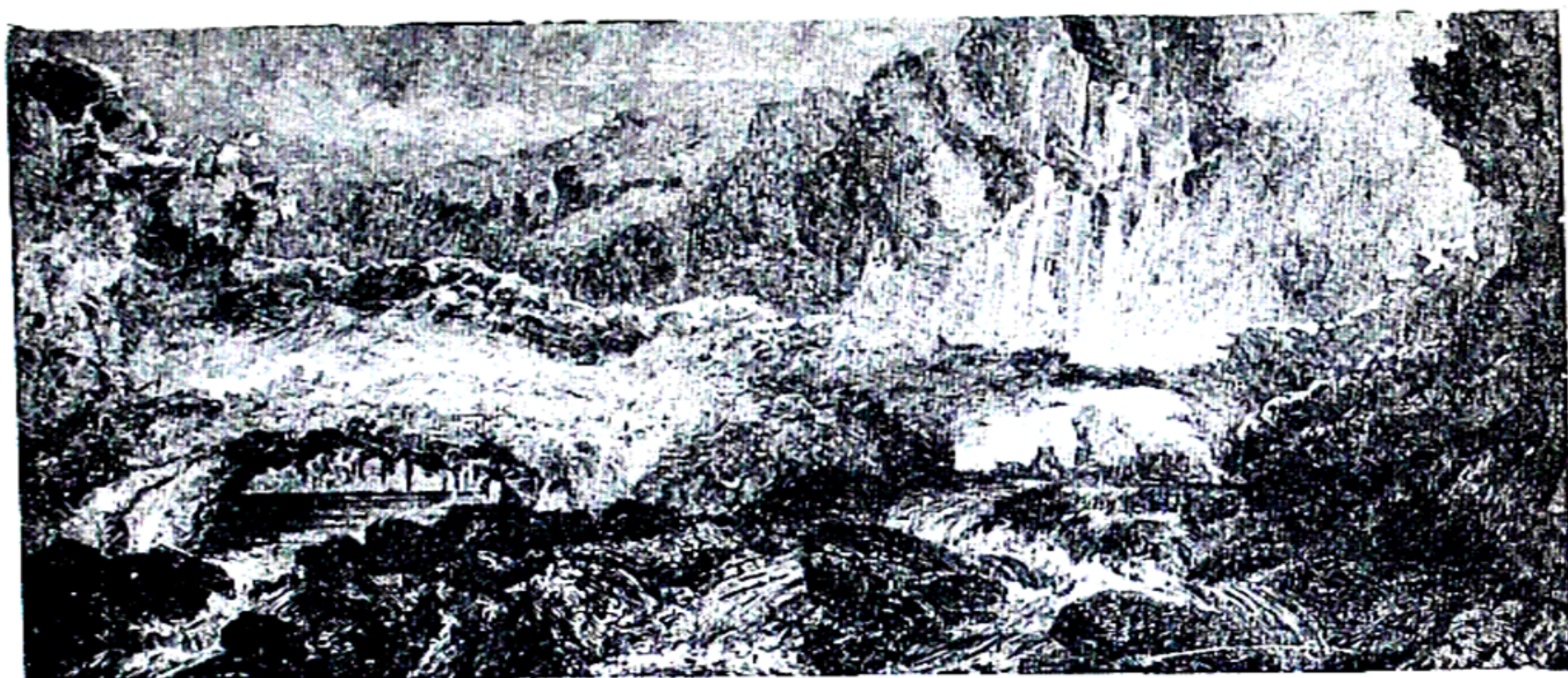
• The vast sandy moors to the west along the coast are actually part of Gascony but we have included them in Bordelais because they are identified with that province from an economical standpoint.

To the south, the Basques could no doubt claim a common ancestry with the Gascons, but they form a little autonomous country. Béarn, Bigorre, Comminges, the Comté de Foix, as well as all the mountainous part of the Pyrenees, could figure in a narrative about Gascony, which otherwise would amount to very little.

Though a poor province, the centre of which is formed by the department of Gers, Gascony is the proudest and touchiest of all French provinces.

All the warlike history of France, the whole cape, sword and rapier period, is scattered with feats of arms in which Gascons played a leading part. Often given as the very embodiment of the French ideal of manly virtue, a d'Artagnan with his conquering moustache, plumed felt hat and excessive bravery has become the hero of all the youth of the world.

In the old days, it was commonly said that in making the "good" sons cling to the land, the law of primogeniture scattered the turbulent juniors soldiering. In Gascony, however, the eldest were as punctilious as to their honour, as noble and as independant as a monarch.



The cascades at Gavarnie

Gascony is the only country in the world where poverty, rags and hunger do not prevent a country gentleman from retaining his pride and dignity. His castle may be in ruins, every misfortune befall him, he continues notwithstanding to be bowed to with respect, and enjoys a high reputation among the small fry.

Auch, the capital of Gascony, is a dead town. The entire province is on the decline. We are now entering the depopulated south with its deserted villages, and abandoned lands. For a long time, through the pages that will follow, beyond Languedoc, Auvergne, Lozère, Provence and the Alps, we shall come upon walls falling to pieces, roofs and farmhouses collapsing. We shall follow to his grave the last peasant of a village overrun with weeds.

The cathedral of Auch, the old hotels of Condom, the "courses landaises" (cowbaiting) of Vic-Fezensac, the rocky spur of Lectoure, the fortified church of Simorre, are the tourist's traditional pilgrimages, in a land full of history where religion and the English intermix. The roads glittering in the rain skirt maize fields ever menaced by storm clouds. All through the day the sun plays hide and seek, caresses the old stones of a manor-house, and immediately sinks into the folds of a grey western cloud.

Let us now turn to the mountains.

From the south-west of Armagnac, formed by the plateau of Lannemezan, where debris from the the Pyrenees accumulate, the blue line of the Pyrenees seem so much closer when the weather is clear.

Bigorre and Béarn are reached through fan-shaped valleys.

Pau is the capital of Béarn. The most beautiful health-resort of the Pyrenees is dominated by the chateau where Henri IV was born. Through his mother Jeanne d'Albret, Henri IV was a true Gascon, ever restless and fighting.

The famous vineyard of Jurançon surrounded by villas, stretches at the feet of the town, Pau and its surroundings have always been very popular with the English.

The salmon is king of fish of Pyrenean rivers. From June on, groups of fishers wearing high gum boots, venture along the torrents on their all-absorbing pursuit. Salmon were once so abundant that the serfs refused to eat them more than twice a week. Their contract of hire had a clause to that effect.

Let us now draw near the mountain and turn towards Bigorre.

Tarbes marks the starting point of the most celebrated scenic road of the Pyrenees that joins Lourdes, Luz and Gavarnie.

The town is perhaps the international capital of studs. It is, indeed, just as keenly interested in draught, saddle and plough horses as in race horses. Apart from the breeding centres that have seen the world's most famous stallions the whole region devotes itself to the cult of the horse. That colt frisking in a meadow, for instance, belongs to the village priest; this skittish, frightened Anglo-arab is an old maid's pet. She looks after him, and eventually will find him a worthy mate.

Lourdes on the way to Tarbes, lies at the feet of the jagged saws formed by the peaks of the Pyrenees. After Rome and Mecca, Lourdes is the world's most celebrated place of pilgrimage. On the 11th February, 1858, a poor, rapt shepherdess, Bernadette Soubirous, knelt before a grotto. The Virgin appeared to her, and speaking in her provincial dialect, said "I am the Immaculate Conception", and ordered the building of a basilica. A spring gushed forth at the base of the grotto. The miraculous spring does more than cure: it brings back to life. A living sea at once beset Lourdes, roused the doubting bishop and the refractory prefect. Napoleon III, desiring to be conciliatory, ordered that the worshippers may do as they please.

Never-ending streams of pilgrims flock to the blessed grotto. An indifferent basilica is erected. Hotels and shops spring up like mushrooms, and do a thriving business.



Gavarnie and its "circus" is the grandest beauty spot of the Pyrenees.

It is reached by a rugged path amid a chaos of piled-up boulders. A mountain is said to have collapsed there. Torrents and paths strive to make their way through this stone kingdom.

Gavarnie is indeed, one of nature's mightiest spectacles. This immense hole opened in the Pyrenees mountain remains gaping in the side of France. At a height of 1476 feet the Pau torrent falls in cascades and surges up to the base of the Cirque.

"Neither mountain nor wall" writes Victor Hugo, "yet at once mountain and wall Gavarnie is surrounded by the highest peaks of the Pyrenees": Vignemale in France (10,818 feet) Mont Perdu in Spain (10,995 feet). In the Maladetta range on the Spanish flank the Aneto peak (11,165 feet) is the only one to overtop them.

The "Brèche de Roland" (Roland Gap) which is visible from Gavarnie, marks the watershed, the backbone of the Pyrenees, and the border line between France and Spain. Legend has it that the enormous fault in the mountain was made by Roland, Charlemagne's nephew. Legends about Roland are afloat all through the Pyrenees. One may see Roland's spring, Roland's rock, Roland's pass.

Although not so high nor so vast, and less spectacular than the Alps, the Pyrenees have always had hosts of enthusiastic admirers.

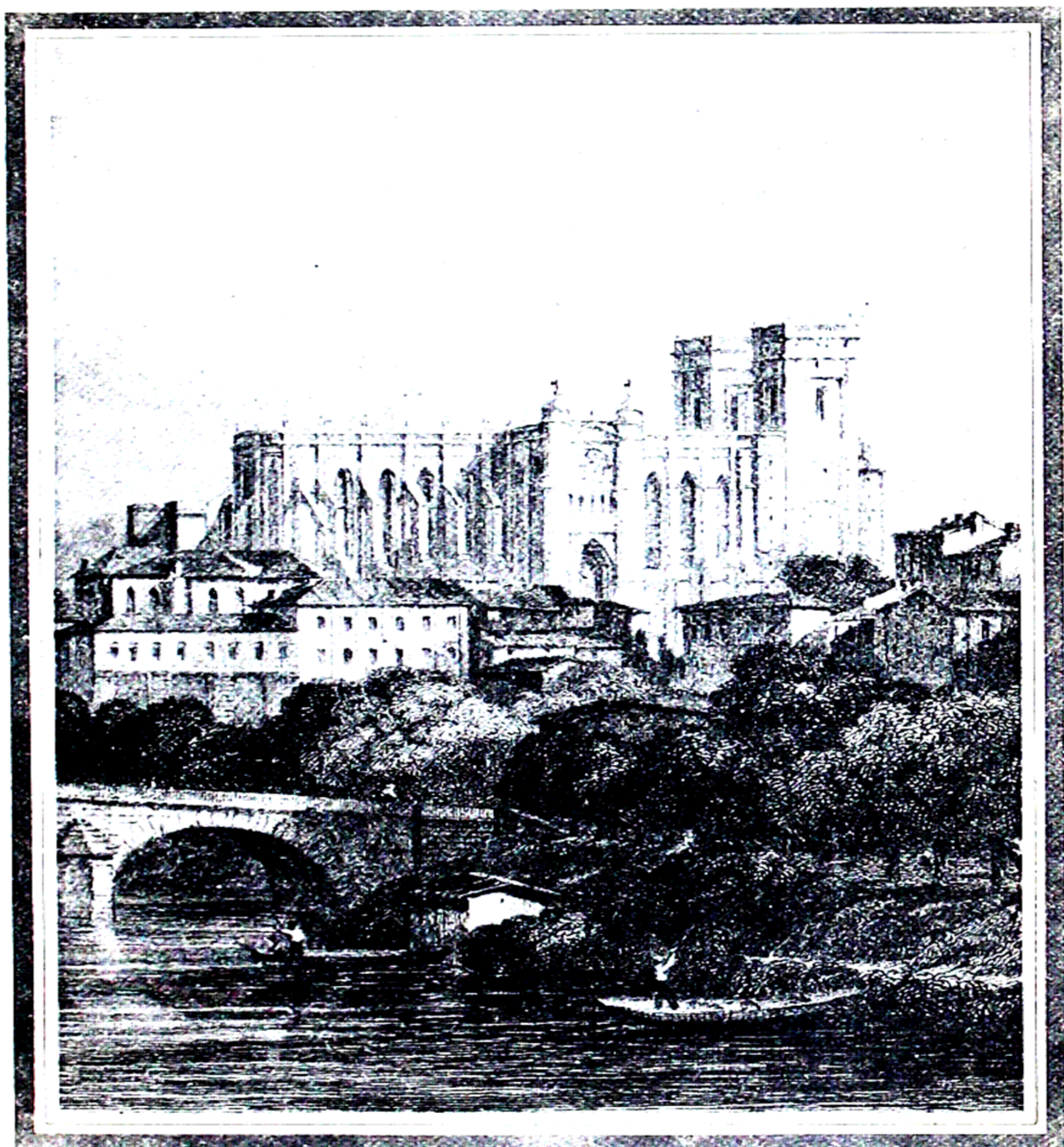
In 1802, Ramond was the first to succeed in reaching the summit of Mont Perdu. The Prince de la Moskowa conquered Mont Vignale in 1838.

From 1880 to 1890, grottoes were hollowed in the Pique Longue, terminal ridge of that range. A wordly hermit, Henry Russell made them his dwelling-place. It was his prowess which started "pyreneism".

These heroic times are over. With the help of good guides, the summit of the peaks is reached without much effort.

The "rochassiers" who, by nature, love danger, are the only ones to venture above some of the terrifying gulfs, at the peril of their lives.

Bear and izard hunters, though not so bold, nevertheless haunt the high rocks. This is moreover peculiar to the Pyrenees. Field glasses are as necessary to the izard hunter as his gun. Hunted down for generations, the graceful and agile izards are dying out. If the species is not already completely extinct, it is only thanks to its keen sense of smell, its exceptional eyesight and sharp hearing. Iizards herd together. Their agility is such that they can only be taken by surprise, so swift is their flight across precipitous rocks.



Bears are also found in the Pyrenees, but they are likewise dying out.

In the old days, mountaineers killed them with a knife in subtle hand-to-hand struggles. Captured cubs would in time become performing bears, and earn both their own and their master's living in France and America.

In former days valleys were better cultivated than they are now. Bigorre was irrigated. Cereal fields and winter pastures then extended much higher up on the stony slopes. The Pyrenees remain essentially a pastoral land.

During the summer months, the cattle are driven up to the mountain pastures. Meadows in the lowland grow green again, hay is gathered, maize is reaped.

After the first migration of wood-pigeon, all the season's work is finished and the peasants always find time enough to devote to their favourite sport : shooting the grey-blue bird.

Traditions are very much alive in the Pyrenees. The "réménille" and the "mouchiquou", the two local dances, are still danced on special occasions. Girls don the traditional hood, and one can tell from the colour of their hood the province to which they belong.

In the fall, when the herds have been brought down to the lowlands, carpeted with poppies, bell-flowers and foxgloves, life gets organised for the winter.

The routine of winter work is interrupted by ritual and joyous observances such as the "pèle-porc" and "espérrouquère".

The "pèle-porc" is the sacrifice of the pig, celebrated very much in the same way as anywhere else.

The "espérrouquère" on the other hand, is peculiar to Gascony. The work consists in extracting the golden ears of maize from their leafy sheathes. Fernand Cortez' plant in this region serves as a prelude to the preliminary rites of betrothal. It is a good excuse to go visiting from farm to farm. Every night mountaineers gather by the fireside or in granaries. The girls are sweet tempered and the young men boast, while the old folk take advantage of every opportunity to tell their old everlasting jokes and stories.

From the Ossau valley to the Tech valley, from the Pic du Midi observatory to the Canigou, a system of roads, ignored by smugglers, links the valleys together by passes called "ports". The Oo pass is the highest at an elevation of 12,214 feet. At certain altitudes, the clouds are so dense that all traffic becomes temporarily impossible.

This part of the province is rich with fortified places in ruins, dismantled chateaux and ramparts that were once the scene of religious wars.

A few market-towns are crowded together, under the illusory protection of the old stones. Saint-Bernard de Comminges and its XIIIth century cathedral,



Saint-Lizier, Saint-Girons not far from the grottoes of Mas-d'Azil, Mirepoix and its "couverts", Foix dominated by the celebrated towers of its chateau. And last, but not least, the enigmatic ruin of Montségur.

Andorre, lying astride between France and Spain, is a small independent country, governed by the old feudal laws. Its independence is quite relative. The bishop of Urgell in Spain and the Comte de Foix in France were formerly represented in Andorre by a governor who administered justice and collected the taxes. Later on, the French government replaced the Comte de Foix.

The approach to Andorre by the Puymorens pass is difficult. Andorre is formed by four valleys, the wildest of which is that of Canillo.

France's most remarkable string of healing springs is found in this green region, extending from the ocean to the Mediterranean: Salies, Eaux-Chaudes, Eaux-Bonnes, Tra-mezaygues, Suberlaché, Bagnères-de-Bigorre, Barèges, Luchon, Ax-les-Thermes, Amélie, Cauterets, and so forth.

Sterile women have gone to Cauterets ever since the XVIth century. The treatment at first consisted in drinking the water of Cauterets, and taking baths of that same water.

THE GASTRONOMY OF GASCONY AND THE PYRENEES

Gascony is a land of plenty, of which a gourmet has said : " Everywhere, be it in town, village or farm, on the last slopes of the Pyrenees of Bigorre, or on the hill-sides of Armagnac, in the huge Landes pine forest up to the Atlantic dunes, Gascons like good cheer; and each window, each half-open door, each blazing hearth, gives forth such tantalising odours at meal-times, that the passer-by and the tourist find therein the best *apéritif* "

You can eat shad roasted on a bed of sorrel, lamprey *matelote* where leeks give an extra flavour, and everywhere trout, confits, pies, hams, woodcocks blazed in Armagnac!

To the extreme east of the Pyrenees, is the Côte Vermeille du Roussillon, dominated by the snowy peaks of the mountain.

The Catalan race, both sinewy and tender, made up of opposites, mirrors itself in many local dishes : Bouillinaude or Catalan bouillabaisse, rock-lobster stew at Banyuls, *baudroie* " à la catalane ", izard stew at Ax-les-Termes, Catalan partridge, salmon trout at Prats-de-Mollo, boar hot-pot at Perthus, anchovy friands at Perpignan, and the marvellous fruit of Ille.

Collioure is a lovely sundrenched village with multi-coloured boats in its harbour; the Templars' Castle is still there, watching in its imposing way the fishing of exquisite anchovies, which are the best in the world, and which are the foundations of many a dish the gourmets adore.

Théo Duret one day was speaking of the " Ouillade ". Said he :

" So, in a pot, or earthenware dish, for five people, a litre of beans; you will throw away their water when they are half cooked, and you will replace it by other water (warm or cold, according to taste).

In a second pot you have placed a well-headed cabbage cut in four, six large peeled potatoes, one or two onions, a salted bone (*espinades*), a carrot and a turnip. Then add a nut of " *sagi* " (stale lard).

When these two pots boil violently on a good ember fire, put them to one side, and let them simmer fraternally. When the time has come, wrap your hand in a white cloth that the steam may not burn it, and pour the beans which should have no more cooking water into the second pot. Stir well. The ouillade is ready. "

Roussillon also produces wonderful fruit and splendid vegetables: green peas, lettuce, potatoes, beans, mushrooms, truffles, artichokes, asparagus, etc. Thanks to its pigs, its pork-butchery is famous. Corbières sheep are of good breed. Game is abundant and its flesh has an agreeable taste.

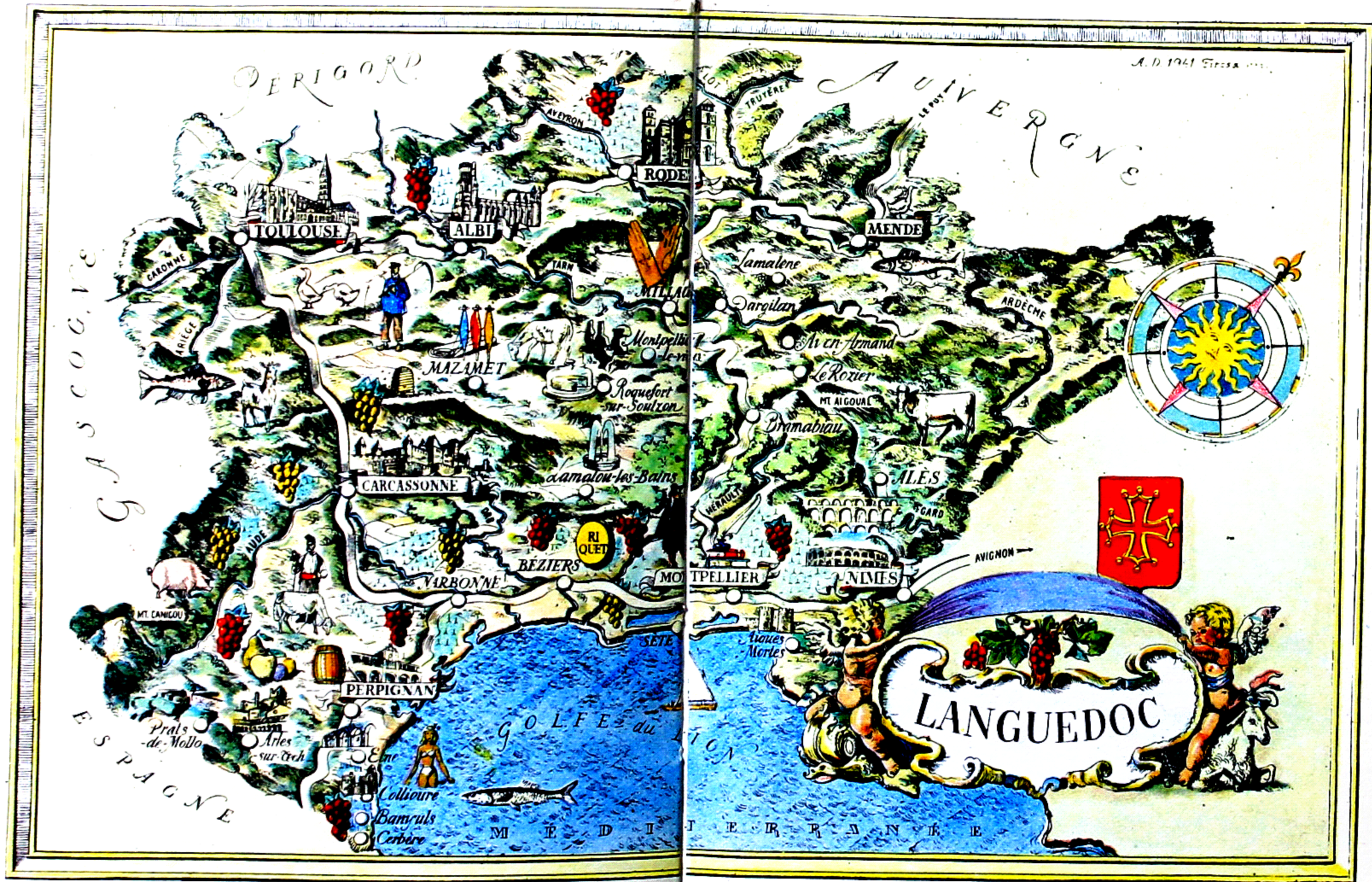
From the Spanish frontier to Argelès sands the four communes of Cerbère, Banyuls, Port-Vendres and Collioure yield along the Côte Vermeille those absolutely pure natural wines: the red, rosy and white Banyuls.

Hannibal, as did Louis XIV, appreciated Maury wine, and Marshal Joffre, son of a cooper of Rivesaltes, never forgot the famous wine he drank in his youth.

The three nearly parallel valleys of the Tech, the Têt and the Agly produce wines of a different character, but which could not be... indifferent. Is not the most curious sight, in the eyes of a layman, that of the innumerable casks maturing outside in the sun? These same casks, once mature, will incorporate into the wine the mystery of the years which so count for double or more. To grow old in the sun, what an enviable fate.

We would not like to forget Salses, the liquor wines which were so much appreciated by Voltaire; he spoke of them in glowing terms in his letters to Monsieur de la Houlière, governor of Salses.





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Languedoc costumes



LANGUEDOC

Climbing to a height of 5,140 feet is all that we need do to dominate Languedoc, the largest province in France.

From the summit of the Aigoual in the Cévennes, pine forests are seen sloping down to the bottom of deep walled-in valleys. To our right, a vast barren expanse of limestone plateaux called les Causses. To our left, the silvery thread of the Rhône. Facing us, bare foothills and vineyards extending to the horizon in the distance, the blue-green of the Mediterranean.

At eventide four large towns, Toulouse, Montpellier, Narbonne and Perpignan stand out against a lurid sky.

As in Japanese prints, perpetual glaciers enliven the scene in clear weather : the Alps beyond the Rhône, the Pyrenees behind the young summits of Espinouze.

Languedoc is disconcerting. Mountains, plains, seashores, plateaux and valleys, combine to furnish a variety of natural conditions bewildering for the tourist who has no choice but zigzag itineraries.

The changeable character of the landscape is shared by its people, some of whom are jolly while others are taciturn or somnolent.

The variety of faiths prevailing among the Languedocians is no less confusing. At random, here is a Catholic, a Protestant, an Orthodox, a violent Anticlerical.

The rivers of Languedoc are equally independent. Some choose to flow into the Loire, others into the Garonne, others into the Rhône, and some strongmindedly even find their way all alone to the Mediterranean.

The natural conclusion is that Languedoc lacks unity and character. But just withhold your judgement awhile. Let us turn back the hand of time eight hundred years, and imagine ourselves in the twelfth century.

Night has fallen, the moon is rising. Shall we venture inside one of the castles? Here is a postern, let us pass that way and wander at random through the guards' room, the large echoing corridors, and up the winding stair. The thin music of a viol reaches our ears. How fascinating! Still more immense rooms and massive doors. Then, all at once we come into the light of a thousand candles, a cloud of oriental incense envelopes us. We are in the grand drawing room of the castle.

Amid the deep silence a voice by turns sings, recites, murmurs. What does it say? Here is an interpretation of the troubadour's mysterious language :

" Oh, dear and comely lady... will this perfect lover live to see the evening of the day, when secretly, or at your leisure, he may hold you in his arms and behold your beautiful, graceful, and precious body... so gently pressing a hundred kisses upon your mouth and eyes that they may seem as one long kiss... and then fall into a swoon from perfect bliss. "

Far into the night the troubadour dwells upon the gallantry of the men and the beautiful eyes of the women.

When all has been told and sung, the audience gathers to form into " Cours d'Amour " (Love Courts). Some sit as judges, others debate; the assembly pronounces judgement in matters of gallantry.

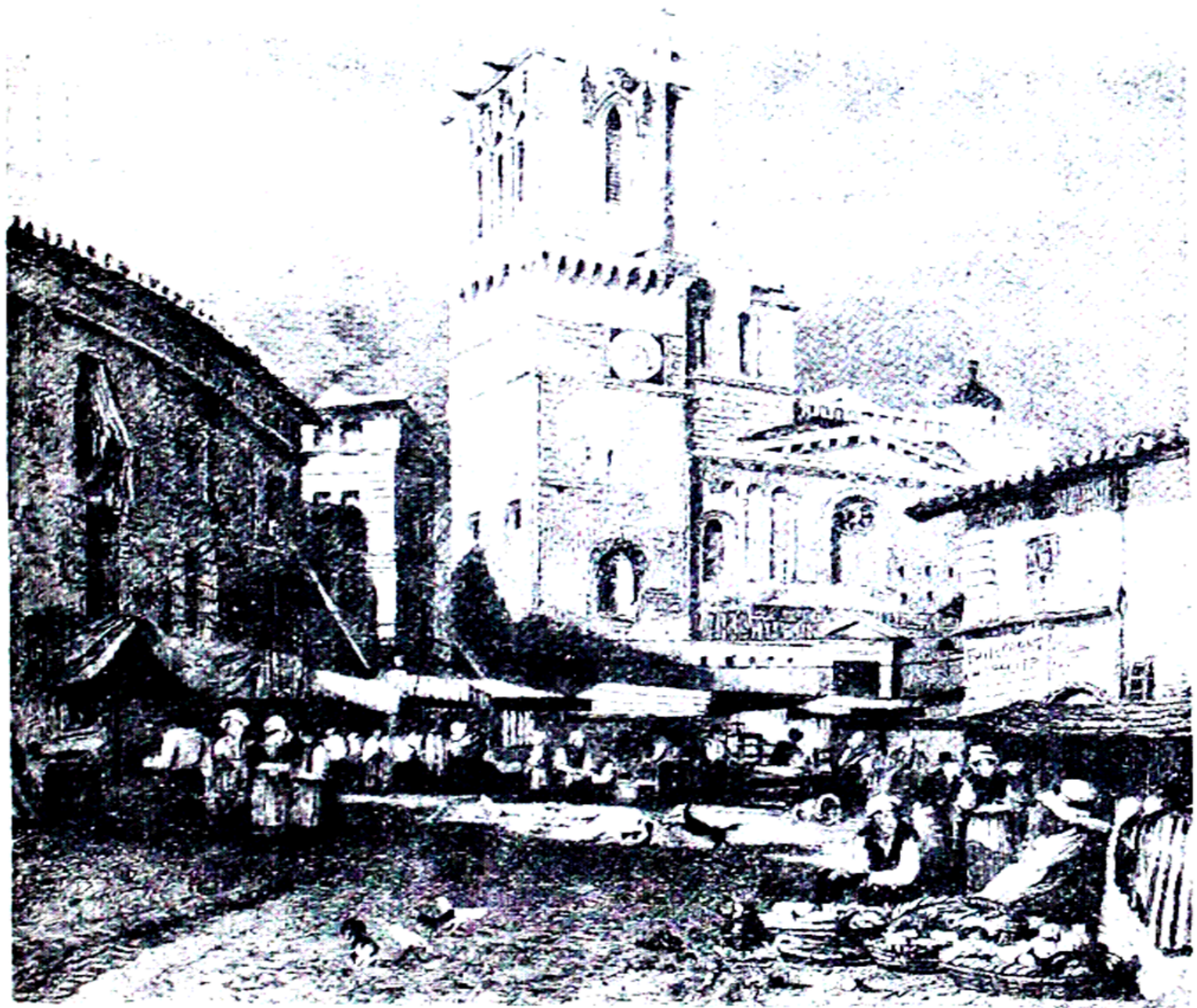
Languedoc... *LANGUE D'OC*. (When "oc" means "yes".)

It is the language of the troubadours that makes the unity of the province.

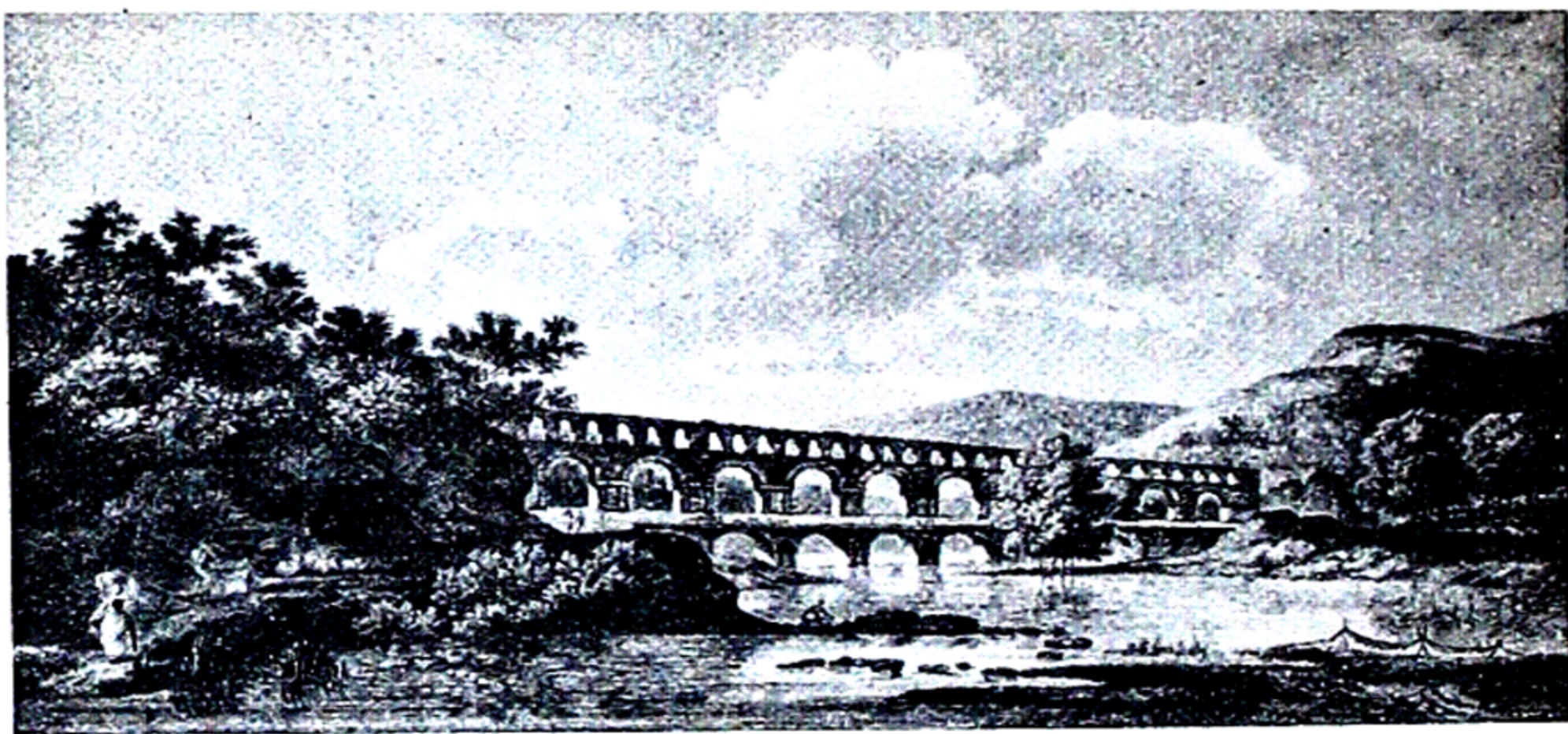
One night, after an especially brilliant Love Court, beautiful ladies and knights climbed to the tower to continue their tender jesting under a starlaced sky. The fragrance of ripe grapes drifted over the whole province.

Suddenly a glimmer in the west, towards the sea. The sun does not rise in the West... Done with songs and poetry, Beziers is ablaze!

For twenty years, Languedoc will burn throughout. For centuries the whole lettered south will be the scene of tragic struggles. We are in 1209; Toulouse-la-Rouge (Red Toulouse) stands in the centre of the slaughter. Wars of



Nîmes Cathedral



The Gard Bridge

religion, they are called. The assassination of the Papal Legate by the Albigensians furnishes a good pretext for Simon de Montfort to start on his bloody crusades.

Religion is but an alibi.

By turns Protestant, Catholic, Atheist, Ultra-Catholic, Leaguer and Heretic, the whole province is moreover incoherent in matters of religion.

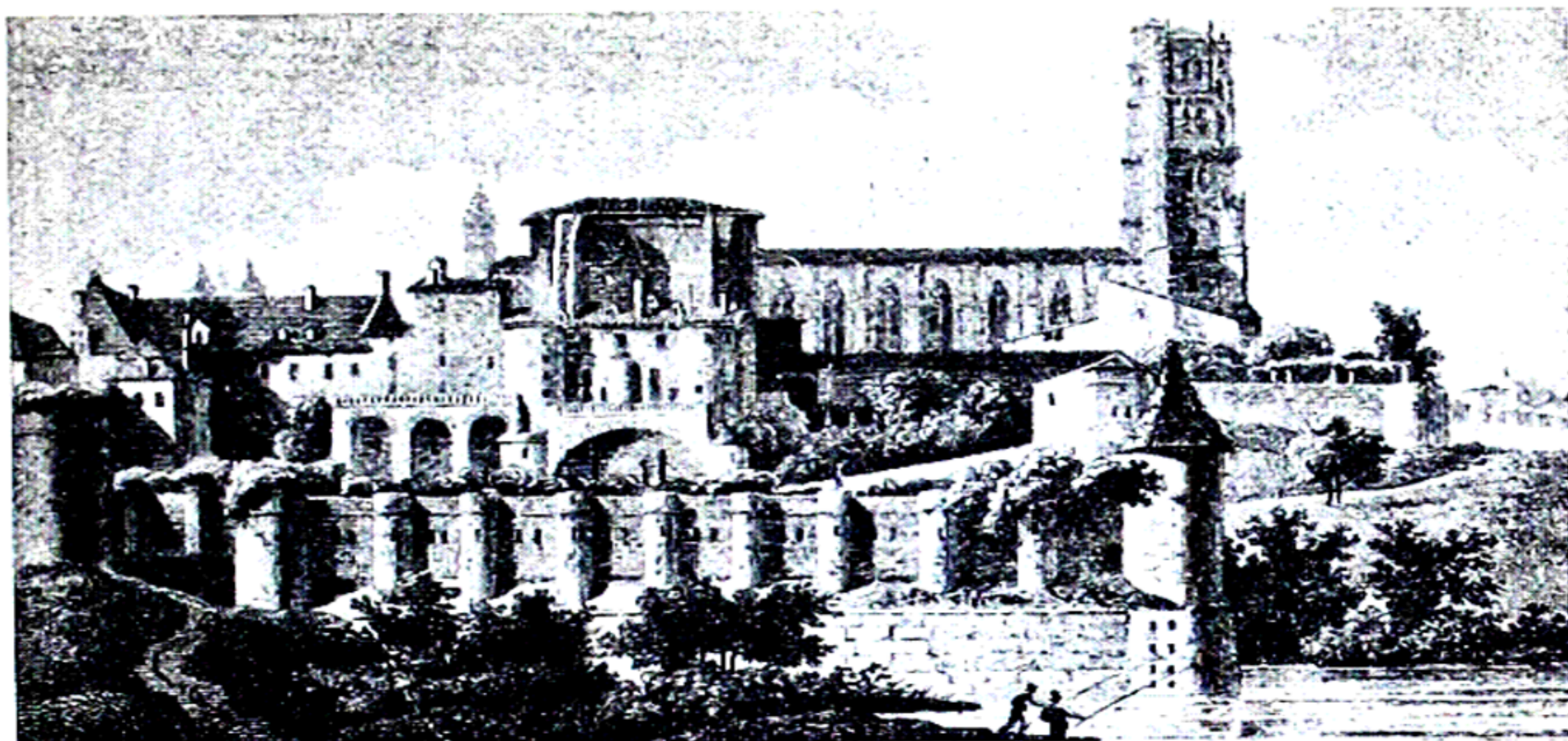
These dreadful crusades have all the earmarks of a struggle between North and South, of a war of Secession, a war of extermination.

Languedoc is formed by interminable counties, viscounties and seigniories. The result of all these confused battles and sieges is to promote solidarity throughout the province. The Comte de Toulouse becomes a King of Languedoc and of the South. Of a south no doubt devastated, but rising again from its ashes at startling speed.

After Montfort, killed before Toulouse, another ravager emerges in the person of Montluc, not forgetting the English and the Black Prince.

Two hundred years later, Richelieu pacifies the district by killing Montmorency. Finally, Louis XIV's Dragonnades give rise to the Camisard rebellion in the Cévennes.

As it lies on the map Languedoc may give the impression of an artificial province. Through its language and history, it is in reality quite homogeneous:



Albi Cathedral

it forms a Southern block, so to speak, the Kingdom of the Sun.

From the Col du Perthus (Perthus Pass) to the Causses Plateau, this kingdom is easily recognisable by the warm coloration of every house, edifice and farm-house that takes on a " patina " particular to the Mediterranean region.

The Côte Vermeille, south of Languedoc, owes its name to the rocks of the Monts Albères that slope perpendicularly to the Mediterranean sea.

This is a land of harsh colours, without relief. Yellow, blue, red. The sky is cobalt-blue, small white clouds dissolve rapidly. Parasol pines, chestnut trees, cactii and cypress furnish a complete scale of greens for the artist.

Banyuls' terraced village and vineyards give the impression that they might inadvertently slide into the sea. Collioure is famous for its cats, its anchovies and its church, seemingly set in the transparent Mediterranean waters.

From Hannibal down to the armies of the Revolution, including Pompey, Caesar, the Visigoths, the Moors, Charlemagne, Philippe the Rash, François I^{er}, Louis XI, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, the Col du Perthus has resounded to the tramp of soldiers.

The small village of Elne near the coast is proud of its Sainte Eulalie church. At Arles-sur-Tech, a little distance away, a sarcophagus at the entrance of a

chapel attracts the attention of tourists from every part of the world. A mysterious spring, supposed to be of divine essence, keeps the bottom of the curious block of stone constantly filled with fresh water.

The province of Roussillon, of which Perpignan is the capital, forms an intermediate state between the real Languedoc and Spain. The Roussillonais race is of Catalan extraction. Its native tongue is Catalan.

Accustomed to invasions, the whole region still bristles with fortifications, among which those of Prat-de-Mollo, constructed by Vauban, and the citadel of Perpignan, are the most celebrated.

The citadel and the chateau of the kings of Majorca, stand guard over Perpignan. At once mystical and gay, Perpignan is one of the largest towns of the South. The processions of Maundy Thursday, when Black Penitents revive the Passion Play in the old Saint-Jacques church, lend it an atmosphere of mysticism that suggests Spain. The town derives its gaiety from the barrels of Roussillon of which there is an extensive trade.

The last spurs of the Pyrenees are covered half-way with chestnuts and vine.

Canigou dominates the horizon. If you approach it, you will find it ripped open, tapped and pierced with thousands of holes through which attempts were made to extract iron and precious metals.

Canigou is the reservoir of the province. A spring gushes forth anywhere a stick is driven into the ground.

The departments of Aude and Hérault are among the largest producers of wine in France. Narbonne is a wine town, just like Bordeaux and Beaune. But in this part of France, bottling seldom takes place on the estate. Most of the proprietors take their crops directly to the warehouse press.

A low barren coast along the sea, whitened by sun and salt, is peopled with fishing villages.

Beaches frequented by vine-growers, ponds for sportsmen, warehouses for barrels, characterise at long intervals the activity of the region.

Sète, created in 1666, at the time of the cutting of the Canal du Midi, by Riquet, is the most active port on the coast.

There are also a few silted up old ports : Narbonne, Maguelonne, Aigues-Mortes. The latter was founded by Saint Louis.

Two large towns in this region, Montpellier and Nîmes, are famous for different reasons : Montpellier because it is the most beautiful University town of the south and can boast of possessing the oldest Medical Faculty in France. Petrarque and Rabelais studied there.



Perpignan castle

Montpellier is a town of learning where every discussion turns into a controversy. It is at once academic and joyous, for controversies usually find their conclusion in the big cafés on the Place de la Comédie.

Nîmes is celebrated for its Gallo-Roman monuments. It is quite aware of it, and makes the most of it. But standing as they do in the midst of the modernised town, these monuments lose a part of their splendour and interest.

The arenas remain by far the most imposing and stately of these monuments. A "corrida" (bullfight) in the arenas of Nîmes is a wonderful sight.

In the vicinity of Nîmes stands the Pont du Gard, a Roman aqueduct built in the year 19 B.C. It is a marvellous architectural ensemble of the Gallo-Roman period. Its beauty lies not in its size, but in the harmony of its lines and colours in relation to the landscape surrounding it.

By way of Alès, we reach the Aigoual, from the summit of which we have already had a panoramic glimpse of Languedoc.

The Cévennes range that we are ascending lies on the edge of one of the poorest regions of France called Les Causses. Thinly peopled, with very little land under cultivation, except in narrow valleys where one has to raise one's eyes to heaven to see a bit of sky, Les Causses are also part of Languedoc. If it is true that the country is poor in natural produce, it is on the other hand the richest in scenic wonders, and has more to offer to tourists than any other region in France.

Les Causses consist of vast arid limestone plateaux. Through incalculable ages, rivers have cut their way into the porous soil. In some instances the beds of the rivers to-day are more than 1900 feet below the surface of the plateau.

There is no water on the tablelands, for rain water penetrates into the ground. It eventually emerges at the bottom of the valleys in the form of gushing springs, after making its way through the bowels of huge limestone expanses.

Contemporaneous with the excavation of canyons by rivers, rain water infiltrated into the soft ground, cut galleries, subterranean passages and grottoes. All the sub-soil of Les Causses may be compared to an immense anthill.

Some of these deep pits, formed by the unending action of water, have been explored by men, but in reality, few of them are known to-day. The Aven Armand is the most typical.

Picture a huge well 700 feet deep. In reality, it is probably much deeper, but it has been filled in by débris. Imagine galleries, immense rooms, larger than cathedrals, exquisite boudoirs, petrified forests, mysterious rooms.

Stalactites and stalagmites, worked in the fashion of Alençon lace do all they can to join one another, but they have plenty of time.

In these sumptuous grottoes, Jacopozzi has installed electricity and disposed coloured screens. The mirage of light and thousands of jagged columns is a spectacle that is well worth crossing the Causses desert region to see.

Subterranean towns are not the only points of interest. Dantesque landscapes may be seen in broad daylight. Among these Montpellier-le-Vieux and the Tarn Canyons are on a class of their own. Montpellier-le-Vieux is a town of rocks, a petrified town. Poets have recognised in the big stones some reminiscences of the monuments of the real Montpellier, hence its name.

The Tarn river leaves Les Causses through the deepest and narrowest valley which forms the Tarn Canyons over an area of 35 miles, between Malène and Rozier-Peyreleau. At Point Sublime the canyons are 1968 feet deep. They are divided into three sections, the Détroits, the Cirque des Baumes and the Pas-de-Souci. The entire exploration is made by flat boats equipped to shoot rapids. The Tarn Canyons are the camper's paradise. Anyone in France who possesses a canoe has spent or will spend a day between the steep cliffs, literally honeycombed with caves.

This whole mountainous block formed by Les Causses, the Cévennes range and Espinouse, belonging to the Languedoc, and extending from Mende in the Haut-Gevaudan to the Seuil-de-Naurouze, is geographically linked up with the Massif Central.



It is full of curious and fascinating sights such as : The Saut de la Vézole, overhanging Lama-lou-les-Bains; the Alcôve de Bramabiau in the Causse Rouge; the grottoes of Dargilan in the Causse Noir; the Cirque de Navacelle; the cliffs of Roquefort-sur-Soulzon, tapped with caves where ewe cheeses are left to ripen.

Three large industrial centres give life to the valleys : the coal basin of Alès; Mazamet which styles itself the capital of skin-wooling; Millau, the most important town of the Causses and its world-famous glove manufactures.

By way of Rodez, whose 296 foot church spire overhangs the old Rouergue region, via Albi with its splendid cathedral, we shall descend the plain of the Garonne, on our way to Toulouse.

Toulouse... The spotlessness of Lafayette Square, the Academy of Floral Games, the prestige of Saint-Germain's church, the most beautiful Romanesque church in France; the attraction of the big cafés, the bright sun that sheds a golden light upon the stones and gives warmth to the voice of tenors.

For all this will you love it, and, watching the tumultuous Garonne rush past, you will decide that Toulouse, now and ever, is the only city for you.

THE GASTRONOMY OF LANGUEDOC

Some people believe that Languedoc has no game; if, indeed, it is a little scarce in the plains, it is on the contrary very abundant and very tasty in the mountains. Moreover, quails and woodcock pass over Languedoc and waterfowl like the ponds of the sea-coast.

Over the stone riches displayed by Nîmes floats the perfume of the Nîmes national dish : the brandade.

The cod used by our ancestors was the white cod of the Atlantic, those which our Breton sailors brought back from Newfoundland in their paunchy boats. It was a fish which, when fried, could pass as very good, but its too flabby meat only imperfectly imbibed olive oil and was useless to handle.

The small Norway cod took the place of Newfoundland cod. Its flesh was firmer and had a more delicate taste. Moreover the firm grain of its flesh kept the oil better.

What would you say to trout and thrush pies from Le Vigan; cassoulet, early fruit, croquants and beccafico from Nîmes; braised shad with Uzès sorrel, or Sommières snails?

Who would go to Béziers to-day and not taste its little pies?

Cooking is good at Montpellier too : biscotins, almond paste with pistachios (called "galichoux"); loupes with the famous Montpellier butter; Montpellier oreillettes, and so forth.

In the neighbouring countryside there are shellfish "à la sétoise", trout, crayfish, and the special cake called "flaunes" or "flauzonnes" made of ewe cheese; tripe estouffade and truffled pâtés de foie gras at Bédarieux...

Narbonnaise snails, Corbières honey, mushroom omelette, trout and "sauté" chicken at Quillan; bouillabaisse at Gruissan; crayfish-tail pies and turkey "au foie gras" at Lamalou-les-Bains; cassoulets at Carcassonne and Castelnaudary; duck cassoles and lamb tripe or cabassols at Limoux...

Languedoc is the French province which has most wines, and some are really very good.

A gourmet has very justly remarked :

A layman ignores the range of Languedoc wines : spicy, delicate, dry,

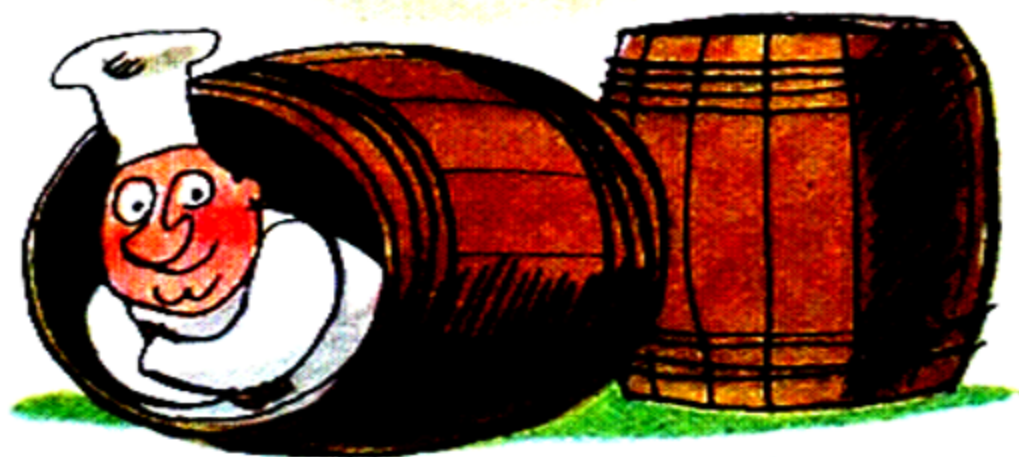
fruity, liquoury, mellow, tasty or frothy, all are represented here, whether you want wines for apéritifs, comforting wines, fine wines, dessert wines or merely ordinary good red or white wine.

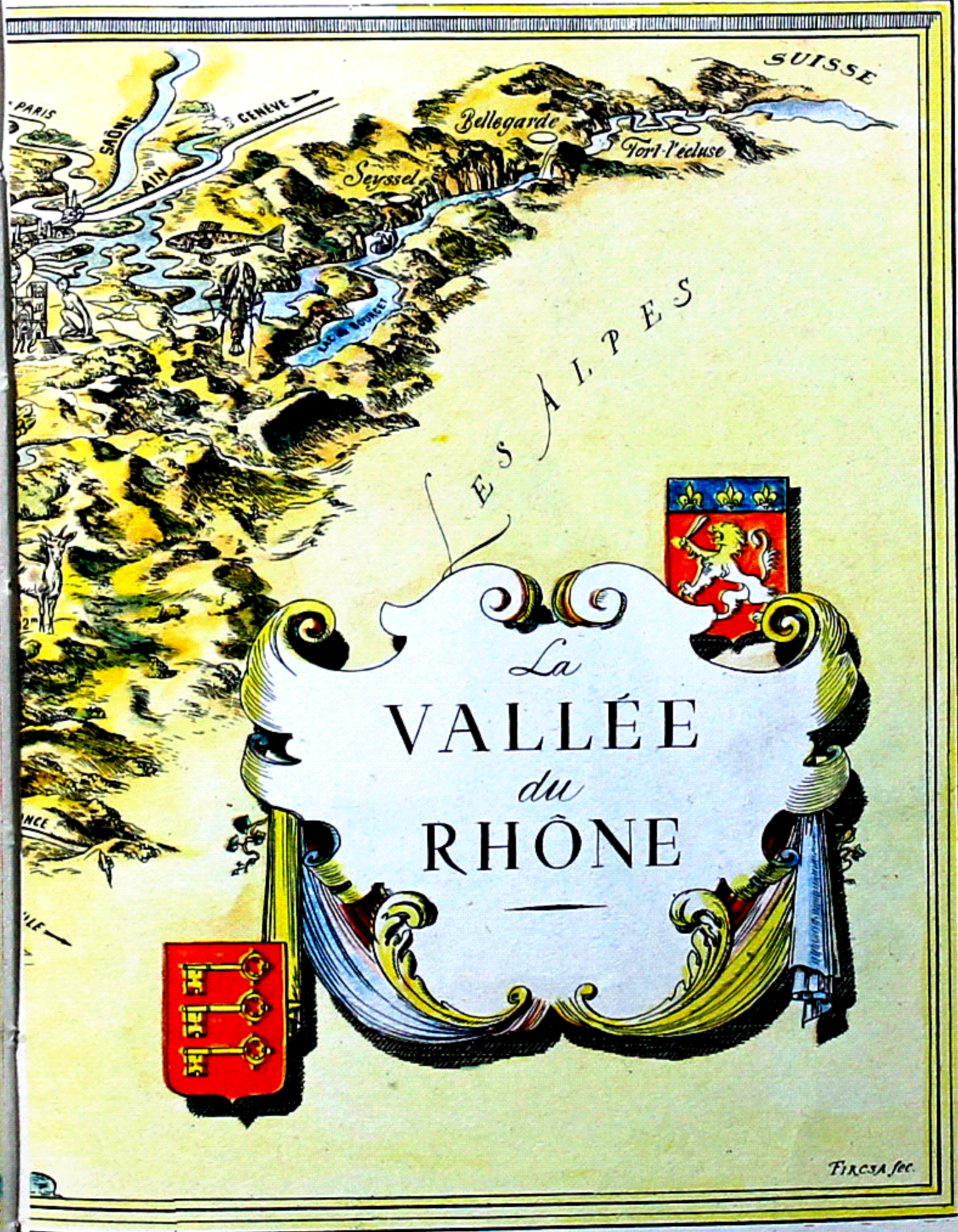
In this fine southern province, you find Corbières wine, gathered from sundrenched slopes; velvety Minervois, delicate and with a rich colour, sparkling blanquettes from Limoux, especially generous growths from the Aude Mediterranean coastline and the Oriental Pyrenees, and the wines from Tuchannais.

The Narbonne region has the soil of Quatourze and Coursan-le-Biterrois, with the slopes of Saint-Chinian at Puisserguier. The districts of Montpellier, Lunel, Nîmes give good ordinary wine, with a good colour and a delicate aroma.

Dessert wines, especially Frontignan muscat (Richelieu and Voltaire sang its praises); and the Banyuls are remarkable wines, subtly flavoured, and too little known and enjoyed by gourmets.

Finally, the sparkling wines of Languedoc do not pretend to call themselves champagne, but they can take its place without dishonour. Limoux and Gaillac blanquettes are exquisite wines.





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Provençal costumes



THE RHONE VALLEY

The Rhône rises in Switzerland, on Mount Saint-Gothard. 257 glaciers witness the event, and melt at their thalweg to bring it the contribution of their waters.

80 small foaming torrents dance over the rocks and join one another.

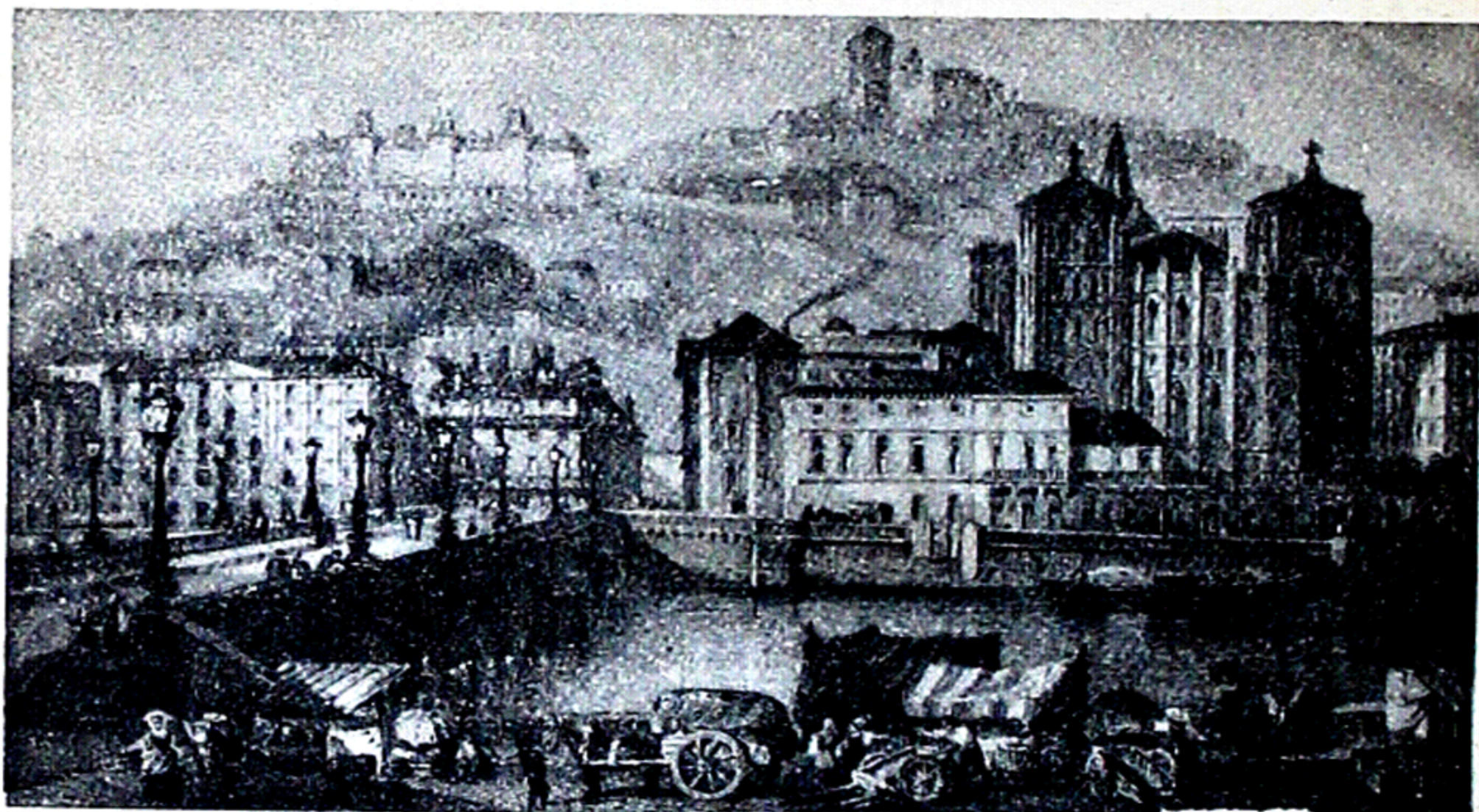
The rise of the Rhône is a vast cluster of diamonds adorning the mountain's side.

Its course in Switzerland is short; just long enough to give it a chance of acting the big river in the plains of Valais, and it falls into the Lake of Geneva from which it emerges a French river.

The grey and muddy Alpine torrent then adorns itself with all the hues of the sky, and all the greens of the forest.

The Rhône enters France at Fort d'Ecluse. As the Jura obstructs the way, it rushes into gorges, defiles and precipices until such time as the Jura having been definitely rounded, nothing bars its brimful course up to Lyons. It is then called "Heroic Rhône", and all seasoned canoeists have dreamt of skimming down it some day.

Past the Défilé de l'Ecluse, in the vicinity of Bellegarde, the swallow of the river marks the beginning of the great canyons, some of them 700 ft deep.



Fourvières Hill at Lyons

At Lucey bridge, the river disappears completely underground, to gush out 350 feet further on.

At Malpertuis, it flows at great speed between two vertical walls only twenty feet apart.

Pyrimont marks the end of the gorges close to which runs the railway line. Beyond Seyssel, the river broadens out and is edged with swamps.

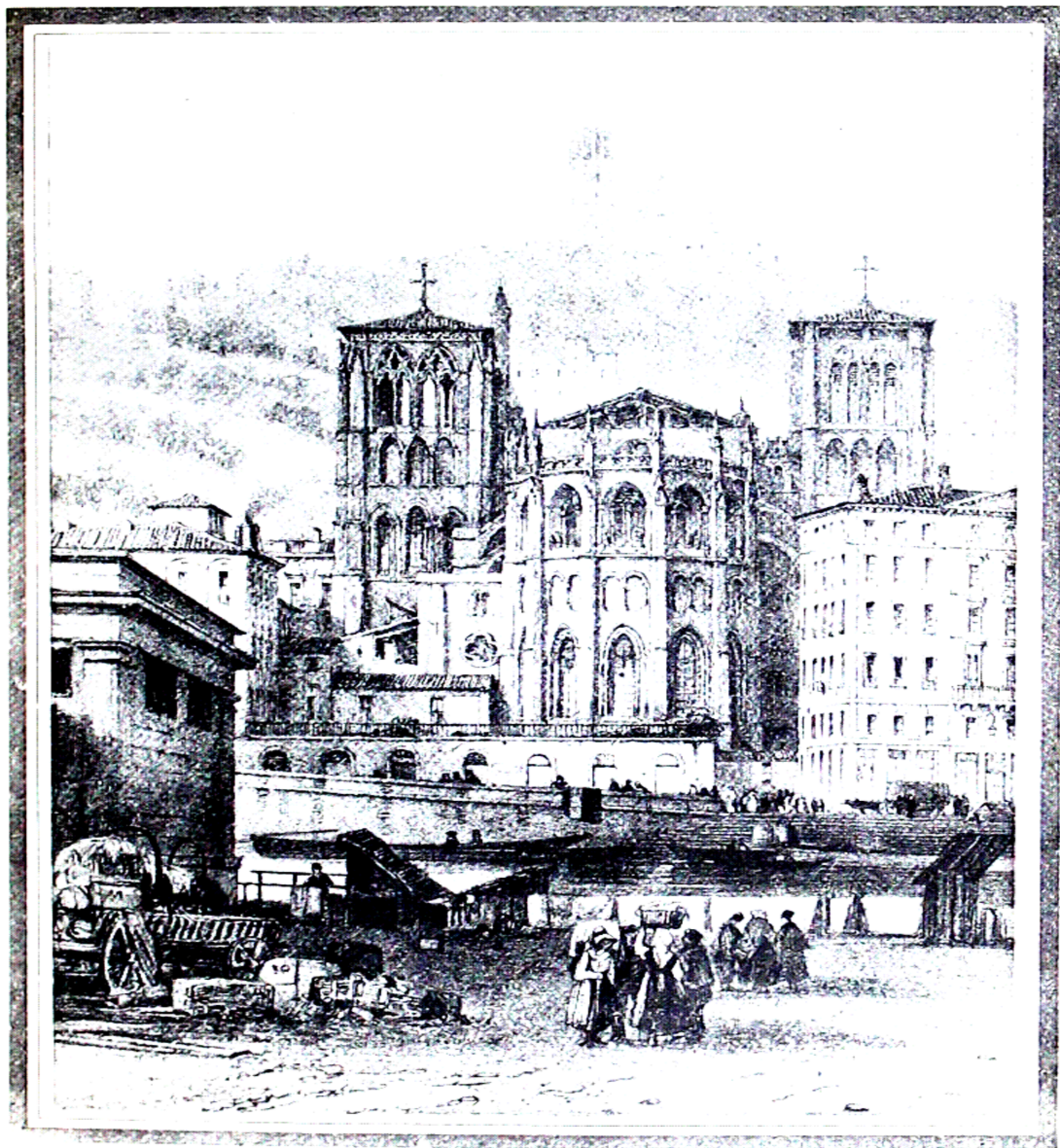
Linked by a two-and-a-half mile canal to the famous Lake Bourget, which we shall see later in the Alps, it starts a big bend, goes up to meet the river Ain and absorbs it gluttonously.

By this time the Rhône has become a major river. It has lost its vivid colours. As it reaches Lyons, its waters are grey and a violent eddy, caused by the current, batters the pillars of the city bridges.

LYONS

The city stands at the entrance of the Rhône valley. That is the reason of its prosperity.

It is at the crossroads of the national roads from the four points of the



compass. It radiates to Paris and Marseilles, Bordeaux and Geneva.

But Lyons is not only a through-traffic European city, it is the Silk Capital for ever since it can remember.

From all time, lovely women have draped themselves in the incomparable silk that is "made in Lyons".

It is now imported silk, as the old silk-worm farms are slowly dying out, one by one.

Or again it is rayonne that is made in Lyons, and eager to have its name on the stamp.

At the head of the big silk-works; a few families, wealthy middle-class, do the book-keeping. This is passed down from father to son.

Lyons is a family-loving city. Unlike Paris, Marseilles, Toulouse and Lille, public amusements are disdained, and alone the family circle provides its own entertainments. The foreigner, be he from the rest of France or elsewhere can only become an intimate on very good references, and even then...

Lyons dines, amuses itself, makes tables turn in secret.

Doubtless the mists of the Rhône have influenced the character of the inhabitants. If you have not eaten onion soup at a soup stall very early one foggy morning, when you cannot see the Rhône even from its banks, and when the whole city emerges ghost-like behind the wraiths of mist, pray suspend your judgement, you are no true Lyonnais.

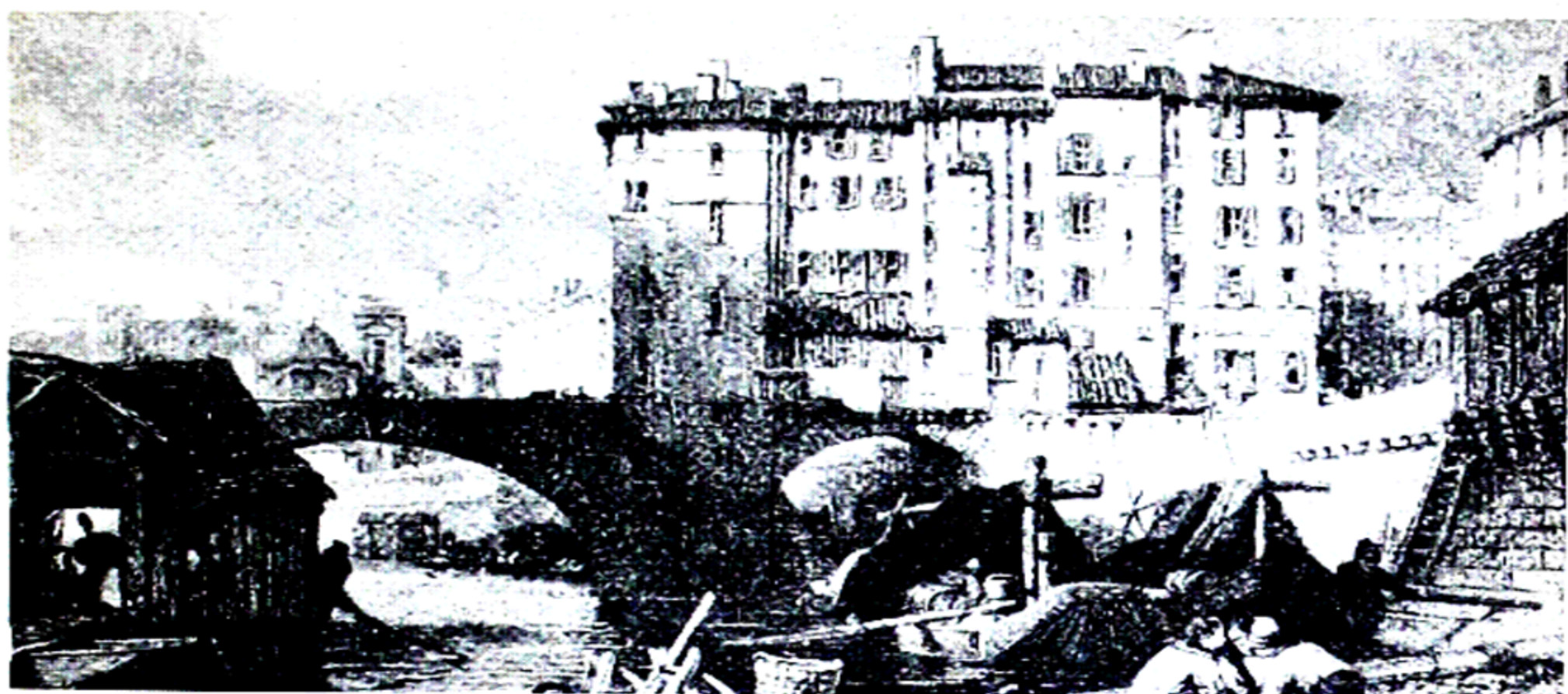
The Fourvières basilica on its hill-top dominates Lyons and the surrounding countryside.

Saint-Jean's cathedral and the Place Bellecour are the real touristic highlights of the capital of the South-East. But the most remarkable feature of the city is the enormous extension of its workmen districts, bleak as they always are, with the exception of the modern suburbs of Villeurbanne.

The Saône and the Rhône run through Lyons and join at La Mulatière, a suburb of the city.

Two rivers cannot offer a more striking contrast than these two do. The Saône is indolent, the Rhône impetuous; one is green, the other grey. The rains swell the Saône whilst the melting of the glaciers in the middle of the summer, swells the Rhône. This explains why the Rhône has a relatively steady flow once beyond Lyons, and has all the appearance of a "great river" despite the raging torrents that empty themselves into it from the Alps and the Cévennes.

The descent to the sea then begins. The river is very high. We first cross,



An old bridge over the Saône at Lyons

from Lyons to Gisors, a grey industrial region which extends to our right along the river Gier, through Rive-de-Gier, Saint-Chamond, Saint-Etienne, and further still, to Firminy. From Lyons to the sea, the current is rapid, the river dotted with suspension bridges and great multiple-arched stone bridges.

This is the navigable, but dangerous, portion of the Rhône which at one time enjoyed a tremendous activity before the advent of the railroad.

It was through this great waterway that the Phoenician, Greek and Roman civilisations were introduced. Pothin brought Christianity. Much later, the "coches d'eau" (water coaches) assured a regular service on the Rhône. Less than a century ago, steam boats over 300 feet long required several days to go up from the delta to Lyons.

The "mariners" of the Rhône were famous. The strongest youths from Gisors and Gondrieu were destined to the river. With their velvet trousers, cord belts and wearing fine gold earrings, they would start out as adolescents to win, by sheer strength of arm, the honorary title of "King of the Rhône".

Drawn by horses, their boats brought up to Lyons the produce of Provence and the Mediterranean.

Where does Provence begin as one goes down the Rhône valley?

For the Parisians coming on a night train, Provence begins in the morning, beyond Lyons. The Rhône is barely passed, and the first miles of the valley scarcely crossed that they are already on the look-out for the first yew-tree, for the first mas.

Vienne and its golden-yellow station rushes up to introduce Provence. The cathedral of Saint-Maurice receives the rays of a sun that has nothing Parisian about it, nor even Lyonnais.

Between Saint-Vallier and Tournon, at kilometre 89, the reef of the king's table may be seen at low water in the middle of the Rhône. According to the legend, Saint Louis lunched there when leaving for the Crusades, which is very unlikely, despite the proximity of the famous wines from the slope of the Hermitage.

Together Rhône and railway sweep down the valley at full speed. The valley broadens out between the Alps and the Cevennes. The chateau de Crussol at the confluence of the river Isère indicates that we are nearing Valence.

Beyond Valence, the first southern town whose tiles look as if baked in the sun, the Rhône flows at its highest speed in a succession of rapids. The same high speed is maintained up to Pont-Saint-Esprit. It absorbs the Drôme, a torrent from the Alps and the Ouvèze, a river from the Ardèche.

Finally, past Montélimar, it carves the pass of Donzère between two mountainous regions. According to geographers, Provence only begins at this point.

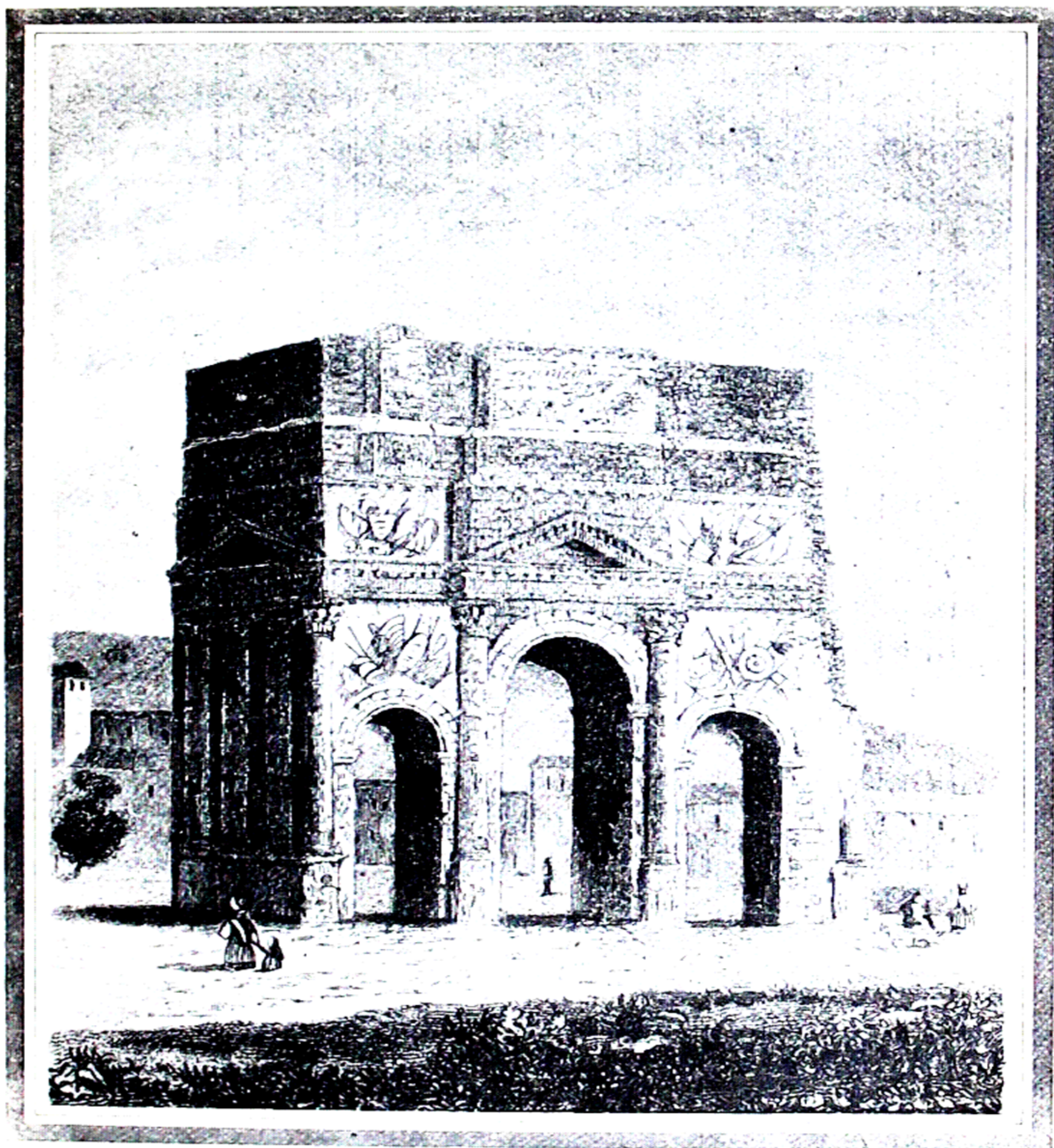
Together with the Bézazet bridge in Avignon, the Saint-Esprit bridge is probably the most celebrated span over the Rhône. It is 3000 feet long and consists of 25 arches. It was built in the 13th century by the Confrérie des Frères Pontifes (a religious order).

The Pont Bézazet, or famous "Pont d'Avignon", which connected Avignon with Villeneuve over the Ile de la Barthelasse — the mosquito's paradise — stretched over the same distance and consisted of 22 arches. To-day only three of these arches remain and on the first there still stands the small chapel of Saint-Nicholas, patron saint of mariners.

Next to Lyons, Avignon is the largest city on the banks of the Rhône.

Avignon is a large city, essentially southern, pleasant and gay.

With a few other French towns, among which Bayonne and Toulon, Avignon distils an irresistible atmosphere of romance that captures the fancy of travellers. Here are a few of the lasting memories which the traveller takes away with him :



The Triumphal Arch at Orange

The setting of the sun at 8.31 pm on the Palace of the Popes;
The extra-cool pastis outside a café filled with pretty girls;
The song of the Rhône between the old stones of the Bénazet bridge;
The promenade behind the guide at the Palace of the Popes. (In order that visitors may appreciate the acoustics of the chapel, the man sings the song of Mireille at the top of his voice);

The mural frescoes of the chateau that one could swear were painted by le douanier Rousseau.

Add to this a bright sunshine, ramparts that look too new, a gaudy troop of gypsies en route for the Saintes-Maries, cool narrow streets where the rhythm of life has not changed for centuries, shops and shop-windows that keep pace with Paris in launching the latest fashions.

Avignon is the capital of a rich region lying between the Rhône and the Durance. A system of irrigation canals with many ramifications distributes water to the least field at regular intervals.

Three to four aftermaths are not unusual in these favoured meadows.

The country produces luscious peaches, figs and melons as well as potatoes.

The markets of Château-Renard and Cavaillon are among the most important in France.

Petrarque was the spiritual father of this irrigation. It is claimed that he diverted the course of the Sorgue river to fertilise the land of his peasants.

His rustic house at the Fountain of Vaucluse hides by the side of a very romantic dismantled old chateau. The spring gushes forth at the bottom of a cirque the vertical sides of which are 1300 feet high.

The mills of a paper factory to-day add charm and poetry to this historic site.

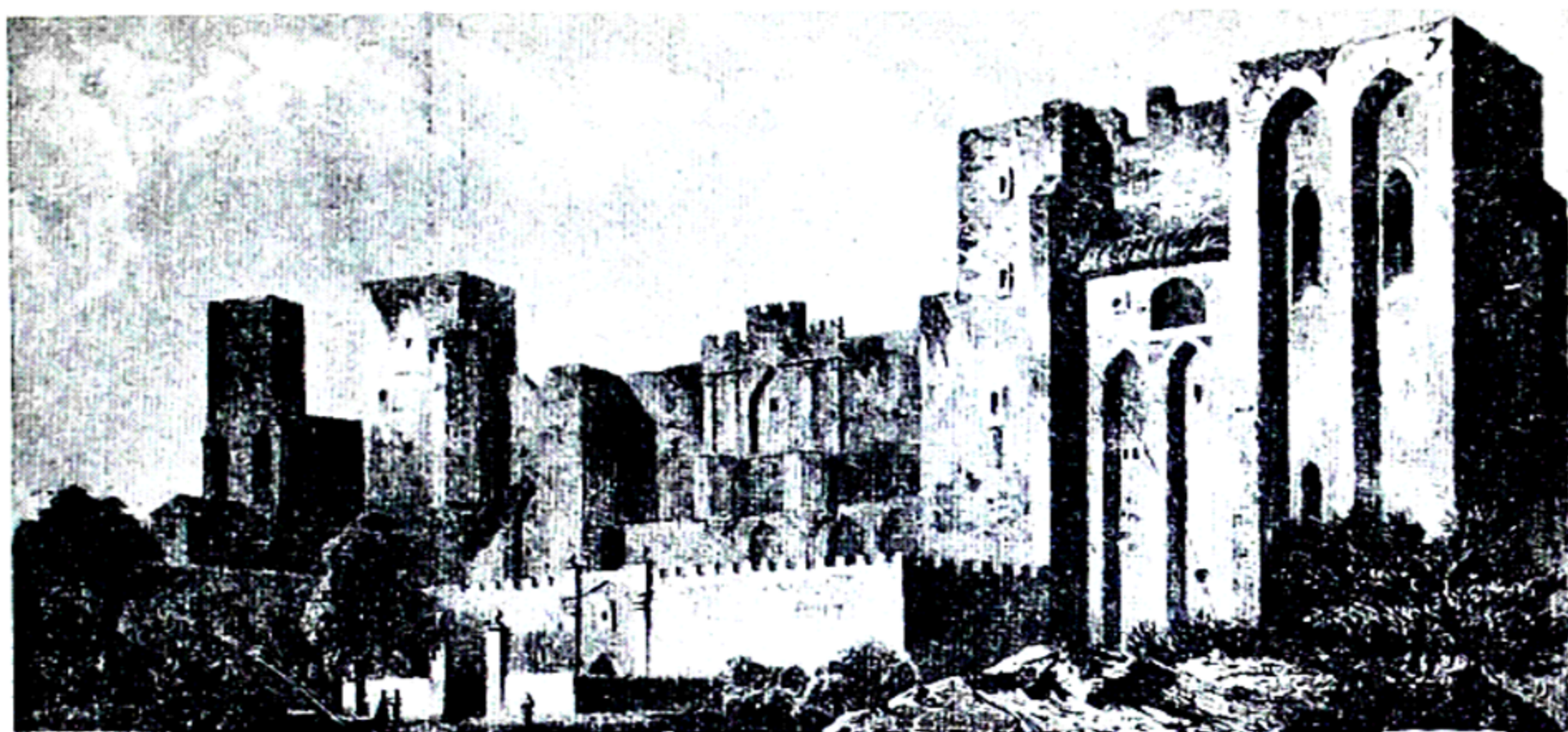
As soon as the altitude of the land makes irrigation impossible, apricot, almond and olive trees take possession of the soil.

All around the Alpille ranges, immense orchards of apricot trees climb up to the small village of Les Baux. Les Baux is the kingdom of soft stone. There, intelligently worked quarries open majestic doors into the sides of a small mountain.

Les Baux was at one time a flourishing village, dominated by the rocky spur on which still stands the chateau of the Sire des Baux. The formidable fortress commanded the whole region up to the Rhône delta.

Some old houses, still inhabited and grouped round a small monolith church, cling to the hallucinating primitive village.

The whole of Provence climbs to Les Baux on Christmas Eve to hear



The Popes' Palace at Avignon

Midnight Mass. As on the occasion of Sainte-Baume, the moving lights of lanterns along the country roads and paths mark the slow ascent of the worshippers to the quaint old church.

From the summit of the Alpilles range, we behold the prosperous Provence stretching at our feet. In the distance, to the right, the real Alps with good old Ventoux standing out like a sentinel. Before us and beyond Avignon, vinecrowned hillsides; these are the vineyards of Taval and Châteauneuf-du-Pape. In the direction of the Durance river, on the other side of the vast suspension bridge of Cavaillon, the small picturesque village of Isle-sur-Sorgue already nestles against the first spurs of the Alps. Nearer, in the plain, the village of Maillane, the home of Mistral, and sanctuary of all the "félibres" of Provence; Saint-Rémy and its Roman ruins from the Antiques, climb up to the Alpilles. To the left and along the Rhône, Tarascon and Beaucaire, separated by the suspension bridge where Tartarin set forth to go into exile.

Pastis the favourite drink of Provence, is an alcoholic beverage flavoured with aniseed. Whereas in other parts of France, apéritif time is generally understood to include the two hours preceding lunch or dinner, any time is pastis time in Provence.

From the foggy Lyonnais to bright gay Provence, we have followed the sun. We have seen the Rhône broaden out, rolling its pebbles along with it,



The arena at Arles

and from Avignon on, spread out obligingly in the stony plains of the Crau.

On the hillsides we have seen forests surrender to vineyards and the latter in turn give place to peach-trees.

The Provençal race has nothing in common with the inhabitants of the upper valley of the Rhône. Just look round. There is not a vacant table outside the café. It is the same all through the summer.

And now, let us escort the Rhône up to the Mediterranean.

We first come to Arles, the capital of Camargue, at one time an important Greek city and later the Roman capital of Gaul. The great city of Barbarossa and Charles Quint (Charles V), the Venice of Provence, to-day fallen from its ancient glory and bogged, guards in its antique ruins the remnants of its past splendour.

The necropolis, the arenas, Saint-Trophime's cloister, together with the chateau du Roi René at Tarascon and the Arc de Triomphe of Orange, are the great relics of the Rhône valley. Two gems among these relics :

The Venus of Arles with her small high breasts and slender shoulders, is a graceful maiden Venus;

The Venus of Vienne, squatting, stoutish, inured to the practice of love.

Camargue, in the Rhône delta, is a stretch of land reclaimed from the sea. The soil of Camargue is not very rich. Herds of cattle graze in freedom in its vast plains, watched by "guardians" mounted on small horses.

The Provençals of Camargue differ from those of Avignon. More surly



disposed towards strangers, but very hospitable to friends, they are a rather peculiar race, probably influenced by their contact with a boundlessly flat and bleak countryside, on which only grows a scanty vegetation.

“La Ferrade” or bull-branding is their favourite sport. Branded bulls are let loose with a cockade between the horns. The great skill consists in catching the cockade without making acquaintance with their horns.

But the great traditional feast of Camargue remains the annual pilgrimage to the Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer for gypsies from all parts of France.

The Provençals themselves like to join in the traditional festivities. They come on horseback with their “Mireille” riding behind in the saddle.

Provence is the only French province where the talent and love of the soil of a poet has revived the old forgotten traditions.

Here the Rhône, now calm and indolent, comes to the end of its pilgrimage to the blue sea. In Camargue its largest arm is more than 1500 feet wide in places.

The shores of the Etang de Vaccarès are the rendez-vous of all migratory birds. This natural park, placed under the protection of the State, is a bird sanctuary.

THE GASTRONOMY OF THE RHONE VALLEY

From the Franco-Swiss frontier up to the Mediterranean, the Rhône crosses or skirts a number of French provinces : Lyonnais, Bresse, Bugey, Pays de Gex, Savoie, Dauphiné and Provence.

A stay at Lyons is a gastronomical wonder.

All the fish of the Saône and the Rhône; the fowl, vegetables and fruit of Bresse, crayfish from the Dauphinois torrents, veal and beef from Forez, Beaujeu cheese, Charlieu chitterlings, Crépieu black pudding, hot Balbigny sausage, meet on the tables.

The pike quenelles are exquisite, and melting, wrapped in the pink sauce of fresh cream and crayfish butter. The ordinary menu of Lyons is composed of hot sausage, quenelles, truffled fat pullet, and artichoke hearts stuffed with foie gras.

In Lyons you do not have to go far for a suitable wine. Have you not Côte-Rôtie which warms the cockles of your heart, and the clear strong wine of Beaujolais which puts a spirit of fun into the grumpiest mortal?

You must put Bresse, Bugey and the Pays de Gex in a class all to themselves, were it only because Bellay saw the birth of the immortal author of the " *Physiology of Taste* " : Brillat-Savarin.

Their wines are discreet, from Charveyran to Seyssel, and from Vernas to Clos des Altesses; their world-famous fowl are very tender; their game is exquisite and their trout have a subtle aroma.

In Savoy, cooking is plain and simple. Hospitable inns, family tables where smoke the good Savoyard soup, and the cheese " *fondue* ", scalloped mousserons, or coion (dialect for pig) blood.

" There are good hares only in Dauphiné ", says Brillat-Savarin.

That may be too exclusive, but it is an excellent testimonial for the hares of the province and the stews which the Dauphinoises make with great skill.

First comes the " *gratin* ", a national dish, which can be made of potatoes, mushrooms, beet, or that admirably unctuous and creamy crayfish tail gratin.

Then come all the fish in the Rhône, the Drôme, the Isère and the Durance : shad, pike, carp, and others.

Game is plentiful, thrushes and larks are delicious, quails scrumptious, and

the fowl, wrapped in cream, surrounded by mushrooms, sometimes stuffed with a few local truffles are worth staying to table for.

Blue cheese of Sassenage and Saint-Marcellin adopted by Lyons! Montélimar nougat and Voiron chocolate! Romans "pognes" and Valence meringues!

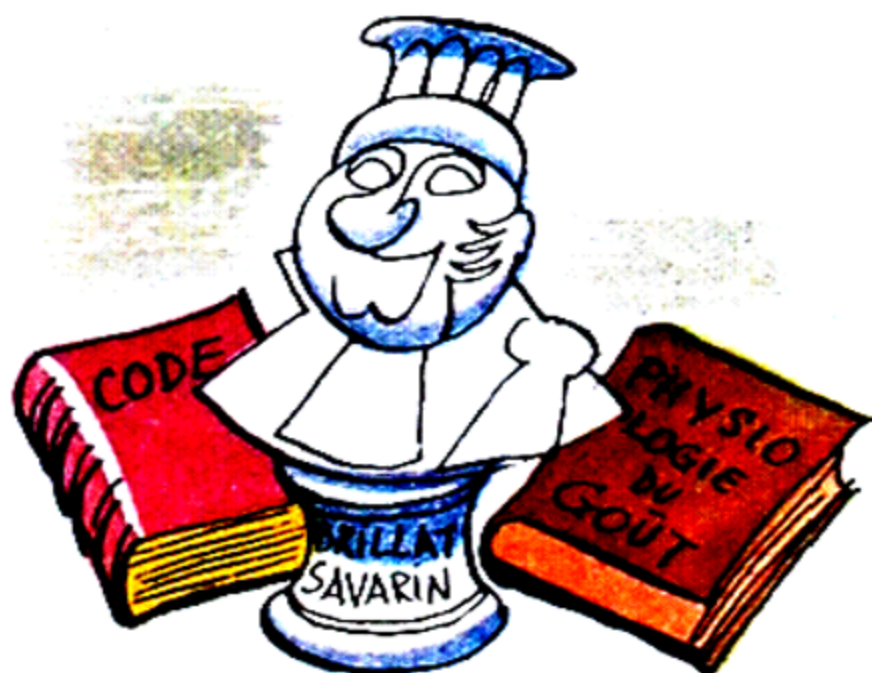
The "Grande Chartreuse" liqueur must not be forgotten either.

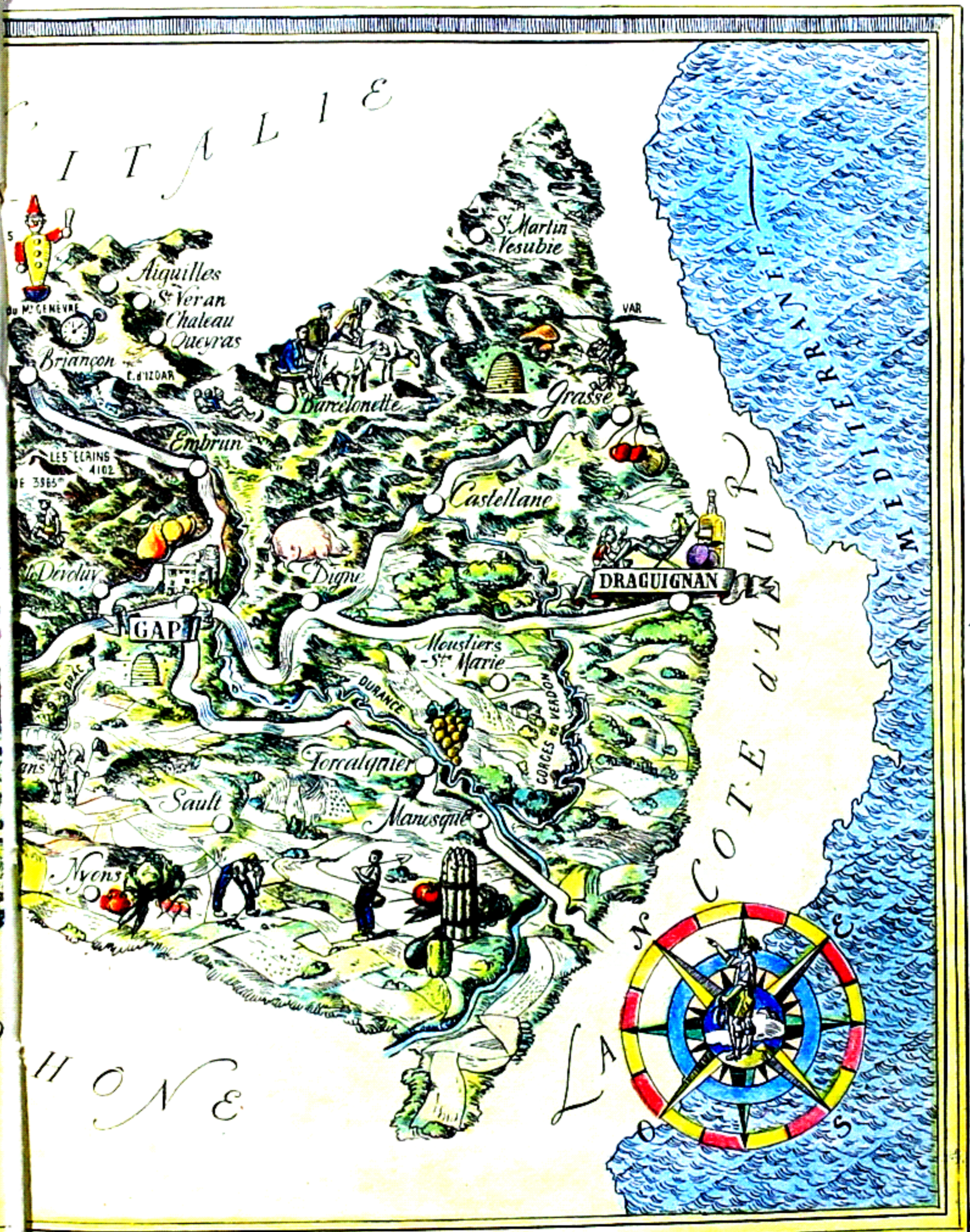
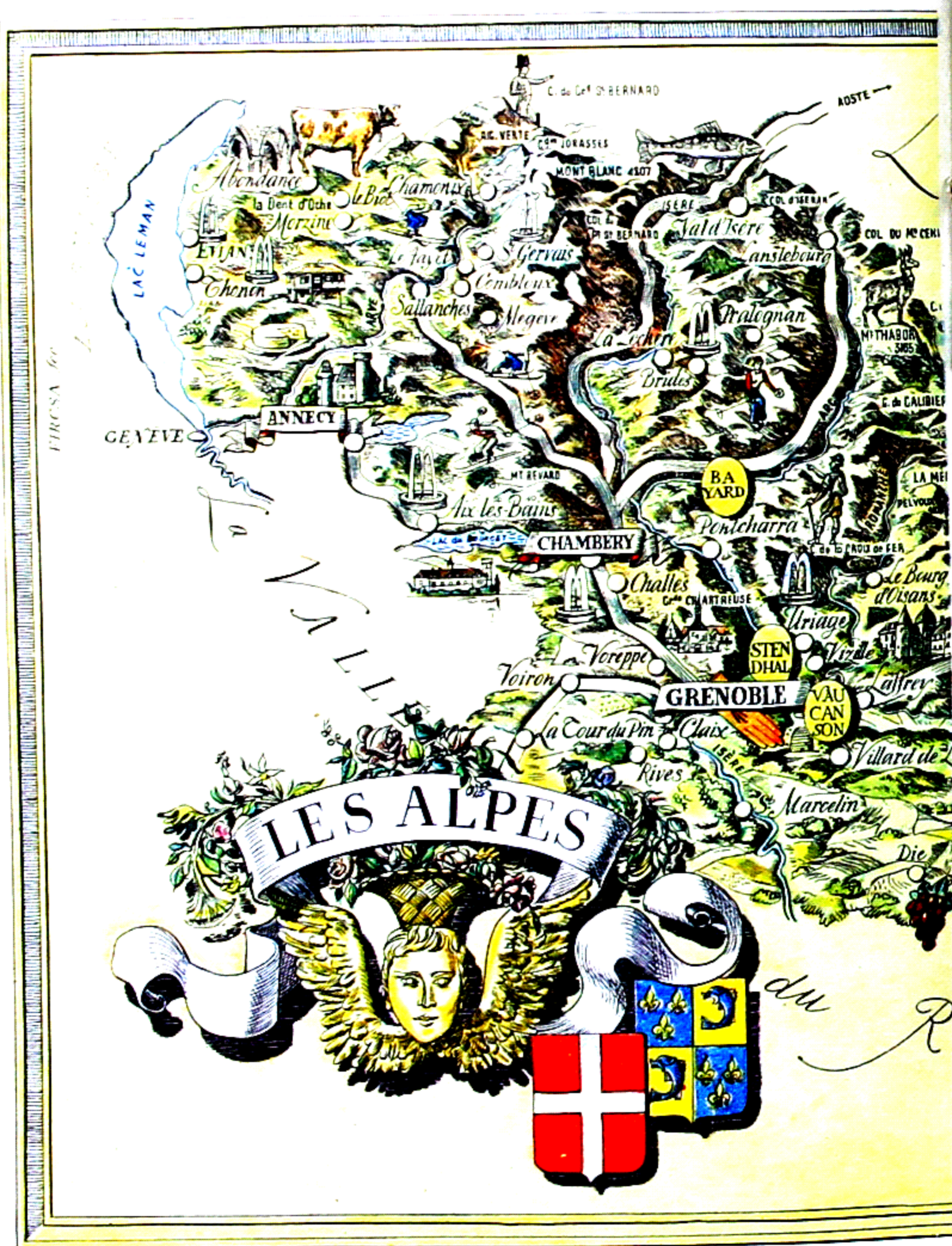
Mirabeau, Alphonse Daudet, Mistral, Paul Arène, have all, and with perfectly good cause, sung Provençal cooking.

If we choose haphazardly a few dishes we could enjoy in this region, we would name : fresh sardines, stuffed with beet or spinach, and scalloped in the oven. In the Basses-Alps, they make "rayolles" which the Nice cooks call "raviolli", but without meat, stuffed with herbs, and served with pounded walnut sauce when it is Christmas time.

Provençal chicken with tomatoes; snail fritters; snails "à la suçarelle" or "à l'arlésienne"; smothered beef, feet and "paquets" "à la Marseillaise" (mutton feet and tripe tied with string like little parcels); Arles bugnes; Carpentras berlingots, etc.

Provence wines are not to be despised, beginning with Château-Neuf-du-Pape. Every slope along the Rhône produces good wine, and some have excellent growths, such as at Gordes, Mures, Venasque, Beaunes-de-Venise, Valréas, and so forth.





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Savoyard costume



THE ALPS

How much easier it seems to describe plains than mountains. Instead of taking a region in a wide panoramic study, we have to plod our way in winter through narrow valleys, climb to the summits, tramp down in the snow, fly in funiculars, and sink into crevasses.

You ascend and descend to follow the trail of Hannibal, Saint Bruno, Napoleon, Lesdiguières, the Allobroges, Bayard... You eventually find yourself prowling round the banks of torrents with a bag full of memories of Balzac, Lamartine, Stendhal, Rousseau, Porto Riche.

The only thing left for you to do is to pick an edelweiss.

THE ALPS OF SAVOY

In Savoy, one instinctively turns to the highest summit to obtain a comprehensive view of the country.

It would be a pure waste of time to look for such a point of vantage, for all that can be seen from the highest French mountain, is a stupendous accumulation of snow and rocks, framed in curtains of cloud.

The whole of Savoy lies concealed in its valleys, thousands of feet below. Mont Blanc and its group dominates the Alp at a height of 15,767 feet.



Mont Blanc

Protected by névés, seracs and crevasses, the monarch of the Alps was long considered inaccessible.

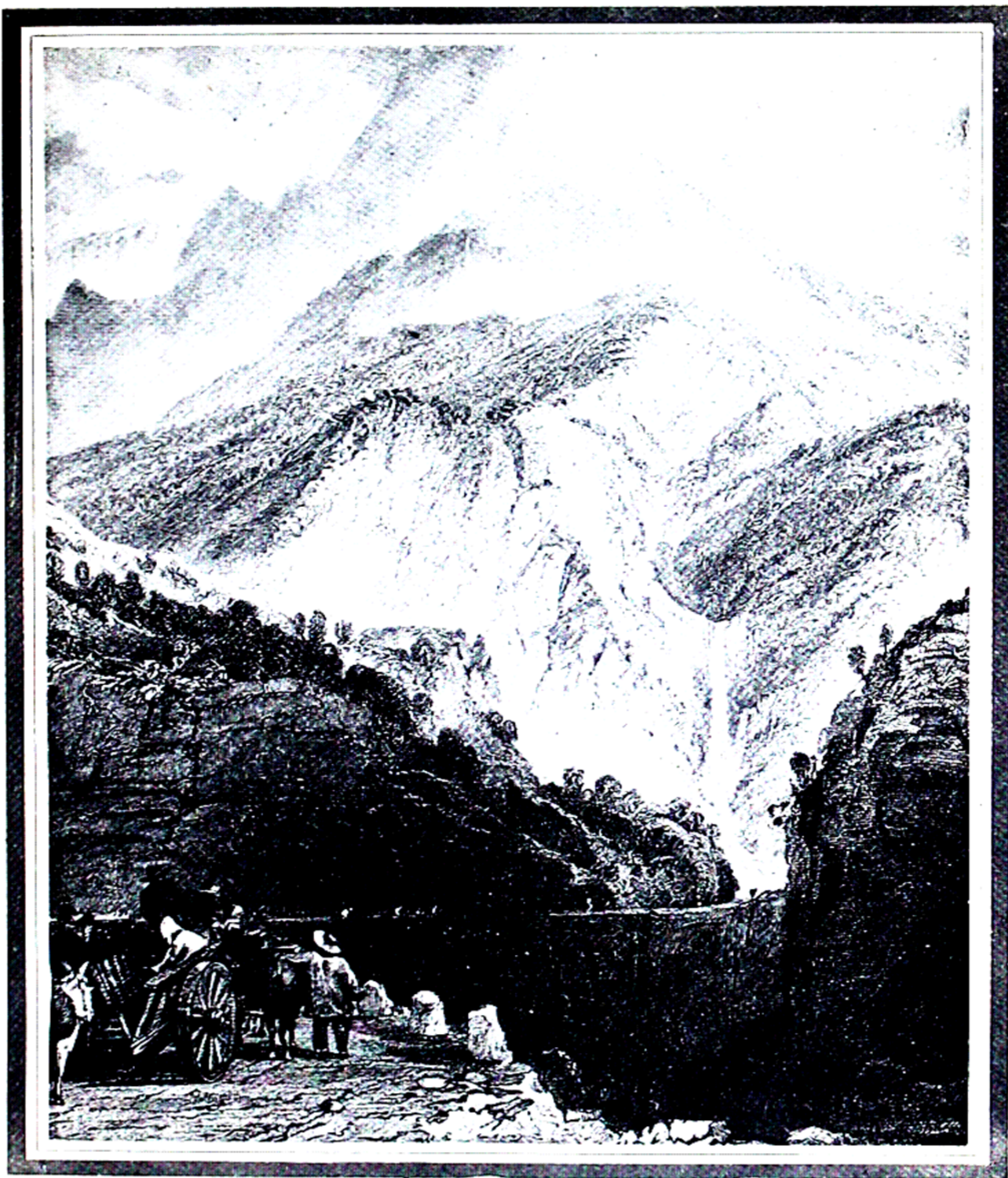
Jacques Balmat of Chamonix was the first to attain its apex in 1786. The following year, on August 3rd 1787, Saussure, the celebrated naturalist, accompanied by Balmat acting as his guide, in turn conquered the Mont Blanc.

Since then the ascent has become an universally accepted feat. Lines of roped emulators of Saussure each year make the ascent. Natives and relatives no longer trouble to watch the evolutions of climbers through opera-glasses.

A year seldom goes by, however, but that the attention of the world is drawn to the Alps by the report of some sensational falls and fatal avalanches. There are dare-devils and martyrs resting in every small mountain cemetery.

Amid a hundred needles and the sharp ruggedness of the Mont Blanc group, the climbing of the Grande Jorasses, the Dent du Géant and the Aiguille Verte on their least accessible side, still rank as feats worthy of the best Alpinists.

The thrill of conquering rebellious Nature, while being personally imperious to the fear of a catastrophe, of contemplating from a narrow summit the monotonous life thousands of feet below, of feeling so remote from reality as to being oblivious of the rest of the world, all that is surely well worth the risk of falling down a crevasse. High mountain shelters are so many shrines where each one rekindles his own little sacred fire.



Strait between Voiron and the Grande Chartreuse

Below, in the deep valley of the Arve, where the Bossons glacier shoots out its tongue nearly down to the meadows, easy excursions are haunted by amateurs.

The valley of the Arve between Chamonix and Sallanches is without doubt the most impressive valley of Savoy and there are few other mountain routes so chaotic as that chosen by the small railway running between Saint-Germain-le-Fayet and Chamonix.

The Mont Blanc range slopes down abruptly down to Italy. Two celebrated passes mark the boundaries thereof, the Petit and the Grand Saint-Bernard. Monks, hospitals and the legendary Saint-Bernard dogs are invariably buried in the snow in winter and beset by tourists in summer.

Memories of Napoleon haunt these high regions. The army of the First Consul crossed the two passes in May 1800.

Let us now turn away from Mont Blanc, and proceed northward, leaving Mégève and Combloux on our left, both very busy entertaining their tourists.

The Diosaz gorges show us the way to a rival of Gavarnis, the famous Cirque du Fer-à-Cheval (Horseshoe Amphitheatre), the walls of which are 2300 feet high. The whole thing forms a gigantic nest of cascades.

To the west the Salève rocks offer some fascinating but dangerous expeditions. A pleasant region, nestling round the church of Abondance, Morzine hill station and the Dent d'Oche, slopes down to the lake of Geneva.

Our descent towards Geneva has caused us to leave behind needles, glaciers, forests and high mountain pastures, called by the generic name of Alps, then the valleys, and finally the fore-Alps.

The fore-Alps, consisting of sedimentary formations flexed at the beginning of the tertiary period, form in Savoy some small ridges such as the Chablais, over which we have just gone, the Genevois, the Bauges and the Grande Chartreuse, which we are now approaching.

Annecy, on the lake bearing its name, marks the boundary of Genevois. The lake covers 6900 acres and at one time harboured lacustrine dwellings. Like its neighbour, Lake Bourget, the lake of Annecy has to-day become a goal of Alpine excursions. The lake and the pleasant town of Annecy are not, however, the only things that attract summer visitors. If they pause but a short time for the edifying reminiscences of Saint François de Sales (and most of them know nothing of the "Introduction à la Vie Dévote",) the name of J.-J. Rousseau never fails to strike a familiar chord. The celebrated romance, which was to end at the Charmettes, has obviously impressed a great many people.



Annecy Lake

Young married couples on their honeymoon in the Bauges in the month of August find the romantic atmosphere of their dreams round Lake Bourget and Aix-les-Bains. The memory of Lamartine and Julie Charles adds wistfulness to the air.

As its name indicates, Aix is pre-eminently a watering place. The Romans gave it its name, Charlemagne passed through it, Henri IV extolled it. Aix prides itself on possessing a hydropathic establishment, a winter sports resort at Mont Réval, and a magnificent lake extending over 11,120 acres and dominated by the Chambolle ridge and the Dent-du-Chat.

On one side of the lake, we come across the abbey of Hautecombe belonging to the Royal House of Italy and containing the sepulchres of the princes of Savoy.

From Chambéry to Grenoble we cross the whole length of the celebrated Grande-Chartreuse group. The Grande-Chartreuse owes its popularity to the monastery founded by Saint Bruno and his first Carthusian monks in 1084.

The entire group of mountains crossed by the picturesque highway connecting Chambéry with Grenoble, is covered with forests, celebrated amphitheatres and gorges such as the Guiers Vif and the Guiers Mort.

To the east of all this broken-up verdure, lies the valley of the Isère called Graisivaudan, a land of farms, meadows and orchards.

To the north, at Pontcharra, may be seen the chateau where Bayard was born.

To the south, Lancey is the sanctuary of electric engineers. It was there that Aristide Bergès in 1868 conceived for the first time the idea of harnessing the waters of a spring to drive a turbine. Later, after the invention of the dynamo, Desprez "carried" the electric current between Grenoble and Vizille over a distance of nearly nine miles. Bergès is the spiritual father of the "houille blanche" (white coal).

Before approaching Grenoble, the chief town of the French Alps, let us mention Voreppe, dear to Balzac, and Claix through which Stendhal passed.

Grenoble marks the boundary between Savoy and Dauphiné. Both provinces claim the town for their own. Grenoble is the ancient capital of the Dauphins de Vienne (Counts of Vienna) who gave their names to the Dauphiné. The title of "Dauphin" was to devolve to the eldest sons of the kings of France.

The Palais de Justice (Law Courts) of Grenoble is none other than the old Palace of the Dauphins.

Stendhal's and Vaucanson's native town is framed by a diadem, verdant in summer, and glittering diamond-like in winter, formed by the Grande Chartreuse, the Vercors and the Belledonne group. This setting is unique in France.

And now, let us loop the loop.

We had started from Mont Blanc and shall return to Mont Blanc by way of the valley of the Romanche, the Col de la Croix de Fer (Iron Cross Pass), from which one of the most beautiful Alpine panoramas is revealed. The region thus beheld is called Maurienne, and is formed by the valley of the Arc.

We shall now wind round the Vanoise mountains, via the famous road that joins Mont Cenis to Tarentaise, through Lanslevillard and its Saint Sébastien chapel, covered with frescoes, through the Iseran Pass and the Val d'Isère.

It is probable that Hannibal, in 218 B.C. crossed the Alps at Mont Cenis, with his elephants.

Together with the Mont Blanc group, the Vanoise group is the most important mountain range of Savoy.

Its highest summit is the Grande Casse peak (12,635 feet). Here glacier-born torrents are called "dorons".

The Iseran Pass to the east, at an altitude of 9,000 feet, is the highest road pass in Europe.

A number of winter sports resorts and watering places dot the valleys of Savoy.

The leading ones are : Chamonix, Mégève, Combloux, Morzine, Le Revard, Val d'Isère, Pralognan.

Next in importance are : Aix, Thonon, Evian, Saint-Gervais, Uriage, Brides-les-Bains, La Léchère, Challes-les-Eaux.

THE DAUPHINE ALPS AND THE PROVENCE ALPS

There is no sudden transition from Savoy to Dauphiné. The Alps stretch across both provinces with their perpetual snow, their northern flanks covered with forests and their southern flanks strewn with pastures.

Time and world events bring about little change in the rhythm of life among the peasants of Savoy and Dauphiné. Each year from April until September they may be seen working feverishly on their Alpine land. The long winter months find them in their snow-bound homes immersed in cheerless meditations and small handicrafts such as the manufactures of toys, clocks and watches.

In both Alpine provinces skiers and guides cover enormous groups of mountains in all directions. Jumping, skating, curling and elegance contests take place everywhere. Luges and bob-sleighs race one another. Numerous funiculars are kept busy, especially in Savoy. Some are used to carry the milk down to the mountain villages, others take the skiers to the spot of their choice.

If Savoy can lay legitimate claim to possessing the highest road in Europe, at the Iseran Pass, Dauphiné has Saint-Véran to offer, the highest village on the Continent.

One passes from one province to the other without realising it. The chateau de Vizille, the Grandes-Rousses and their coal mine, mark the boundary between the two provinces.

The château de Vizille is the most important monument of Dauphiné. It was built by the proud Lesdiguières, " King " of Dauphiné at the beginning of the XVIIth century.

High mountains reappear to the east of Vizille. The Galibier Pass leads from Savoy to the Pelvoux, the Oisans and the Meije groups. Here we find the highest summits of Dauphiné : the Barre-des-Ecrins (13,455 feet), the Meije (13,000 feet). The route between Galibier and Bérarde is one of the most beautiful of the Alps. It winds round lake Chambon, regulator of the waters of the river Romanche, then round the Meije group.

Beyond the Pelvoux group, not far from Italy, Briançon and Mont-Genèvre mark one of the oldest highways of commerce between France and her neighbour. The Montgenèvre Pass played an important part in the wars against

Italy at the time of Charles VIII and Louis XII who both used this route.

Let us now resume our descent towards the sea. Le Queyras, and its strange capital, Aiguilles, are crossed by the famous Izoard Pass road. This road soon joins Barcelonnette on the border of the Provence Alps.

Starting from Barcelonnette, let us, as fancy guides us, reascend the Dauphiné Alps diagonally.

By way of "Les Demoiselles Coiffées" we shall soon reach Devoluy and the valley of the Drac.

Passing between Notre-Dame-de-la-Salette and the Cirque d'Archienne, we once more come upon the river Romanche which will lead us to the splendid roads of Vercors, to Grands Goulets, to Combe Laval, to the forest of Lente and to Villars-de-Lans.

To reach these fantastic roads carved out in stone at stupendous heights, we shall have to cut across another route, no less famous : Napoleon's route.

After escaping from the island of Elba, the Emperor landed in the bay of Juan on March 1st, 1815.

Apprehending danger from the main road of the Rhône valley, he reached Castellane through by-roads and paths. Up to Laffrey nothing stood in his way, but there strong troops came in haste from Grenoble, to bar his way.

Stendhal relates with deep feeling the tragic encounter between the Emperor and his old soldiers :

"A small advance guard, composed of a few men, was placed in front of the battalion; "Aim... fire" ordered the aide-de-camp. One of the soldiers was within half-range of Napoleon and had aimed at him. When he heard the order to fire, the soldier turned his head and said :

"Is it my major who orders me to fire?"

"Fire", repeated the aide-de-camp. The soldier retorted :

"I shall fire if my major gives me the order to do so." The officer did not repeat the order to fire, the soldier raised his gun."

A few minutes later, they were all wrapped in a fond embrace.

Overcome with joy, the soldiers gathered round the Emperor. On the 7th of March, Napoleon spent the night in Grenoble.

In his Memoirs written at Sainte-Hélène, Napoleon noted : "Up to Grenoble I was an adventurer. At Grenoble I was a prince."

The high peaks disappear. A broken land cut deep by gorges such as the "Canons du Verdon" foretell the proximity of a new country : Provence.

Fat cows have given place to flocks of wandering sheep.



The Allos Pass near the Swiss frontier still climbs nevertheless to a height of 7,400 feet.

A more pleasant climate in the fore-Alps of Digne already suggests a foretaste of the Riviera.

Impetuous or asleep on its pebbles, the river Durance has cut its channels to a great depth in some places, along desert "plans" (flats) that remind one of the level landscape of the Causses.

Moustier is the touristic capital of the region.

Situated as it is on the summit of the Verdon gorges, explored by Martel, the village is really quite picturesque.

Past Manosque and in the direction of the Rhône, the fore-Alps undulate up to Fontaine de Vaucluse, where they fall abruptly away and disappear into the cascades of the little spring.

The mountain group extends to the south with the wooded peaks of the Maures and the Esterel.

Let us go down a little further amid the villas and the pines.

Here we catch sight of a friable tawny rock, bathed by the wavelets of the Mediterranean...

And to chase away all chilly thoughts, let's take a dip in the sunny blue sea.

THE GASTRONOMY OF THE ALPS

There is not exactly an Alpine cooking, because the Alps are composed of three provinces : Savoie, Dauphiné and Provence.

There is thus a kind of *chassé-croisé*, the mountain produce going down to the plains, and the produce from the plains going up to the mountains.

If you start from the North of the Alps, that is to say at Lac Léman, and go down to the Mediterranean, you can regale yourselves with trout, crayfish and ham from Abondance (very well-named).... Moreover, in all the Alps where torrents rush down, the trout have a taste you can find nowhere else.

At Taninges, you will find smoked hams and sausages with the real (and famous) Savoy cake.

Going down through Sallanches, we shall have some excellent cakes from the country, fish from the Arve, and the exquisite cream cheese known as *vache-quin* : when in season, strawberries, raspberries and blackberries

Chamonix, near the Mont-Blanc, gives us a curious salad made of thistles from the Alps, you eat the hearts as if they were artichokes, with pepper sauce; roasted chamois or smothered marmot, and tasty *petits-de-nonne*.

At Mégève, Pralognan, Moutiers : Savoyard rabbit stew, red berries from the forest, perfumed honey and country pork-butchery.

We find all that at Bourg-d'Oisans, and at Briançon, we have, in addition Pelvoux cheese (also known as Alpine cheese). At Bourgoin you can have scalloped mushrooms and at Sassenage crayfish tail gratin. This last town has given its name to a cheese, like Saint-Marcellin.

Queyras honey is justly famous and much of it is eaten at Aiguilles. At Romollon, on the Durance, we find more trout and a very agreeable wine

Lus-la-Croix-Haute has an admirable gastronomical Alpine trilogy : trout, hare, and mushrooms.

At Barcelonnette, in the Basses-Alpes, juniper jam is quite a curiosity, and at Annot the mushrooms are scented like honey, whilst the wine from the Coulomb slopes has a taste of the soil. I think it is difficult to find better pork-liver *cailles*, with their tripe still on, than those made at Puget-Théniers by the country-folk.

At Manosque, we have all the little Provençal Alps, with small ewe cheeses called *banons*, Manosque omelette with truffles and tomatoes (for the truffles

of this region, though they are not as famous as the truffles of Perigord, are nevertheless very good). And who knows Pierrevet white wine, and the country marc?

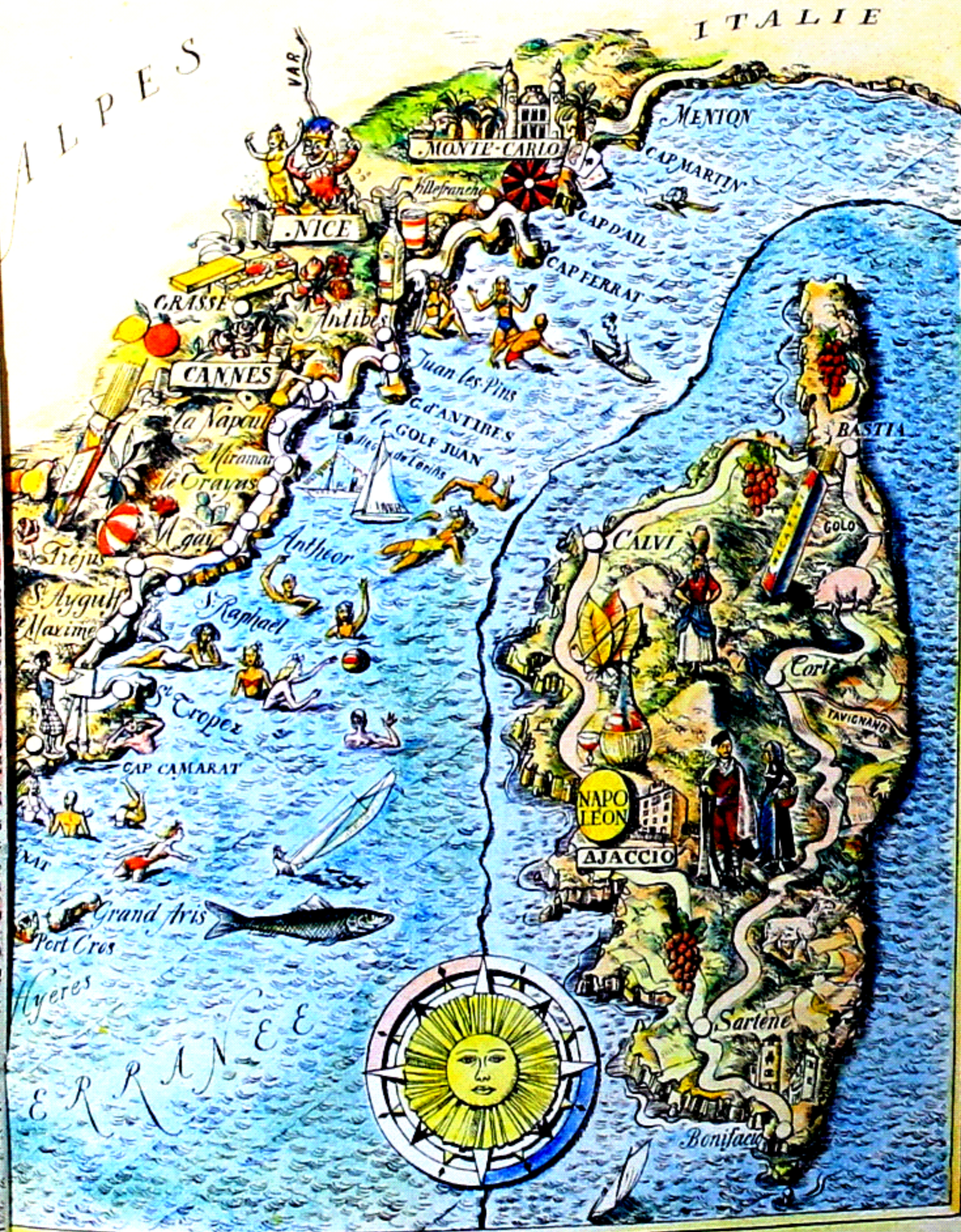
In the Alps, sea fish is unknown, but river fish is plentiful, as is the game (thrush with junipers), goat and ewe cheese, kids, truffles à "l'aigosau" (in other words cooked in salted water like common potatoes).

And all these dishes are redolent of thyme, basil, all the mountain herbs drenched in the sun, so that when you lift the cover off the dish on the family table, everybody exclaims : " Oh, it's the scent of the Alps! "



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A costume from Nice



THE RIVIERA

Few there were, before the war, who could resist the call of a "blue sky" holiday. Sun worshippers never tired of feasting their eyes on the same unchanging blue sky, the same red rocks and the same green sea.

MARSEILLES

It is a huge and unknown city.

During the day the traveller does not linger about in the city's deserted quarters. Life in Marseilles centres about the Quais, the Canebière, the Vieux Port (Old Harbour) and the Saint-Charles' station.

Massilia, Marseilles' ancient name, was founded about the year 600 B.C. by Phocaean navigators. Centuries later, the Romans held sway over the city. It was besieged by Caesar in 49 B.C. At the time of the Crusades, Marseilles enjoyed a tremendous activity. It was not, however, until the cutting of the Suez canal and the development of French possessions in North Africa that Marseilles became the most important port in France.

Its waterfront extends over 15 miles and its docks and port facilities cover 527 acres.

With all the qualities and shortcomings of the Latins, the Marseillais are gay, talkative and inclined to indolence.

As in every other port in the world, the district round the harbour is a slum puzzle. But here the narrow streets round the City Hall and the Acoules become by night a picturesque market, alive with people.



Toulon

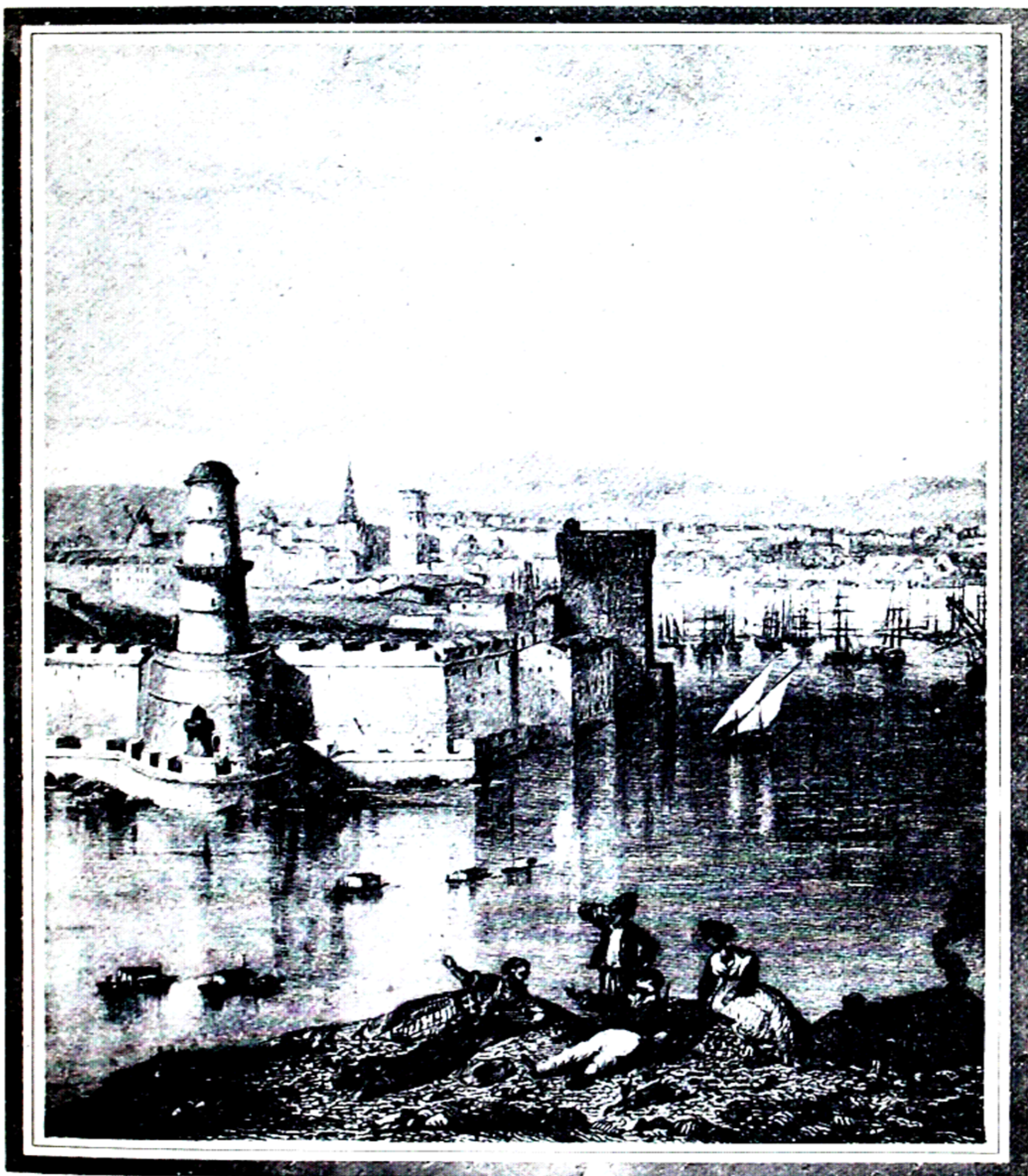
The Old Harbour of the Canebière at the Transporter Bridge is peopled night and day with idlers, sailors, fishermen and tramps. The strong smell of fried fish emanating from the Quai des Belges and from the baskets full of large mussels and "violet", mingle with the odour of tar used for painting ships.

The Vieux Port, at one time the city's only roadstead, only harbours to-day a few yachts, an occasional submarine, some red old carcasses of discarded ships, and the flotilla of canoes plying between Marseilles, the Château d'If and the Tunnel du Rove.

Each year thousands of tourists make the trip to the Château d'If to have a close view of the dungeon where the Count of Monte-Cristo was confined. Though they know full well that the marvellous feats with which the hero is credited existed only in the imagination of Alexandre Dumas, they nevertheless thrill when the guide, candle in hand, shows them the sombre hole through which the Comte escaped from his gaol.

Marseilles possesses two cathedrals bearing the name of La Major. One, in Romanesque-Provençal style, dates from the 13th century; the other in polychrome Byzantine pastiche, dates from the latter part of the 19th century.

The Basilica of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde dominates the port and the city. It is surmounted by a golden Virgin 30 feet high that is visible in the distance, both by land and sea, long before reaching Marseilles.



Marseille

In the vicinity of the great port, we find three places worthy of mention : L'Etang de Berre (Berre Lake), Aix-en-Provence, a medieval city, and Sainte Baume, a place of pilgrimage.

Istres on the Etang de Berre is a market-town dedicated to aviation. It possesses a famous training school. Marignane, likewise on the lake, is a port of call for European airlines.

Marseillais who wish to go on a sentimental excursion need go no farther than the charming village of Martigues on the shore of Lake Berre. There the foundations of houses often lie under water. After making the traditional rounds, tourists come to rest and muse over a pastis, outside one of the cafés. Lovers of panoramas climb to Notre-Dame-de-la-Miséricorde.

Like Arles and Avignon, Aix-en-Provence has its noble quarters. At one time it was a very great city, and Aix-en-Provence rightly retains her ancient pride and dignity. Its beautiful private hotels, Saint-Sauveur Cathedral and the Faculties, are grouped round the Cours Mirabeau, where René the Good on his fountain, quietly invites passers-by to have a drink.

With Sainte-Baume, we enter the realm of Christian legend. Long before our time, hosts of Popes and Kings have come to this celebrated place of pilgrimage. Surrounded by a small virgin forest, the grottoes where Sainte-Magdalene voluntarily languished, in the company of Lazare and Marthe, still attract unceasing streams of worshippers throughout the summer months.

We are now approaching a galaxy of Mediterranean beaches.

Before going any further, we must say that these beaches are among the most beautiful in France. The Riviera has intrinsic beauty.

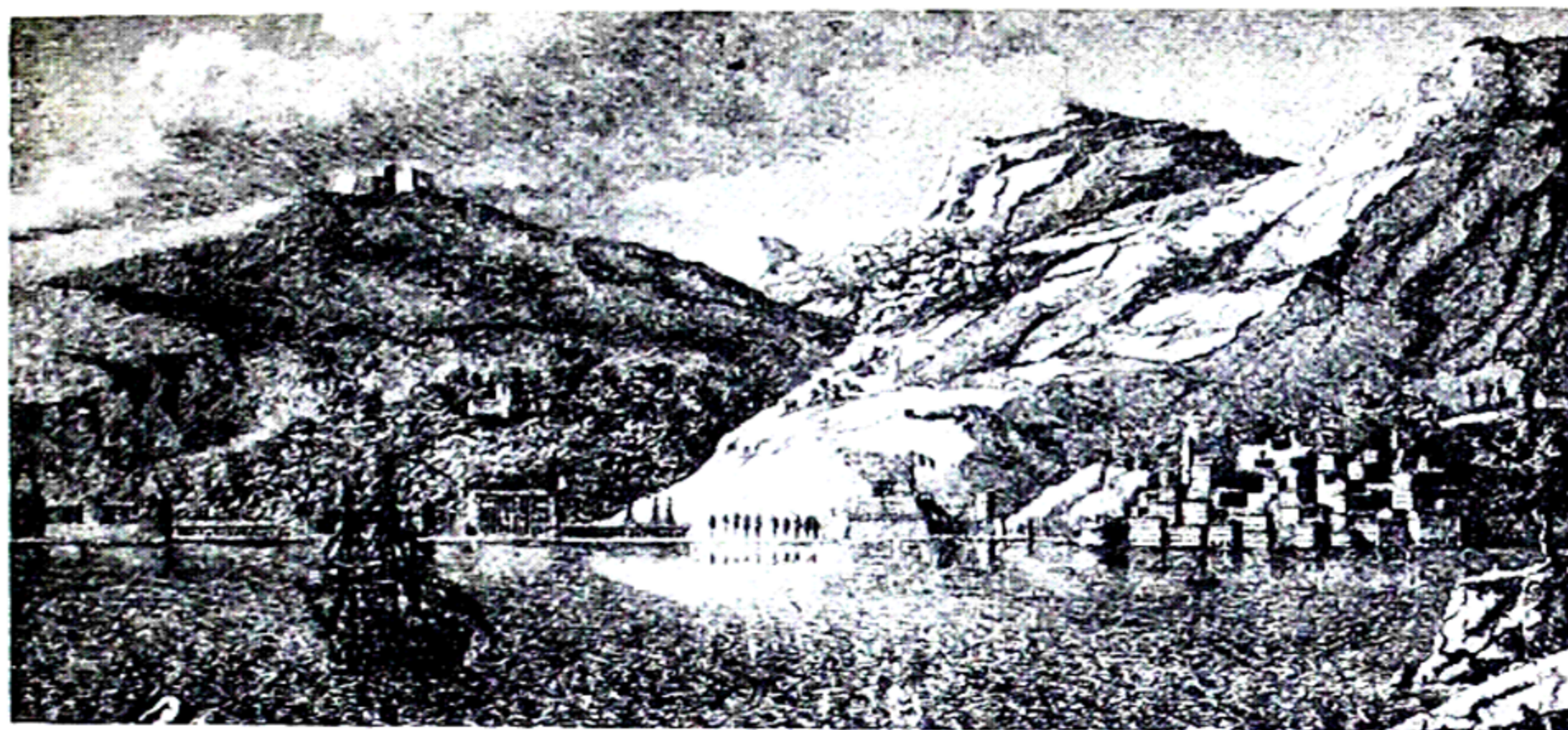
The fields besprinkled with particles of sun remind us that this is the home of mimosa.

Creeks and rocks go through the whole scale of reds and yellows.

The sea is transparent, with glints of green and blue. The water is smooth, waveless. Purple sea-urchins, sea-perches and their brilliant tails, submerged rocks, pebbles and submarine flora, receive the dimmed rays of the sun a good many feet below the surface.

What activity, what a display of luxury in hotels, what a cult of the sun, between Cassis and Menton!

Past Cassis and its coves, La Ciotat and its naval constructions, Bandol and its casino, Toulon at the far end of the bay, is the first large town that we come across on the coast. Even more than Marseilles, Toulon stirs up in the traveller's heart a longing for distant shores.



Villefranche roads

The visitor will need only a few hours to become acquainted with the town. He will then return complacently along the old Darse, will moon about in the sailors' cafés, round the fish-market, and through the small streets of the port. If he is lucky to light upon a good restaurant near the theatre, his opinion of the town will be definitely made at the precise moment when the bouillabaisse is brought in.

He will thus linger about the town for several days during which he will inevitably make the excursion to the Sablettes, to the Gorges d'Ollioules, to Mont-Caume. But he will return every day for hot meat pie at the market of Cours La Fayette; he will sniff at the hog-fish, haunt the surroundings of the theatre and the quai de Cronstadt. Then, at the same hour as the day before, he will enjoy an apéritif at one of the cafés on the Boulevard de Strasbourg.

This extraordinary port which unwittingly imposes upon all visitors its mode of life, its hourly routine and tempo, is enlivened by bustling sailors and hosts of women clad in light coloured dresses.

On the other side of Toulon, and still protected by the Maures group of mountains, a string of small beaches, among which Le Lavandou, Cavalaire, Saint-Tropez, Sainte-Maxime, has been increasingly popular for the past twenty years.

The great Riviera begins at Saint-Raphaël. Fréjus, near by, an ancient

rival of Marseilles, possesses a baptistery dating from the Vth century and a several storied cloister of the XIIth century.

Between the Esterel mountains and the sea, a coast road connects Saint-Raphaël with Cannes. The whole forest-clad mountain group overhanging the road is no doubt the most picturesque of maritime Provence.

Agay, Anthéor, Le Trayas, La Napoule, form a string of seaside resorts jostling one another up to Italy.

We now get to Cannes, the most luxurious beach of the Riviera. While Toulon reeks of fish, and Grasse is fragrant with flowers, Cannes breathes luxury.

Cannes is the capital of yachts and purewhite palatial hotels : the Carlton, the Miramar, the Martinez... Its Palm-Beach, its California and elevated dependency of Super-Cannes show quite well its atmosphere and environment.

Between Cannes and Nice lies the bay of Juan, where Napoleon landed on his return from the island of Elba. Next comes the small beach of Juan-les-Pins, the perfect example of those Mediterranean creeks which popularity has caused to spring up like mushrooms.

Antibes, beyond Juan-les-Pins, is an old town fortified by Vauban. The chateau of the Grimaldi and the Fort Carré give the town a warlike appearance.

NICE

Nice is the queen of the Riviera. It is too large to have the aristocratic intimacy of Cannes. Nice, moreover, is not a sea-side resort; it is a large city. Its boulevards extend far into the interior, in fact to the nearby villages. Cimiez, Villefranche and Beaulieu are part of Nice.

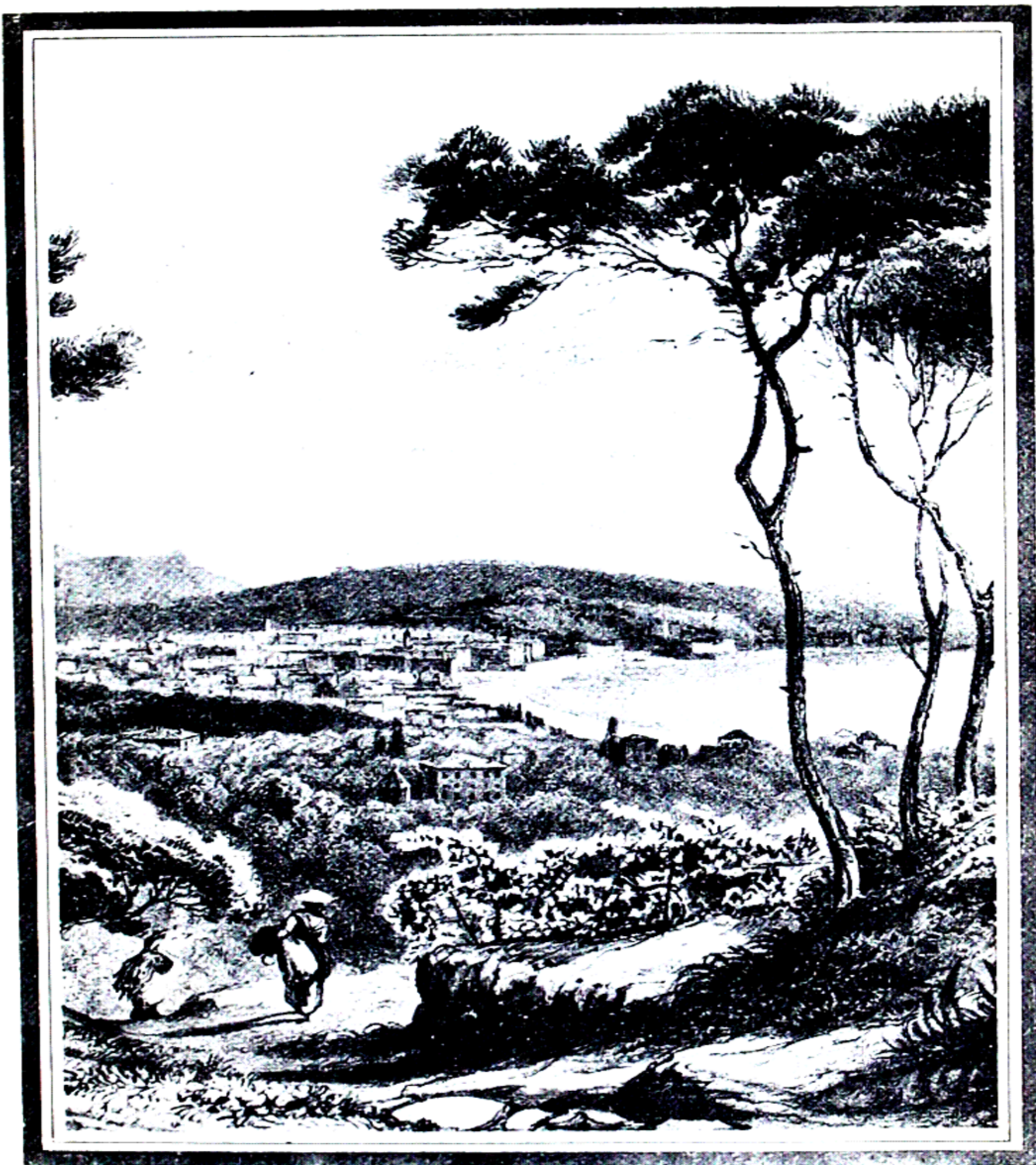
On the visitor's side, life ebbs and flows round the Promenade des Anglais, between the sea and the hotels. The old casino on its piles, the Palais de la Méditerranée and the Albert I^{er} gardens, mark the termini of life and gaiety.

On the other side of the Baie des Anges, past Mont-Boron, lies the port and its picturesque shops. Each day a boat bound for Corsica sails past the small jetty.

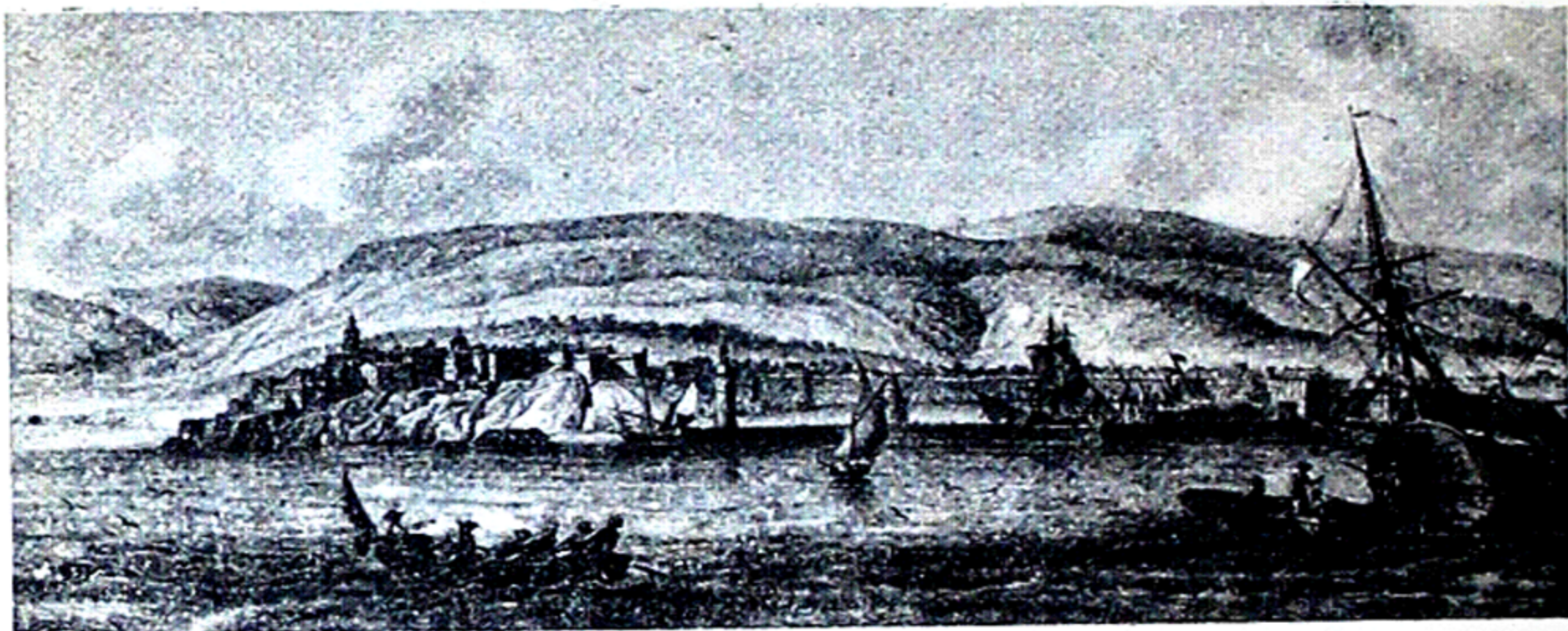
The activity of the great modern city of Nice centres round the Place Masséna, the rue de la Victoire and the Marché aux Fleurs.

Each year the famous carnival parade begins on the Place Masséna.

The road of Villefranche separates Nice from the Principality of Monaco. The small autonomous country is used to seeing two types of French tourists: those who come to send postcards, and the little friends of Lady Luck, who go to the Casino.



Nice



The port of Bastia

CORSICA

Corsica is only a few hours from Nice and seems a mountain planted in the middle of the sea; a mountain fragrant with sylvan scents that are perceived long before setting foot on the shore.

The country is rugged and forms an incredible contrast to the easy and smiling Riviera.

Corsica is the home of vendetta, of Napoleon, of a great number of French custom-house officers. The most curious, the most impassioned of our departments cannot leave us indifferent.

Ajaccio, its capital, overhangs an immense bay.

Ajaccio is proud of being the birthplace of Napoleon, whose native house stands on the Place Laetitia. Ajaccio is also proud of its Napoleon museum, of its equestrian statue of the Emperor, of its Cours Napoléon. Everything about the town suggests Napoleon; it is but a vast temple dedicated to his memory. The "pointe Pozzo di Borgo" behind which the chateau of Bonaparte's rival stands out, looks like a little Tarpeian rock.

Corsica is a land of shepherds. It becomes quite obvious as soon as we venture outside the town. Arid and bushy slopes are crossed here



and there by muletracks. One slope leads to another slope, and this up to the very backbone of the island, beyond which one descends to the opposite side, through the same cascade of paths.

The horizon is always limited; the villages are often invisible; the shepherds are taciturn.

Because of the interest they afford from an artistic standpoint, the coves of Piana, a vast accumulation of red rocks right in the middle of the maquis, have been favoured with a beautiful road.

Ajaccio, Bonifacio, Bastia and Calvi are the four ports of the island.

Bonifacio commands the Straits of Bonifacio which separate Corsica from Sardinia. Bonifacio is perched on a cliff 200 feet above the Mediterranean.

Corte and Sartène, the first in the centre of the island, are two inland market-towns which no doubt radiate the true spirit and atmosphere of the country more faithfully than the ports.

And if driving her little donkey, on her way to her hamlet, a girl in her traditional black dress should by chance let her indifferent and penetrating gaze dwell deeply upon you, you will require nothing more to make you fall passionately in love with Corsica.

THE GASTRONOMY OF THE RIVIERA AND CORSICA

Riviera cooking is at once Provençal and Italian. Thus by its double origin it composes the most savoury dishes which gourmets dream about.

At Nice and in the surrounding district, you eat cardoons, with anchovy and garlic sauce. In the middle of the table is a plate-warmer on which stands the bowl with the sauce. Everyone dips his cardoons in the sauce and eats them like asparagus.

Nice "ratatouille" is a mixture of tomatoes, aubergines, and capsicum, with a dash of garlic; "socca" is chick-pea flour, and Nice also knows all kinds of fish, tomatoes (under the lovely name of "love-apples"), olives, rock-lobsters, poulp cooked "en daube" (pickled in brandy and dry white wine), snails in bouillabaisse, dorades with sea-urchin sauce, cod with spinach, artichokes "à la barigoule" (cooked in olive oil with lettuce, spinach, carrots, onions, mixed herbs and white wine sauce), etc.

Grasse is the land of the "fassum" (stuffed cabbage with newly salted pork, rice and fresh peas, cooked in a net that every Grasse housewife has in her kitchen). This town also makes "fougassettes" (made of bread dough, with oil and orange-flower); also comfits and flower comfits.

In the Var, every housewife adds to the meat-soup, to make it better, a piece of "menon" which is also eaten roasted. In Provence, the menon is a billy-goat which leads the flocks when they go to their Alpine pastures. Of course, only the very young menons are eaten.

An unknown dish from the districts of Monaco and Nice is vegetable marrow flower in fritters or stuffed like tomatoes or vegetable marrows. The stuffing may be with or without fat, you fill the calyx of the flower which you have cleaned beforehand, you fold the petals over to shut the opening, and you put them in the oven with some olive oil.

We must also mention acacia flower omelettes, blazed with rum.

There are many other typical dishes from Mediterranean Provence, such as "pissaladiera" (tart in bread dough covered with a purée of onions, black olives and anchovy fillets).

The Var department has very good fruit, and Brignoles plums are famous in history.

Var occupies the sixth place after Hérault in the list of wineproducing departments. The wines of Croix, Porquerolles, Château-de-Selles, Bandol, Pierrefeu, Maures slopes, Muy, Vidauban, Cuers, are the chief growths.

Corsican cookery is rather limited; but it is neither to be despised nor ignored for its pork-butchery is famous : Niolo salmis, or large sausage, raw ham named "prizuttu"; rolled fillet of pork known as "lonzo"; fegatelli, or small liver and pork sausages; a kind of black pudding called sangue, etc.

Flesh of pork, like that of all the other animals in Corsica, have a special taste because of all the herbs the animals eat.

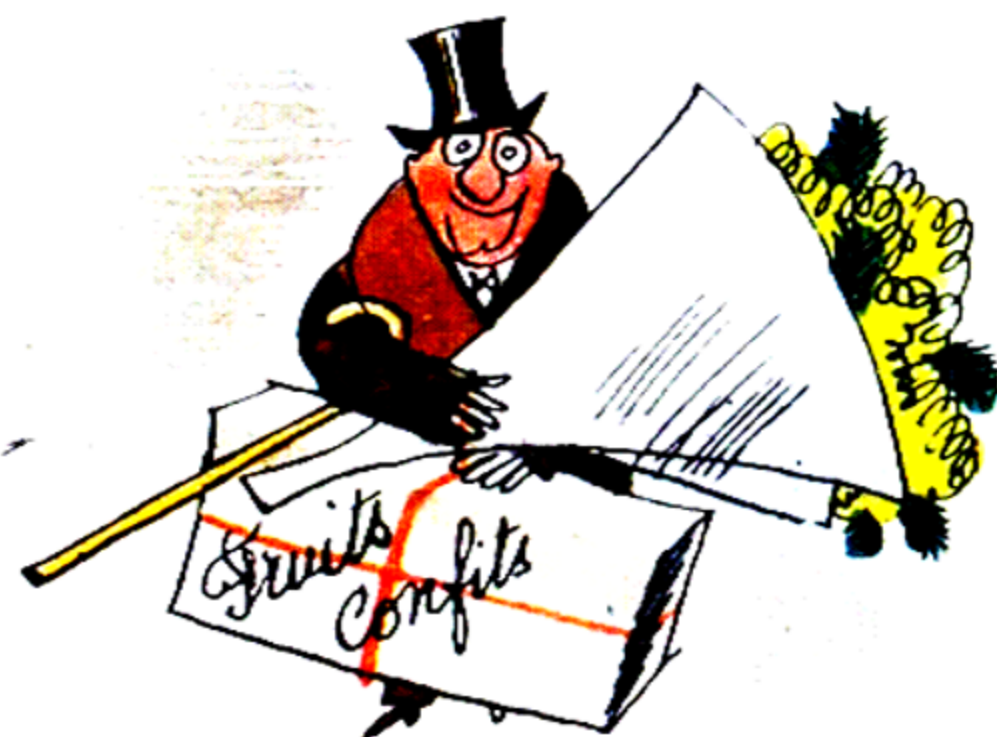
Cheeses are not many, but they are original, especially dry or fresh brocciu (ewe or goat cheese) and Corsican roquefort.

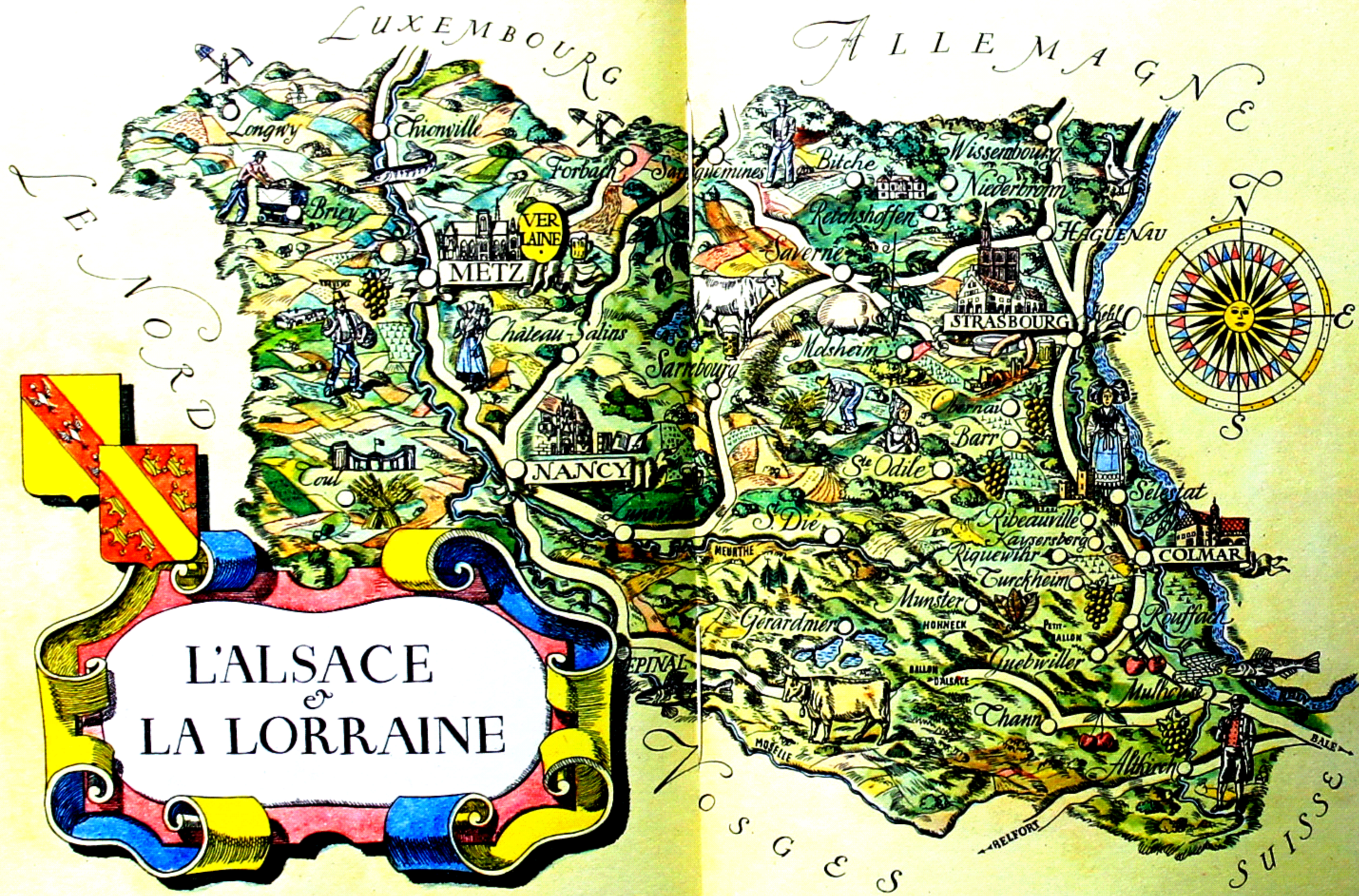
The torrents yield trout and exquisite eels. The sea gives up rock-lobsters, rascasse, and all the fish that go to make the famous Corsican bouillabaisse.

Moufflon is but a memory now, but Corsica still has excellent mutton tripe sometimes cooked with cheese.

Chestnut flour makes sweet fritters with fennel; thin porridge with warm milk; a custard with pine almonds, called "torta"

Corsican wines, not well-known in France, have a few growths worth mentioning, such as Forcino, Bianchetti, Pariglia, Cap, and Patrimonio.





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ALSACE : LORRAINE

The avowed stake of most of our wars, these two provinces, though so dissimilar, are linked like twins in the thoughts of every Frenchman.

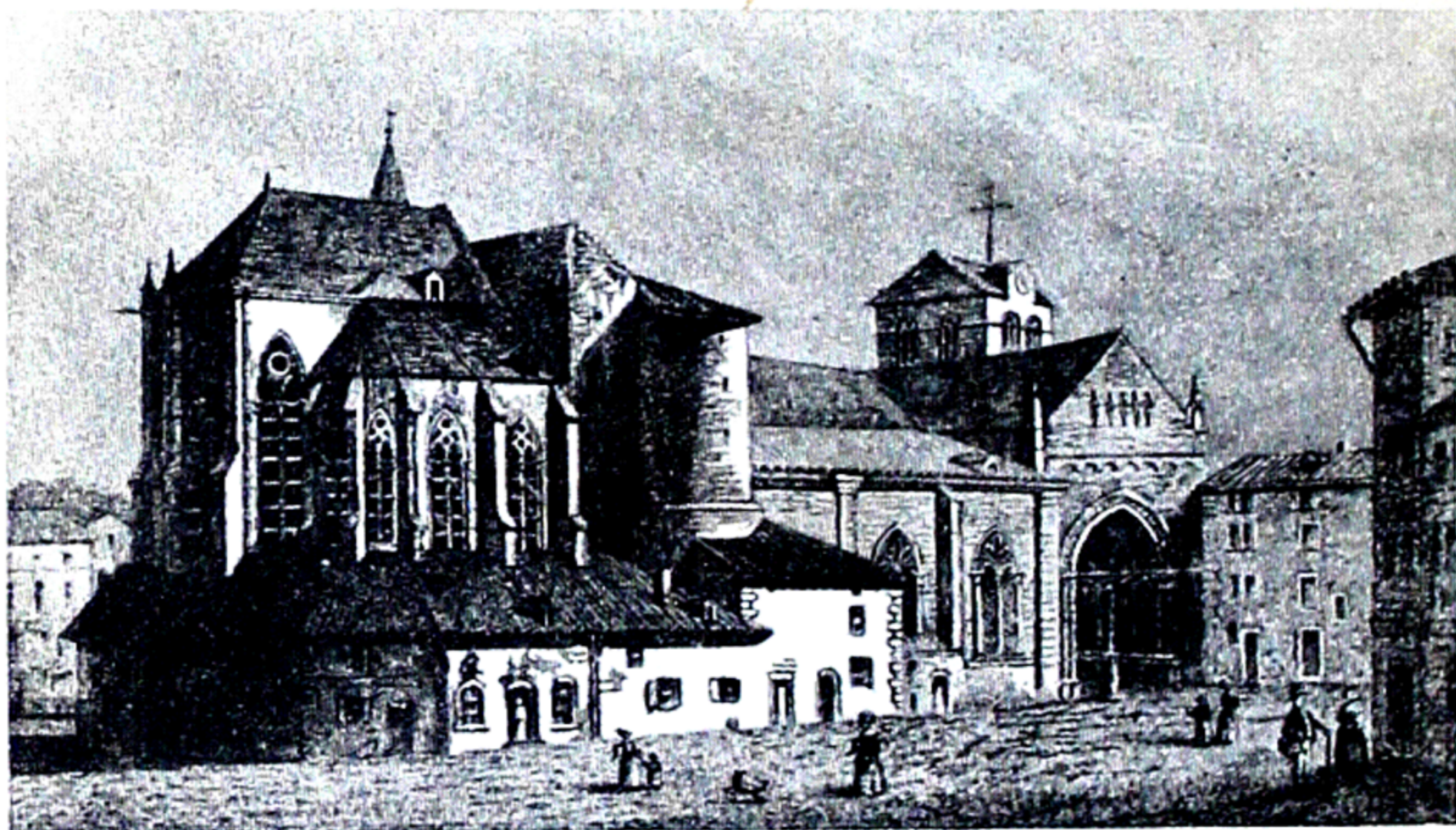
Lorraine is a slim dark-haired girl; Alsace is as fair as the standing wheat. Yet they are always together, like two sisters, each in her own distinctive national dress. So much have they been painted and drawn, that their dress is perhaps the most popular one of all the provinces.

In Spring, the Alsace plain is covered by the blossom of its fruit-trees and hop-fields. A patch-work of gardens joins one village to another. Up the sides of the Vosges climb dark forests.

On the contrary, Lorraine round the Moselle valley is the land of milk and monotonous wheat-fields.

“ Large agricultural areas ”, writes Barrès, “ almost all pastureland, stretch away to the horizon in gentle curves; then here and there, on a slight swell, rises a little square wood of oak-trees, or a cluster of dainty birch ”.

But towards the North-East, this scenery in subdued tones, is darkened by the smoke of the greatest iron-ore basin of the world.



The Church at Epinal (1874)

ALSACE

Between the crest of the Vosges and the Black Forest Alsace occupies the shores and bed of an ancient lake of the tertiary period.

Later, the melting of the glaciers gave rise to a huge river, whose output became less and less until it dwindled into the present-day Rhine.

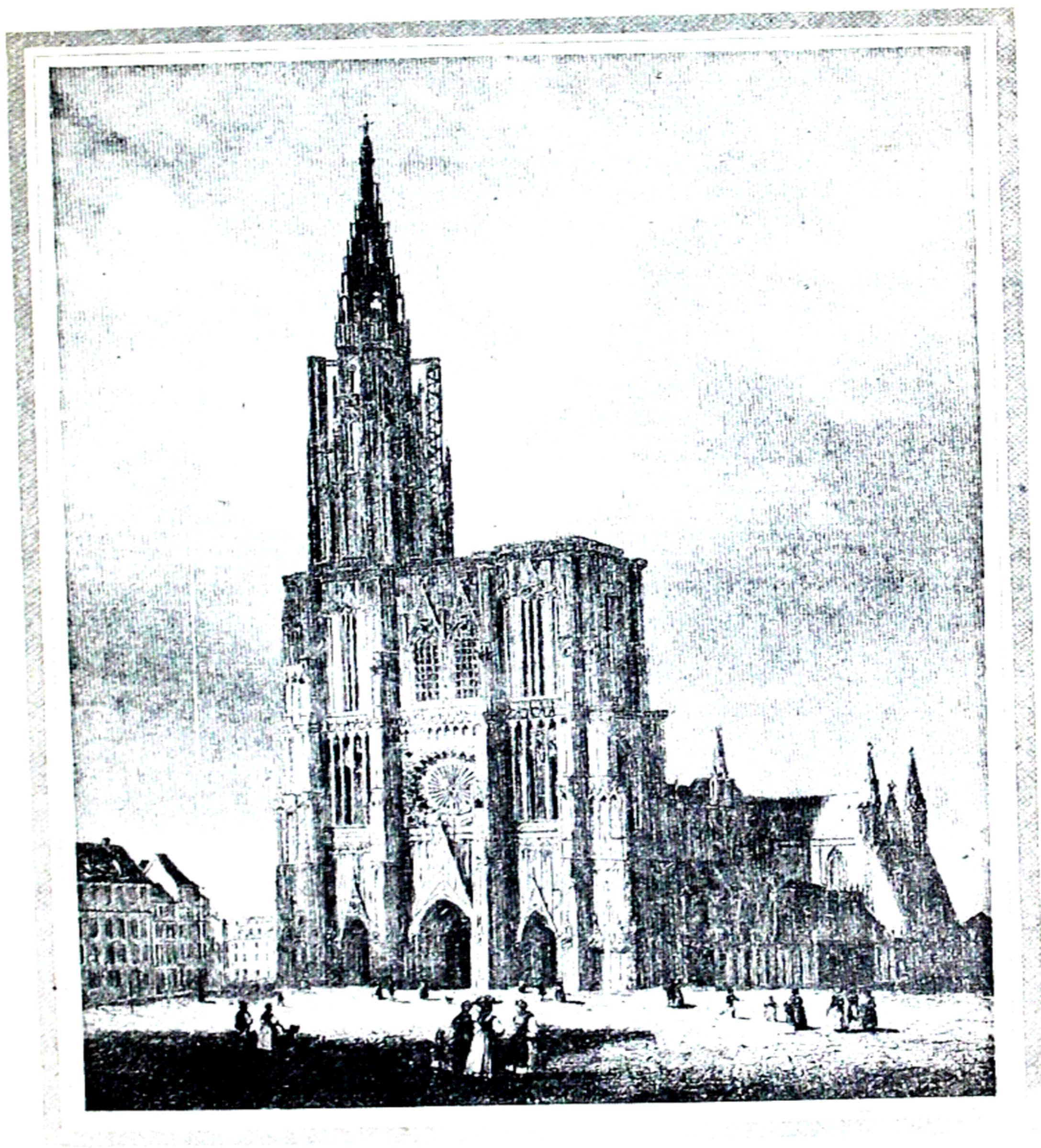
From Mulhouse to Strasbourg, the river still drains numberless streams along its marshy banks.

The plain, of proverbial fertility, is edged by the Harth forest to the south and by the Haguenau forest to the north.

Three big cities emerge from among the flood of flower-smothered villages : Strasbourg, Colmar and Mulhouse.

Strasbourg is the capital of Alsace, and one of the great economic, university, industrial and artistic centres of Europe.

Its large canals between the Ill and the Rhine class Strasbourg as one of the great commercial ports of the Continent.



Strasbourg Cathédral

Numerous industries and factories surround the city. It produces beer, flour, sugar and chocolate.

And, in spite of all this intense activity, Strasbourg the "city of the roads" is the loveliest and most fascinating of Medieval cities.

Between Gaul and Germany, in the midst of this country Charlemagne loved so much, Strasbourg knew the Roman domination, the ravages of the Huns and of the numerous wars of history, but the people who mingled and fused in the city were a race of builders.

Erwin of Steinbach and Jean Hultz of Cologne built in front of the Romanesque abside, the great rose-coloured granite cathedral the unique spire of which dominates Alsace. It is more than 460 feet high.

It was built between the XIIth and the XVth centuries in Gothic style. But the daringly vertical columns give it great airiness.

It has been said that the nave of Beauvais and the façade of Strasbourg cathedral are the most ethereal examples of ogival art.

Inside the cathedral, the famous clock of Schwilgué dates from 1838 and takes the place of other and older clocks which disappeared in the course of centuries.

This complicated and precise masterpiece gives a real little play every day at twelve o'clock. Christ, the Twelve Apostles, the Four Ages of Man, Death, Day, Father Time, each play their part to the rhythm of the needles. A cock crows and flaps his wings, the heavenly bodies accomplish their slow revolution, the moveable feasts appear... At the end of the year, the clock winds itself up and begins another cycle.

Medieval Strasbourg huddles on the banks of the Ill and around the Cathedral. The old gabled and oak-beamed houses are mirrored in the river and shaded by the Cathedral.

The wharves of Petite-France and the Place of the Crow, together with the Maison Kammerzell conjure up the old "burgs" of German legends. But two paces from this Old High Middle-Age, the gracious XVIIIth century French architecture has built in 1730, for the Cardinal de Rohan, the old Palace of the Archbishop, now a museum.

The city is in a perpetual stir. From the terraces of the Aubette Brasserie to the Pont du Corbeau, from Kléber's statue to that of Gutenberg by the rue des Grandes-Arcades, the crowd hurries this way and that.

We reach the neighbouring countryside by the roads that lead to the Vosges or go down to Colmar.

To the right and left of the apple-tree lined roads, grow wheat, barley, tobacco, hops and sugar-beet.

When you leave a village, you already see the pointed spires of the next in the distance. Sometimes, a church stands solitary in the country.

Colmar is the essence of Alsace. The city is on the same scale as the country. In the smallest alley, the windows are gay with flowers, and the meanest house has a story, an Alsatian story; it varies little : it is of happy hours, of weddings, births, songs, and family gatherings round the traditional cakes.

Colmar with its "Petite Venise", Colmar with its "Vierge au buisson de roses" (Virgin and rosebush), Colmar and its famous altar-piece by Mathias Grunewald is more than an artistic city, more than a big provincial city... it is the smile of Alsace.

The plain, so wide round Strasbourg, narrows. Beyond Colmar, villages grow less. Neuf-Brisach on the banks of the Rhine watches Vieux-Brisach asleep on the other shore.

Lastly, Mulhouse to the south is the third big Alsatian city.

Its atmosphere is not so picturesque as that of Colmar or Strasbourg. Its rise is parallel to that of the weaving industry.

The first print-works date from 1746. It, and its competitors, spun and wove the cotton sent from India.

It was the Marquise de Pompadour who started the renown and growth of Mulhouse. She put print in fashion. At the Revolution, the city numbered more than 30,000 workers.

Today weaving is king of the city. Numerous satellite industries gather round the principal factories.

Between Mulhouse and Hartmannsweilerkopf the potash mines are one of the greatest regional riches. Since 1869, when the first borings took place, mining has ever since grown more extensive. In 1936, the seventeen pits then working yielded more than 2.073.000 tons of sylvinite.

In its natural state and after crushing, this sylvinite is used as a fertilizer. Furthermore, local works separate the potassium chloride from its gangue, and turn it into numerous industrial uses.

The plain of Alsace has its back to the Vosges.

By degrees, the landscape rises to attack the old mountains.

If we turn back on the road which led us from Strasbourg to Mulhouse and Altkirch, but in a more westerly direction, we shall skirt the little, middling and large terraces, the soil of which is so favourable to the vine.

All the different geological varieties of soil give birth here to a series of remarkable wines, all a little dry, a little pale-hued, known as the vins d'Alsace.

The wine of Turkheim on a granite gorge, the vineyard of Kastelberg on schist, the vines of Thann on volcanic rock, those of Guebwiller on variegated sandstone and those of Sainte-Odile on tertiary marl, are dominated by their undisputed head, the wine of Riquewihr, the vineyards of which stretch out in a clayey limestone plain overshadowed by the castles of Ribeauvillé and the restored ruins of Haut-Koenigsbourg.

Tourists find this region a paradise.

From Thann dominated by the Markstein and the Ballon d'Alsace up to Wissembourg watered by the Lauter, an uninterrupted series of colourful villages, huge ruins, historic sites, pilgrimages, lakes, rocks, forests and snow-fields are grouped on the East flank of the Vosges.

Each town conjures up Rhine-land legends. Tall, massive, square gates, and we are thinking especially of those of Sélestat, of Riquewihr, of Turkheim, of Ribeauvillé, rise at the edge of the villages. Their loopholes and narrow windows are so many suspicious eyes staring at night at the late visitor.

There are numerous works of art in this country.

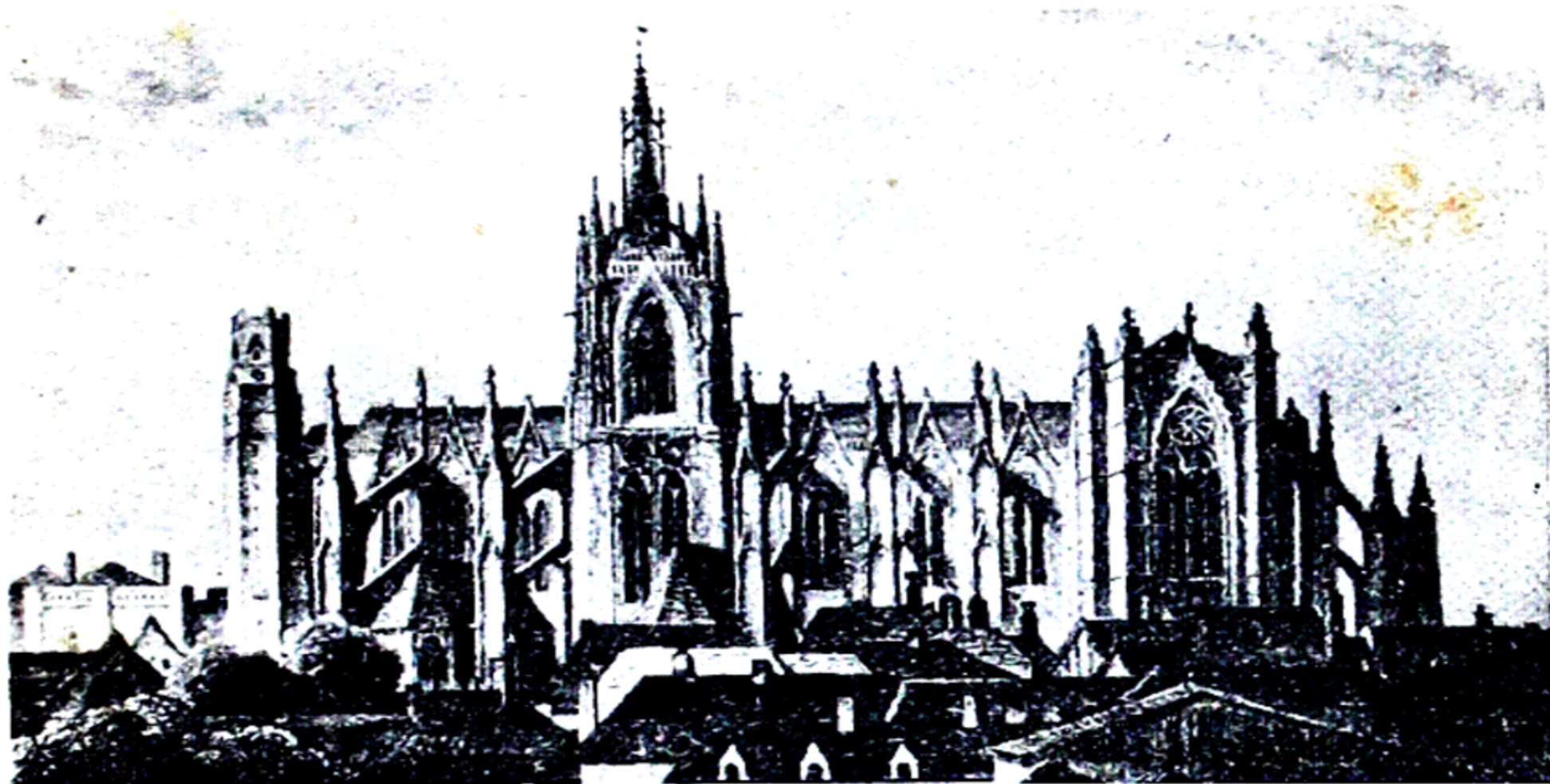
The church of Saint-Thiébauld at Thann, with its polychrome roof, the Romanesque church of Saint-Léger at Guebwiller, the abbey of Murbach, the Porte des Pucelles (Virgins' Gate) at Kaysersberg, the three castles of Ribeauvillé still haunted by the memory of the lords of Ribeauvillé, Kings of Fiddlers, are worth a visit.

Higher up you find the Romanesque church of Andlau, the ruins of Landsberg, the place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville (Town-Hall square) at Barr, the Wheat Market of Obernai. They lead us to the land of Sainte-Odile, patron-saint of Alsace.

Mount Sainte-Odile stands above Obernai and the Plain of Alsace. On it, a convent built with the old stones of Hohenbourg castle. This castle was given in the VIIth century by Duke Adalric to his daughter Odile, who founded a convent.

Sainte-Odile died in 740, after a life devoted to prayer; and the day of her death, the whole mountain was scented of a sudden.

Mount Sainte-Odile is a great Alsatian pilgrimage that takes place every year on Whit Monday. It seems that the Mount was always destined for prayer. A titanic "Pagan Wall", a megalithic rampart of ten miles circles the Mount with its enigmatic ruins.



Metz cathedral

Opposite the Mount Sainte-Odile, the ruins of the Haut-Barr castle were for a long time the stronghold of the Bishops of Strasbourg.

Molsheim, to the right, the Donon to the left, show us, the first its ramparts and its Town Hall, the other its foundations of an ancient temple dedicated to Jupiter and Mercury.

Saverne to the North is proud of one of the loveliest Alsatian houses of the whole province, the old Town Hall, slightly Renaissance in its inspiration.

Then, beyond Haguenau, beyond Péchelbronn and its 109,000 acres of oil-basin yielding over 59,000 tons per year, we reach one of the last strongholds of the Vosges.

The small villages live in narrower and narrower valleys. Catholic and Protestant spires sign side by side from invisible towns, in a countryside pitted with useless casemates.

The forest gloriously takes possession of the mountain slopes; whortleberries creep over the ground. Morels and other mushrooms hide in the spongy moss. Blackbirds whistle merrily in the sunbeams scattered here and there in the dark forests.



The castle of Lützelbourg and of Rathsamshausen

Niederbronn and Wissembourg sleep under the oaks and the pine-trees.

If you wander along the by-paths that lead through the hills from one village to another, perchance you will hear in the distance the tune of a very old lied. Fair young girls are coming back from Mass. They still wear their long plaits. When they pass you, they will stop singing, and bid you good day with a calm steady gaze.

And this last memory you will take from Alsace will stay with you as the charming symbol of that province.



LORRAINE

Bathed by the waters of the Meurthe and the Moselle, Lorraine, both agricultural and industrial, can boast of two capitals — Nancy to the south, Metz to the north.

If we come up from the southern Vosges and Lorraine (which we have already explored in another chapter), and cross the whole country up to the Luxembourg frontier, we shall be amazed by so many natural riches at once so different yet so complementary.

The South, doubtless more picturesque than the North, is not only — we had already seen that — a land of tourists and watering places, but a land producing abundant wood. Lunéville, Toul, Epinal and Nancy are not only medieval cities but also large industrial centres.

Nancy, the old capital of the Duchy of Lorraine, Nancy, where three periods join and jostle each other : the old burg of the Middle Ages, the City of Charles III and that of Stanislas, is famous for its glass industry; as, indeed, are Cirey, and especially Baccarat.

Baccarat on the river Meurthe has 7,000 inhabitants, but its glassworks employ 2,000 workmen. The Works, founded in 1765, are to-day one of the world centres of cristal production.

Lunéville —which draws its name from a temple dedicated to Diana on Léomont hill, — doubtless offers the castle of Charles V's son and its "Bosquet" the walk designed by Le Nôtre to our admiring gaze; — but the city is better known for its faience works (already renowned in the 18th century).

Toul, the ancient capital of the Lencs under the Gaulois, has become, with Metz and Verdun, one of the capitals of the Three Bishoprics. It rises on the edge of North Lorraine which prolong the Vosges by its hills that slowly come to die round Longwy and Thionville.

The landscape changes and stretches out towards an uncertain horizon where light mists blur the wide bluish hills faint against the sky.

The farms are grouped together in villages, together with their huge barns and stables. Dunghills and carts stand in their traditional place before the door, on the edge of the road.

It is rare when these market towns do not make their own butter collectively.

This region, so rich in milk, supplies all the large towns of the East.

Then, beyond Sarralbe, towards the East, the landscape changes. The last strongholds of the Vosges meet the Lauter with lower and lower hills. The pine forests stand blue against the sky. Limpid pools like those of Hanau and the Waldeck shine in the hollows of the forests. They are teeming with carp and rainbow trout.

Metz is the capital of the Lorraine country, round the Moselle, in the midst of this huge ditched camp that Lorraine has ever been.

The Romans made it capital of Belgium. At the Treaty of Verdun, in 843, after the death of Charlemagne, it was one of the important cities of Lotharingia. Capital of the Three Bishoprics, it has never ceased, owing to its position, to be mingled in almost all the Continental wars.

Formerly a city of priests and monks, with its 52 churches, abbeys and convents clustered within its walls in the ninth century, it quickly became a city of soldiers. It is surrounded, not by factories or works, but by barracks.

Its industry is limited to the canning of its early vegetables and fruit from its suburbs; its mirabelles and strawberries are almost local specialities.

Above the city, the cathedral of Saint-Etienne stands solitary with its nave 141 feet high, which is a very remarkable height for a nave.

This cathedral, begun in the XIIIth century, was finished two centuries later. Its dazzling stained glass is set in remarkably large fenestrations.

The Place d'Armes, the rue Serpenoise and "en Fournirue" constitute the animated centres of the city, between the Seille and the Moselle.

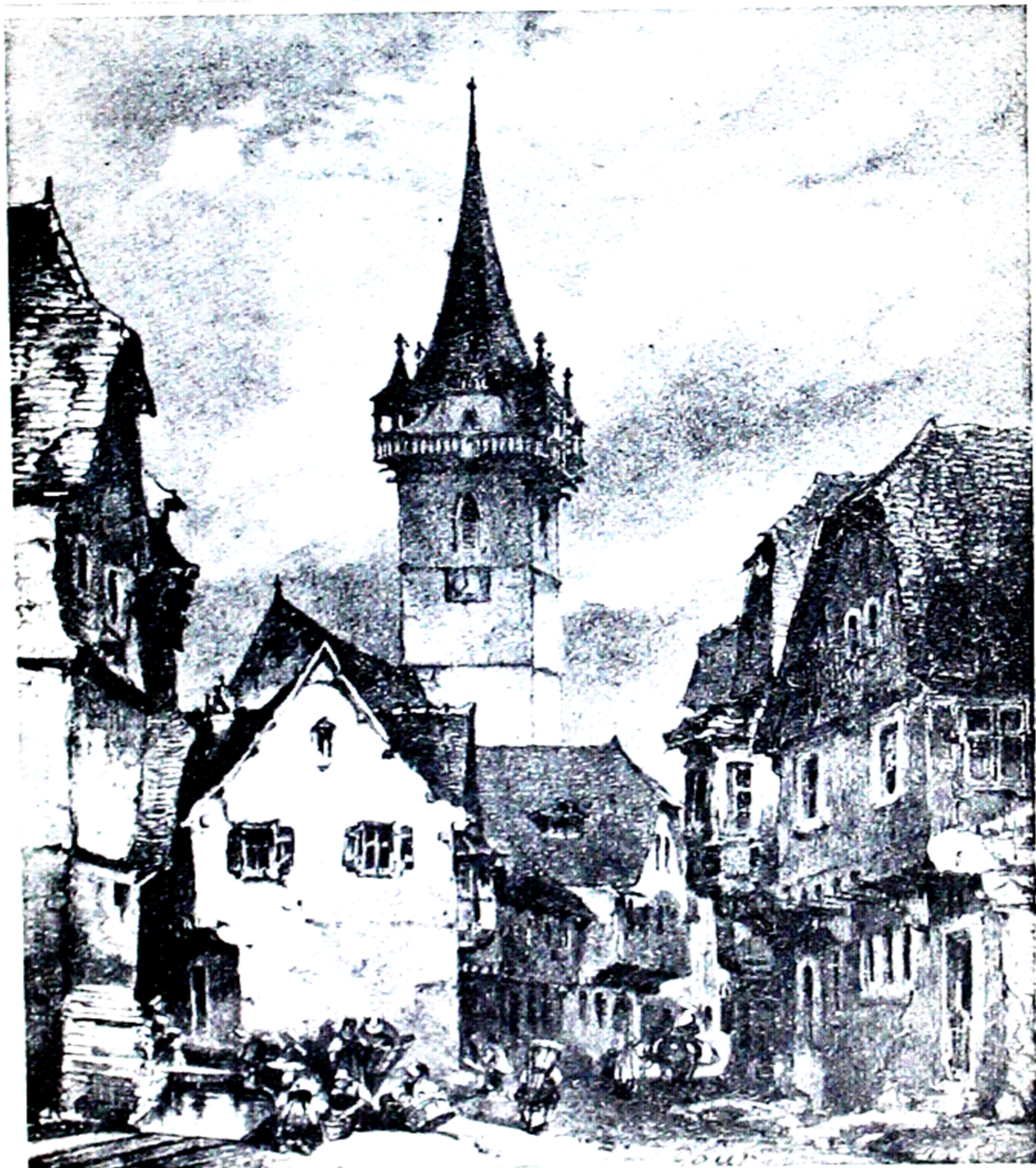
But Lorraine in the Moselle basin is not only bucolic, artistic and warriorlike.

It is true that Metz, its biggest city has nothing to do with it, but its industry is by far the biggest feature, and dominates all other concerns of the region.

In every valley electricity gives power to numberless spinning mills, to weaving looms, to paper-mills and glass factories. At Sarreguemines, the clay drawn from the Lorraine subsoil becomes faience. Between the Moselle and the Sarre, a vein of rock-salt keeps Dieuze, Château-Salins and Sarralbe heavily at work. The Romans seem to have known of, and worked, it.

Soda — and salt — mines yield more than 880,000 tons of salt per year. One third of this is destined for human consumption. The remainder becomes soda in huge factories. This soda is used for many industrial purposes : in soap, glass, paper, and so forth.

To the North of the Moselle, in the Warndt country, the Sarre basin produced in 1935 more than 5,000,000 tons of coal.



Obernai

There are three mining groups : the Houve, the Sarre and Moselle, and the Petite-Rosselle, work the vein which lies between 990 and 6,600 feet deep.

Finally, towards the north-west, the most important coal-basin in the world, together with that of Lake Superior in the U.S.A., is dominated by the chimneys of the works.

The iron-ore, the famous " minette " of Lorraine, is extracted from four principal basins, those of Nancy, Longwy, Briey, and Metz-Thionville, in the Moselle.

The last two are the most important. The Metz-Thionville basin yielded more than 14 million tons of " minette " in 1936.

This ore is worked in open pits, either in outcrop mines or in mines from 200 to 800 feet deep.

Then it is exported or treated on the spot in the four valleys of the Chiers, the Fentsch, the Orbe and the Moselle.

The many works add a touch of sadness to the gentle Lorraine valleys. Smoke clouds the sky and mingles with the cold fog. The drab houses of the workmen, many of them foreigners, huddle in grey outline behind the huge works.

This quiet countryside has been turned upside down by the wholesale working of its iron-mines, brought about by the progress of industry in the 19th century.

If, along the dusty road, you pass by night beside a foundry or a transforming works, you will pause to listen to the roar that rises from these strange cities.

Blast-furnaces, Bessemer, Thomas or Martin converters, sledge-hammers, rolling-mills, brick-factories, slag-mills, coke-works; and the many wagons that go clanking from one of these departments to the other, join in a muted symphony, a mocking Decauville utters a piercing whistle. In a few minutes a huge retort has changed several thousands of pounds of cast-iron into steel, and pours its load out amid cracking sparks. The molten metal lights up the windows instantly. Walls buried up till then in the shade, stand out for a few moments against a lurid fire.

But hardly a league away from these huge works, behind pastures and wheat-fields, in a hamlet surrounded by oak-trees, peasant life still reigns supreme.

Of course, the honest, conscientious, but slow craftsman, working alone, cannot hope to compete with the works. So the folk handicraft of Lorraine is dead.



Dead, as is the attractive costume of the village girls, very different from that worn to-day in Metz. But the dark-haired, clear-eyed young girls, though they no longer wear the costumes of the past, look as pretty as ever, churning the milk in the peace of the dairy and dreaming of their bridal day.

We have ended our stroll through the Eastern Marches. These lands, so cruelly torn by war, have become as dear to each one of us as his own native scrap of earth.

What a symbol of unity, brought about by a common love of the soil, to end our swift bird's-eye view of our provinces!

And if everybody loves our country, let it not be only for the soft curves of a landscape, for the sparkle of a bottle of champagne, or the smile of a pretty girl, but above all let it be for that atmosphere of generous enthusiasm, of refined culture, and of free enjoyment of life which pervades all things in France

* * *

THE GASTRONOMY OF ALSACE AND LORRAINE

Alsace, Lorraine, lands of wine and good cooking!
Did not M. Rieder, Chief Director of the Repression of Smuggling in Alsace and Lorraine, say :

“ The Riesling, with its very fine aroma, recalls a mixture of cinnamon, orange-peel and cloves. The Traminer, has a kind of velvety roundness, with its sweet spicy taste. The Gentil, an offspring of Pinot Blanc, has such exquisite delicacy, that it only lacks a ruby colour to be mistaken for a great wine from Bourgogne. The Muscat has a very pronounced musky taste. The Sylvaner, has a less distinctive aroma but is still very agreeable to drink. The Zweiker is a mixture of fine wine and ordinary wine of good quality. And so forth and so forth. ”

Many people think they know all about Alsatian and Lorraine cooking because, from time to time, on leaving the theatre, they have hastily swallowed some acid sauerkraut in a brasserie of kinds. They little realised that this sauerkraut very probably came from Charentes. Do they know that Alsatian sauerkraut, served with ham, is made tasty with cumin grains to make it lighter, whilst Lorraine sauerkraut is spiced with juniper and black pepper ?

Everything that can be served with such sauerkrauts can hardly be counted : breaded cutlets, swathed in bread raspings, liver, sausages of all sorts, smoked shoulder, the list would never end. It is a substantial dish, and no one can resist it, especially when with it there is a good vintage of “ Marlenheim ” or “ Rodern ”.

Be assured that a pheasant served with sauerkraut cooked in white wine from Alsace and flavoured with a wine-glass of cooked Quetsche brandy, surrounded by sausages, saveloy and steamed potatoes is a dish fit for a king.

Sauerkraut is very accomodating. It will keep company equally well with a goose stuffed sausage-meat and chopped onion carefully melted in butter.

Alsations and Lorrains equally like pork, but Lorraine cooking is the lighter of the two; bacon does not predominate over butter; less spices are used; and cream and bacon are blended in an original manner.

I have not followed the set order of the courses. As sauerkraut is almost a national emblem I have placed it first; but who does not know of several soups, heavenly smooth, where cream has not been spared ?

And what about Riquewihr fillet of sole, spiced by that excellent wine and escorted by baby potatoes fried in butter, hearts of artichokes, and tiny

mushrooms? Ever heard of Vosges river trout served with mushrooms?

How describe tarragon chicken; pigeon with crayfish stew; Lorraine Dish made up of chicken, rabbit and sucking pig jelly; boar's head à la Messine; pike fillet à l'Alsacienne, served covered with thick cream whipped up with the yoke of an egg and butter, on a bed of fresh "home-made" noodles.

And, in the humbler, more everyday cooking, can we forget the "Bakenote" (alternate layers of potatoes, chopped onions and meat) cooked for four hours in the baker's oven? and the little sausages served with Reinette apples, which are special to Thionville?

Even the humble stew, with its many vegetables (and never forget the quarter of green cabbage) is delicious. You add to it savoury marrow quenelles poached in the soup, and spiced with hardly a pinch of nutmeg. Even the common Strasbourg onion soup smoking on every table does not lack flavour.

The country is also famous for its pâtés and terrines of foie gras.

Cakes, pastry and sweet dishes are numerous; we shall give a few names:

You must not take the gougelhopf fin a l'Alsacienne for the Kougloff, or Alsatian bun baked in the oven in varnished earthenware moulds; and how good is Strasbourg apple-tart smothered in cream and smelling spicy with cinnamon. Then there is the gâteau financier of Nancy; the preserved mirabelles, the cristallized strawberries, and the stuffed quetsches of Metz; not to mention the "Boutemousse", a kind of rose-hip jam.

Alsace, Lorraine and Franche-Comté fight over the "quiche", as welcome to the poor man who is content with small lardoons, as to the rich man who adds cream, and, if he is a gourmet, uses bun pastry. Grandmothers patiently get the "dampfmudeln" ready. And why not have ordinary pancakes, in which cherries are scattered? Yes, have ordinary pancakes by all means, but blaze them with kirsch, or mirabelle or raspberry brandy.

And these brandies will come, after the coffee, to put a full stop to an ideal meal. In the imposing supermagnum, the complete flavour of the fruit blends with the warmth and velvetyess of the rightly famous alcohols.



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